

THE CALCUTTA REVIEW.

NO. LXXVII.

ART. I.—1. *The Missionary Life and Labours of Francis Xavier.*

By Henry Venn, B. D., Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, 1862.

2. *Lectures on Great Men.* By the late Frederic Myers, M. A., 1856.

IN writing the life of Francis Xavier, Mr. Venn undertook a task for which, by a combination of singular advantages, he was peculiarly fitted. Himself ardently devoted to the furtherance of the Missionary cause, the history of the 'Apostle of the Indies' was a subject congenial to the tastes and pursuits of his whole life. Having held for many years a chief part in the management of the largest Missionary Association in England, he possesses that peculiar technical skill which enables a man to seize on the important details, and to write of the past with a familiar knowledge of the present progress of Missionary work. He has chosen as his subject the life of a man who has occupied a large space in the imagination and memory of Europe, but whose history has not been written fully or accurately since the critical age began. He possesses, as far as the facts he records are concerned, the true historic faculty, indefatigable research, and the determination never to accept at second-hand a fact which can be verified by a reference to the original authorities. And yet, in spite of all these advantages, any one of which would ordinarily have ensured success,—in spite of the interest of the subject, in spite of literary ability, in spite of mental aptitude and natural sympathy, Mr. Venn has produced a book which is no honour to himself, no credit to the religious party to which he belongs; a book which we trust few

Englishmen will read without indignant feelings of regret and dissent.

It was natural to expect that a life of Xavier, written with research and care, would make us acquainted with many new and valuable facts, and would considerably alter our view of the circumstances and details of his life. The history had to be rescued from monkish mysticisms and from almost mediæval traditions. Handed down to us from the narrative of men to whom India and Japan were fields where the wildest fancy might revel unchecked, it had to be re-written by a man who has as intimate a knowledge as books and letters can give of all the details of Oriental life and manners. The absurd exaggerations, the contemptible miracles with which religious fanaticism and pious-fraud had bespattered the story, had all to be cleared away. But we should have expected that the effect of this would have only been to make Xavier more noble, more venerable, more apostolic than ever. The stories of his raising the dead, stopping a victorious army by a look, or quelling a storm by a word, are simply ridiculous, and men endure them only on account of the noble and august traits which in former times such exaggerations were invented to depict. If in the chiar-oscuro of tradition men seem more gigantic, in the clear light of accurate narrative they seem more loveable and human. But the effect that Mr. Venn aims at producing is just the reverse of this. He seems to fancy that the reverence in which the name of Xavier is held, is due to these absurd stories which excite our nausea, and that by cutting off fantastic excrescences, he is depriving him of his chief claim to our admiration. He writes of the 16th century as if it had been the 19th—judges Xavier throughout by modern standards, and in the light of a strict and exclusive creed—and makes no allowance for the customs of the age, or the habits of thought and belief in which Xavier had been brought up. Hence arises a singular contrast between his history and his arguments, and while we unhesitatingly accept his facts, we reject, with as little hesitation, the conclusions he draws from them. In his comparison of Xavier's achievements with those of modern Missionaries, a comparison which is drawn in every case to the detriment of the Apostle, Mr. Venn shews a total want of any sense of the ridiculous, and of the true proportion of things. He enumerates Xavier's noble qualities fairly enough, but he does not dwell on them with any enthusiasm, while the whole power of his pen is employed in giving point to unjust suspicions, and in drawing injurious conclusions from very simple acts. He allots so vastly

larger a space to his blame than to his praise, that the latter is quite thrown into the shade, and the unfavourable impression conveyed is, perhaps, stronger than he intended it to be. There never was a more candid book, for the reader need never go out of the ; sh refute Mr. Venn's conclusions; but there never was a less fair or less judicial book. And the reason for this is that Mr. Venn can never forget that he is a Protestant and an Evangelical, while Xavier was a Roman Catholic and a Jesuit. Some men though harsh to the creed are gentle to the individual; but Mr. Venn's practice is the reverse of this. On the general question he would no doubt allow that it is possible for a Jesuit to be as holy a man and to live as pure a life as any Evangelical; but when he comes to the actual history of the noblest and purest Jesuit who ever lived, he applies all his skill and research to the end of explaining away his successes, giving unfavourable reasons for his actions and dilating on his errors. The mere fact of his having been a Roman Catholic, and, as such, a believer in the mystic power of the sacraments, and the efficacy of prayers to saints,—or that, as became a founder of the Jesuit Order, he insisted on the duty of obedience to a spiritual head, is constantly brought up in condemnation against him. The book abounds in such cavils at the creed he professed, and the political opinions of his time, but it is sadly deficient in the true Missionary spirit of pride and sympathetic enthusiasm in the noble life, and still more noble heart which spent itself for the conversion of the East.

Contrast with this elaborate and careful work, the sketch of Xavier's life which is contained in the '*Lectures to Great Men*' mentioned at the head of this article. It was no part of Mr. Myers's plan, speaking as a country clergyman to a simple country parish, to test his authorities scrupulously, or to present a critically accurate and complete picture in his lecture to his village hearers. But leaving accessories aside, it was his object to reach the heart of his story, to seize on the salient points of Xavier's life, and the grand characteristics of his spirit, and to set forth without exaggeration and without cavil all the admirable traits which may serve for the teaching and example of a people. This he has done with a success which may well remind us how much greater a power in decyphering character love is than knowledge. He does not shirk the fact of Xavier's having been a Roman Catholic and a Jesuit,—but he treats it with a large catholicity which Mr. Venn would have done well to imitate. He can distinguish between the errors of the man and the errors

of the time, and does not fall into the fallacy of judging the political economy of 1550 by the light of 1860. Though not pretending to any critical research, he rejects the foolish miracles, and prunes away the exaggerations. Having himself a mind somewhat akin to the large charity and enthusiastic self-denial of the man, his lecture, slight as it is, contains a truer presentment of the great Apostle of the Indies than can be found in the ampler and more learned work of Mr. Venn.

The earliest account of Xavier's life was a short sketch compiled from his letters and published in 1573, twenty-one years after his death. In 1596 a more elaborate biography was written in Latin by Tursellinus, a Jesuit; and in 1682 a Father Bohours wrote a life in French, which was translated into English by a brother of the poet Dryden. It is to these books that we owe such knowledge of the outlines of Xavier's life and deeds as is popularly current. But Mr. Venn points out with great force and justice the unhistoric character of these narratives, their deviations from the authorities on which they profess to be based, and the exaggerations and ignorance with which they are overlaid. He concludes that they must be utterly discarded, and that the only trustworthy basis for writing Xavier's life is to be found in Xavier's own letters. Of these he says:—

'There is, however, one existing portrait, bearing throughout an evident stamp of truthfulness, and enlivened with such vivid colouring, that it is impossible to contemplate it without a satisfactory conviction that we see the very man and are made acquainted with the main facts of his history. That portrait is drawn by Xavier's own hand in a copious collection of original letters. Many of these letters were written to friends in Europe with the avowed intention of putting them in full possession of all that he did and all that happened to him. Other letters were written to fellow-labourers in the same field with himself. So that we are furnished in this collection with a complete, though not a formal, autobiography.*

These letters of Xavier's were wonderfully copious and complete. The rarity of communication, which depended entirely on the annual fleets, gave an elaborate character to their composition, rendering some of them more like annual reports than letters. His anxiety to make known as widely as possible the necessity and the successes of Missionary work, tended, as well as his ardent affection for the friends he had left behind, and from whom

* Venn, p. 3.

he was never absent in spirit, to make his letters frequent, and to fill them with every detail of the new world and the new people he was among. 'When you write to us in India, he says, 'do not write shortly or in a mere perfunctory style; we wish to learn from you particulars respecting each of our brethren, what they are about, what is their health, what are their thoughts, what their hopes, what the fruit of their labours? Do not regard this as a burden, when there is only one opportunity in the year for receiving and sending letters to India. Let your letters occupy us a full week in reading. We promise to do the same with you.* We, who live in a busier age, may shudder at the thought of a letter which would take a week to read; but the spirit of home affection and home interest, which breathes in this extract, is the spirit which has saved Anglo-Indians from the inoculation with heathendom, and the moral depravity, by which the last generation were threatened.

These letters have always been treated with great care and respect ('superstitious reverence' as Mr. Venn calls it) by Roman Catholics, and at least three collections of them have been published. The standard edition, according to Mr. Venn, was published at Bologna in 1795, and contains 146 letters. It is on this collection that Mr. Venn's biography is based.

As might have been expected, these letters commence only with the maturity of Xavier's religious views, and almost with his Mission to India. For an account of his parentage and early life, we must have recourse to the biographers, who tell us that Francis Xavier was born in 1506 A. D. in the Castle of Xavier, in Navarre. He belonged to an illustrious family of royal descent. We quote the following from Mr. Myers:—'Amid the silent majesty of the wild pine forests and dark precipitous rocks of his Pyrenean home, and under the impressive influences of a religious household, he grew up an enthusiastic and somewhat superstitious boy, contemplative, complying, gentle, but withal of a robust manly cast: studious at times, but also fond of all athletic sports, fondest of all excitement, whether of danger or pleasure: fitfully idle, ambitious; an uncommon compound. All his brothers chose to be soldiers: he would be a scholar, that he might thus add to his family distinctions the only ornament they wanted, learning.'†

* Venn, p. 4.

† Lectures, &c., p. 82.

He went up to the Paris University at eighteen; at twenty he took his degree as Master of Arts, and was appointed to teach Philosophy at one of the Colleges. When he had thus been engaged for a year and a half Ignatius Loyola, then fifteen years older than himself, entered the University; and after five years of gradually increasing attachment and devotion, he formed that memorable connexion with him which gave the final impulse to his religious and Missionary enthusiasm and sent out the Apostle of the Indies to perform his work as a member, second in rank to the head of the Order of Jesus.

Of this portion of his life Mr. Venn says little. Only one letter of Xavier's, written from Paris, has been preserved, and from it he forms a very singular deduction. He speaks of Xavier's gratitude to Loyola 'for having rescued him from the influence of Protestant teachers.' 'Xavier's early acquaintance with Protestant truth seems to have exercised some influence on his future life. In India he was removed from the personal influence of Ignatius Loyola, and from the more powerful associations of Romish superstition; and his mind seems at times to have exhibited the more healthy tone of religion which he had witnessed among the early friends from whom Loyola had beguiled him. His standard of spiritual religion was far higher than that of his associates. He was ever dissatisfied that he could not bring his followers up to that standard. But he had turned away from Protestant truth, by which alone it can be reached.'*

Thus early in his book does Mr. Venn attempt to shew that whatever was good in Xavier was due to his early Protestant teaching, and that the influence of Loyola on him was solely injurious and tended to lead him astray. But what is his authority for this statement?

The only one he quotes is Xavier's letter of 1555, in which he says of Loyola, after expressing his gratitude to him for pecuniary assistance, 'the benefit he has conferred of highest value is that of fortifying my youthful imprudence against the deplorable dangers arising from my familiarity with men breathing out heresy, such as are many of my contemporaries in Paris in these times, who would insidiously undermine faith and morality beneath the specious mask of liberality and superior intelligence.'†

If this is all that Xavier wrote on the subject, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Venn has not sufficient grounds

* *Life of Xavier*, pp. 7, 8.

† *Ibid*, p. 7.

for his statement that Xavier was under Huguenot influences. The words apply just as well to any kind of free-thinking and unbelief. To those who have watched the modern religious controversies, the idea of any close or necessary connection between Protestantism and 'liberality and superior intelligence' will seem rather incongruous.

Mr. Myers on the other hand attributes Xavier's dangers at Paris to his love of pleasure and gay life; and the presumption is certainly supported by the indebtedness to which Xavier refers in the above-quoted letter. Such gaiety and worldliness of life is often accompanied by doubt and rejection of religious restraints. But to allow this would be to confess that Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Order of the Jesuits, could exercise beneficial influence on any one; and Mr. Venn would rather stretch an obscure sentence of Xavier's to bear a meaning which does not seem to belong to it, than make an admission so opposed to all the prejudices of his party.

In 1534 Loyola and six of his friends, of whom Xavier was one, took vows of renouncing all worldly possessions, and serving the Church in any way the Pope might select. In 1536 Xavier travelled on foot to join Loyola at Venice, and accompanied him thence to Rome. Their object then was to visit Jerusalem, whither Loyola had already made a pilgrimage, but as the war between Germany and the Turks prevented this, they dispersed themselves among the Italian Universities to stir up popular enthusiasm in behalf of Missionary enterprise. Xavier's headquarters were at Bologna for three years, and during this time they found so many followers, that in 1539 Loyola established the Religious Society to which he gave the name of the 'Company of Jesus.' In 1540 Xavier left Rome for Portugal, at the invitation of the King, to commence his great career as a Missionary in the East.

King John the Third of Portugal was thoroughly imbued with the religious and Missionary spirit of the age. He claimed the sole right of trade with all countries east of the Cape of Good Hope, and had received from the Pope a titular sovereignty over them. His commercial stations were scattered along the whole coast of India, and over the Eastern Archipelago. From the Persian Gulf to the Moluccas, in numberless petty stations and famous factories, the Christianity of the West had come in contact with the vast mass of heathendom and ignorance in the East, and at all these points King John had placed large religious establishments for the conversion of the natives. As

yet he had met with little success, and it might be doubted if heathendom had not done more hurt to Christianity than it had received itself. But now, hearing of the zeal and power of the Order which was stirring men's hearts in Italy to a new and spiritual crusade, the King hoped to find in them men better adapted to his purpose than the ordinary priests and monks he had sent out. He applied for the three heads of the Order, Loyola, Xavier, and Lefevre: but as it was clearly injurious to the interests of the rising society that all its chief men should be sent on so distant a mission, it was eventually determined that Xavier alone should go. The King sent him forth with all the prestige and authority which could accompany an honoured servant and a trusted friend. He sent general orders to all officials to assist him in any manner he should require. To fill the vacant post of Viceroy, he chose a man personally friendly to Xavier, and devoted to the cause of Missions, Martin Alphonso de Soza. The Pope conferred on him the title of Papal Nuncio, and armed him with all the spiritual powers of the Church. Thus, under royal favour and ecclesiastical patronage, having found the true outlet for his enthusiastic zeal, and looking forward to see the wish of his heart accomplished, on the 7th April 1541, Francis Xavier set forth for the scene of his apostolic labours. On this Mr. Venn remarks:—

‘ Though Xavier bears the name of a Missionary, how little was there in common between his position and that of a simple Missionary at the present day. It is difficult to conceive more splendid worldly attractions to any enterprise, and greater temporal advantages for its prosecution than those which accompanied the call of Xavier to become the Apostle of India.*’

This is an instance of the narrow criticism which characterises the whole of Mr. Venn's work and of his inability to appreciate the changes which three centuries have brought about. The ‘temporal advantages’ of which he speaks, though peculiar in that day, are now common to everybody. There is not a ‘simple Missionary’ in the country who does not enjoy the favour of the Governors and the assistance of officials, whenever he applies for it. In Xavier's case a special injunction was required, and with the rarity of communication which then

* *Life of Xavier*, p. 17.

prevailed, we may easily conceive how such an injunction would be obeyed by an unwilling officer. The Papal Briefs gave him authority over other Missionaries, but could be of no assistance to him on his own Missionary duties; they only imposed upon him a most invidious labour in addition to his special work. So that, as far as regards temporal advantages, the 'simple Missionary' of the present day is infinitely better off than Xavier was.

But, says Mr. Venn, there were 'splendid worldly attractions' to the enterprise. We might meet this by pointing to Loyola's and Lefevre's refusal to go to India, and by denying that any power or dignity in India can be an attraction to a man who has before him a career of European fame. If this is the case in the present, how much more was it in the 16th century, when voyages were dangerous, communication rare, the country unknown and girt with a vague horror, and when only the hopes of rapid and enormous gains—not empty titles—could lure men out to India. But we may argue the question on other grounds, which require less knowledge of history. Worldly attractions are only attractions to vain and worldly-minded men. Mr. Venn allows that personal vanity was not an element in the character of Xavier, and it is almost unnecessary to add that a less worldly-minded man never breathed. Hence the patronage and dignity he received were merely an accident in determining his career, and can have no effect on our judgment of his self-denial and zeal. Xavier going out as Papal Nuncio and friend of the King, was not less apostolic than if he had simply taken his passage in an ordinary ship, for he looked on his position not as it regarded himself, but as it helped to further the work to which he was devoted. No doubt Mr. Venn would allow this; but he could not resist the temptation of a cavil, which, if it implies anything, would seem to hint that a Missionary of the present day is more self-denying and simply noble than Xavier was.

The voyage to India lasted thirteen months, six of which were spent at Mozambique, where the expedition wintered, and it was not till the 6th of May 1512 that Xavier landed at Goa. Here he took up his abode in a Hospital; and it will probably be allowed that, in spite of the 'worldly attractions and temporal advantages' of his position, a simple Missionary of the present day would not be worse lodged than Xavier was. For about six months his whole day was 'spent in receiving confessions,

‘in preaching, in catechising the young, and in visiting the asylum for lepers.’* He also organised a School which had just been established by the pious Viceroy, Martin de Soza, with a view to constitute a Missionary College (or as Mr. Venn calls it a ‘Jesuit establishment’) in which to train converted natives for the work of the ministry.

But the atmosphere of Goa was not likely to suit the spirit or satisfy the aims of Francis Xavier. Like all other Portuguese Settlements, ‘it consisted of a factory for trade, a garrison of soldiers, the baptised heathen, and the progeny of a mixed race.’ No words can describe the horrible state of moral depravity and utter lawlessness into which these settlements had fallen. The soldiers were mostly condemned felons who had been offered the option of India or the gallows. The traders were all of them unscrupulous, avaricious, excited by the accounts of enormous fortunes amassed by others, and determined to collect by whatever means similar wealth in as short a time as possible and return to spend it in Europe. The Natives were for the most part either nominally baptised, or else of the lowest and most degraded races.

Let any one who wishes to judge what Goa was, read the terrible description of its vices in Tavernier’s travels, a description which, though written in the 17th century, applies equally well to the 16th.

It was not to the conversion and reformation of such a society as this that Xavier had devoted himself. Important as such work was, it was not what he had crossed the sea to do, yet even from Goa he can write in these touching terms :—

‘The miseries of a long voyage, the dealing with the sins of other people while you are oppressed by your own ; a permanent abode among the heathen, and this in a land which is scorched by the rays of the sun ; all these things are indeed trials. But if they be endured for the cause of God, they become great comforts, and the sources of many heavenly pleasures. I will indeed cheerfully devote myself to be the constant servant of any who will come over here and devote themselves to work in the vineyard of our common Lord.’†

But Xavier’s Missionary zeal was soon to find a more congenial field for itself ; and it is very remarkable to note what that

* Venn, p. 25.

† *Ibid*, p. 28.

field was. The prevalent idea of the day, arising from the aristocratic rank of the patrons of Missionary work, was that the most politic and successful way of converting the heathen was by obtaining access to the King or principal men of the tribe, and securing their conversion, or at least their favour and support, previous to addressing themselves to the multitude.

Thus Xavier writes before leaving Portugal :—‘ Two of the Bishops insist on our departure, grounding their opinion upon the hope that, if we go, some of the Kings of India may be converted to Christianity.’* It is difficult to see what there was erroneous in this policy, although, now that the support of a Rajah is not necessary to a Missionary who is protected by the broad shield of British supremacy, it is easy to decry it and to call it, in Mr. Venn’s peculiar dialect, a ‘ reliance on the arm of flesh.’ However, prevalent as that opinion was, Xavier did not implicitly give into it, and though, as we shall see, he eventually adopted it and made it the cardinal point of his future operations, still he determined to test it by his own experience, and to make his first attempt on a class who had no political power, and no principal men. Instead of making his first visit to some of the neighbouring Rajahs, whose friendship or conversion would have been politically useful to the Portuguese Settlement, the first object that tempted him away from his ministrations in the Goa Hospital was to visit a miserable tribe of half-civilised fishermen on the south-eastern coast of India opposite Ceylon. A large number of them had been already converted by the labours of Michael Vass, the Vicar-General at Cochin.

But they had no resident Missionaries, and their conversion probably was very partial. They were in a state of great destitution and much oppressed by the incursions of plundering tribes. The Viceroy took great interest in them, and Xavier writes :—‘ I cannot describe the earnestness with which he commended to me this new vineyard in Christ.’ So in the end of 1542, after five or six months’ residence at Goa, this man, whose position through ‘ worldly attractions and temporary advantages,’ was so much superior to that of a modern ‘ simple Missionary’ set out for perils and privations, for loneliness and untried labour, on the Fishery Coast.

Even here Mr. Venn is unable to see the lofty self-denial of his conduct. He says :—‘ Xavier had allied himself with Kings and Viceroy in his Missionary character, and he must now suffer the

* Venn, p. 14.

'penalty by becoming an agent in a pet scheme of Don Alphonso Soza.*

We can only say that the suggestion which is implied here, *viz.*, that the work was not congenial to Xavier's mind, or not his free choice, is not only utterly without foundation, but even absolutely contradicted by the tenor of the letter of which we have already quoted a portion. So again, when Mr. Venn says:—'In a political view he was set to secure to the King of Portugal the monopoly of a lucrative pearl fishery,'—the states that for which he gives no grounds whatever. On the contrary Xavier writes:—'The Viceroy meditates collecting together in one island all these Christians now separated from each other by long intervals, and giving them a King to administer justice, and to watch over their interests and security.'† This scheme was purely a philanthropic one, and tended not to encourage, but to subvert, the fishery.

It was about the close of 1542 when Xavier arrived at the fishery coast, and his labours there continued with a few intervals till the close of 1544. Of this period Mr. Venn gives us as full and clear a narrative as the inconsecutive and scanty nature of his authorities enable him to give. For the first four months Xavier lived in one of the Christian villages and employed himself in procuring and committing to memory translations of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Decalogue, and the Ave Maria. Then he commenced his ministrations in the Christian villages, which were about thirty in number. His plan, as described by himself, was to collect all the villagers twice a day, for Christian instruction, to teach them the formulas he had had translated till they all knew them by heart, and when they had been fully instructed, to baptise them. After completing his work in one village, he went on to the next, and thus by the end of 1543, he had gone at least once through all the Christian villages, besides occasional visits to the adjoining heathen villages. At the close of the year he paid a short visit to Goa, and returned with a companion, Francis Mansilla, to whom in 1544 he made over the special care of the fisher Christians. He began now to extend his views to obtaining influence over the 'King of Travancore,' whom Mr. Venn, with much appearance of probability, identifies either with the Rajah

* *Sic in orig.* It should be "do Soza." Venn, p. 29

† Venn, p. 32.

† *Ibid.*, p. 31.

of Bijanugur, or his Commander-in-Chief. His visit to the Rajah was prevented by a political difficulty which arose from the seizure of one of his servants by the Portuguese; but Xavier succeeded in establishing most friendly relations with him, and obtaining his protection for the fishermen against the oppression of the 'Batages' (*Query*, Burkundazes?) whom Mr. Venn considers to have been an army sent by the Rajah to collect 'Peshcash.' On two occasions marauding raids by these Batages had reduced the Christians to great distress; and on the second incursion the Portuguese Governor of Tuticorin was driven from his settlement, and forced to take refuge on an island without provisions or water. On both occasions Xavier made the utmost exertions to rescue them from danger and to succour their distress. On hearing of the first irruption, after trying for eight days to reach the spot by sea against a contrary wind, he went fifty miles on foot, carrying provisions with him; he transported the converts to a safer locality, collected subscriptions for them, and provided boats at all their villages in which they might take refuge from their enemies on the land. The moment he received tidings of the terrible distress of the Portuguese Governor, who had shewn the bitterest enmity to him, Xavier sent supplies with the utmost despatch, and fearing, as he says, 'lest I should add to the grief of a man in misfortune, and by the sight of a man whom he hates increase a calamity already sufficiently great,' he directed Francis Mansilla, in a letter full of the most touching sympathy, to hurry to his assistance.

Towards the end of 1544 the King of Jallnapatam, the northern portion of Ceylon, crushed by persecution a Mission which had been established in his territories by the Franciscans, and which had obtained many converts, including the King's own son, who, with all the other Christians, was cruelly murdered. The elder brother of the King promised that, if he were placed on the throne, he would become a Christian; and Xavier's sanguine spirit being excited by the hope of opening up a new field for Missionary labour, he left the Fishery Coast for Goa, to persuade the Viceroy to give assistance to this scheme by an armed intervention. He travelled by land round Cape Comorin and through Travancore, preaching in all the villages on his way. It is in his letter describing this journey that the famous passage occurs:—'In the space 'of more than a single month I have made more than 10,000 Christians.' This passage Mr. Venn believes, and we think justly, to be a later interpolation in the text,—as other letters of Xavier's written about the same time and on the same subject only

mention 'very many' baptisms, and to give statistics was not Xavier's habit. On arriving at Cambay, the Viceroy in the first instance took up the Ceylon project eagerly, but political reasons soon forced him to drop it.

To a man of Xavier's sanguine temperament this check, fortunate as we may deem it for his fame, was no doubt a disappointment; but it did not affect his plans for the future. He had already made up his mind that he had done all the work among the fishermen which he was specially fitted to do, and he had turned his eyes in other directions. He had found the hindrance arising from the bad character of the Portuguese traders and officers an intolerable evil, and he longed to begin his labours afresh in a country where the taunt could not be thrown in his teeth that his religion could not be worth much if it produced such Christians as the Portuguese. Notwithstanding the number of conversions which had rewarded his labours, he had formed a very poor opinion of the quality of his converts, and had come to the conclusion that, except in the way of education from childhood, the attempt to instil religious truth into the half-brutalised lower classes was futile. He had worked out his experiment for himself, and had resolved in future to try the more educated classes, and work downwards from them to the common people. He had heard tidings of islands in the Eastern Archipelago, where Princes had embraced the Christian faith. Accordingly he left five Priests on the Fishery Coast to maintain Christian discipline and to carry on the education of the young, and in the summer of 1545 he left India for Macassar.

For this brief detail of Xavier's labours in India, we must thank Mr. Venn, the accuracy of whose facts deserves all praise. If he could have contented himself with pruning away the exaggerations and inventions of later writers, the story still left him to tell, of which we have given the bare outline, would have been a noble picture of heroism and self-denial. But then it would have tended to the glory of a Roman Catholic Priest, whom it was Mr. Venn's special duty to disparage. Accordingly, in order to destroy the grandeur of Xavier's Missionary work and Missionary spirit, he was obliged to fill out his biography with unfair suggestions and injurious conclusions, which we are obliged in our turn to answer and refute.

First, we will take Mr. Venn's strictures on the amount and nature of his Missionary work. He quotes Xavier's account of his labours in the Christian villages, where, after describing the course of instruction through which he put them preparatory to

baptism, he says :—‘ How great is the multitude of those who are gathered to the fold of Christ, you may learn from this that it often happens to me that my hands fail through the fatigue of baptising, for I have baptised a whole village in a single day ; and often by repeating so frequently the Creed and other things, my voice and strength have failed me.’* On this Mr. Venn remarks that there were only thirty Christian villages in all ; and that Xavier never learnt the vernacular of the place, at least not so as to speak it with ease. He adds :—‘ In Xavier’s examinations for baptism, there was no questioning to ascertain whether the words were understood, no spontaneous enquiry of the converts, nothing beyond the Missionary’s imperfect utterance of an unknown tongue and the response in a prescribed form ;..... when all these circumstances are taken into consideration, the position of Xavier, in the midst of a crowd of natives, with his failing arms and voice through the multitude of his baptisms, sinks from something which sounded very grand, to that which is very small.’†

Does it indeed seem small ? Can Christian charity and purest religious zeal, and philanthropic ardour, and utter self-denial, ever seem small in this world of ours ? Grant that the method was wrong and inefficient (though Mr. Venn greatly underrates what may be done through an interpreter, and indeed, in the latter part of the above paragraph, ignores the interpreter’s presence altogether) and that after three centuries’ practice modern Missionaries have struck out a more effectual plan. Grant that the villages were not numerous, though Mr. Venn omits all mention of the heathen villages, which Xavier certainly visited, and to which his account of baptising a whole village would seem to apply, as in a Christian village many must have been baptised already. Grant even that the results were not lasting. Still, after all deductions, the *position* of Francis Xavier, royal in descent, the darling of a Court, the idol of a University, now a lonely labourer on a distant and unknown coast—preaching to one of the most degraded tribes of heathen,—cut off for months together from communication with his friends and even from the sound of his own language,—protecting his converts from the oppressions of marauders, and from the violence of the Portuguese traders,—going day after day through his monotonous task of teaching the formulas on the repetition of which he deemed, however mistakenly, that eternal life depended,—living in the huts of the

* Venn, p. 35.

† *Ibid*, p. 38.

people as one of themselves,—travelling on foot from place to place—giving up the whole of his fiery zeal and his tender brotherly love with no *arrière pensée*, or longing look towards any home but the heavenly one,—such a position is in our opinion as grand as any that the human mind can conceive. We are bound to say, though we say it with pain, that the man who can count such a position small must be wanting himself in all knowledge of proportion, and all true appreciation of greatness.

Another part of Xavier's method with which Mr. Venn finds fault is that he habitually baptised infants 'even though their parents were heathen.' Although Xavier's principles would probably not have been opposed to this, yet it is remarkable that none of the extracts from his letters given by Mr. Venn mentions his baptising the infants of heathen parents. One instance of his scrupulousness in performing the ceremony is recorded, where he refused to baptise a Brahmin who seemed to be really converted, but who wished to keep his profession of faith secret. He reports that in the course of a year he had baptised (or 'managed to baptise,' as Mr. Venn writes it) 1,000 children who had died before they could commit sin. This would not be a very extravagant number, even if it included only the infants of the thirty Christian villages on the coast. All therefore that is proved against Xavier is that he baptised infants. A complaint against infant baptism would sound strangely from the pen of an English clergyman. But Mr. Venn manipulates it into a charge by the following artifice. He quotes at length an extract from the Romish 'Annals of the Faith,' published in 1845, which relates how emissaries of the Mission sought out sick children and, pretending to prescribe some medicine and to commiserate the mother, took the opportunity of dropping some water on the forehead of their infants and declaring them baptised. Mr. Venn expressly adds:—'I am unable to say whether Xavier began this practice',* and yet he does not scruple to picture 'Xavier and his successors seeking out children likely to die,† or to state that his 'chief comfort was in the baptism of moribund infants,' and that 'such baptisms as Xavier's were not allowed by the primitive Church.'‡ That is to say, he confessedly has not the slightest grounds for supposing that Xavier and his successors acted in this dishonest way; but he is not ashamed to insinuate

* Venn, p. 44.

† *Ibid.*, p. 44.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 79.

that he did. It is hardly necessary for us to tell our readers our opinion of such disingenuousness.

We turn next to Mr. Venn's strictures on Xavier's Missionary spirit. The first is based on a discrepancy observed between the tone in which Xavier wrote his annual letters to Loyola or to the Jesuit Society at Rome, and those written hastily, under the influence of passing events, to his coadjutor Francis Manilla. Both on account of the interesting character of these letters, and the importance of the charge based upon them, we propose to place large extracts from them before our readers.

In one of his annual letters he writes :—‘ Vast are the numbers in this country who do not become Christians, only because there is no one here to bring them over to Christianity. Often does it come into my mind to make the circuit of the Universities of Europe and especially of Paris, crying out even ‘at the risk of being taken for a mad man to those who have more learning than charity, Alas, what a great multitude of immortal souls are shut out from heaven and plunged into the depths of eternal misery through your neglect... . . . God is my witness that I have formed the design, since I am myself debarred from returning to Europe, of sending a letter to the Universities of Paris and especially to our Professors Corne and Picard, to shew them how many millions of savages might be brought without any trouble to the knowledge of Christ, if only there were a sufficient number of men who would seek not their own things, but the things which are Christ’s. Dear brethren, pray the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth labourers into his harvest. I have nothing further to write upon these topics, except that such is the force and abundance of my joys, which God is wont to bestow upon the workers in this part of his vineyard, who diligently labour for the conversion of the heathen, that if there be in life any solid and true happiness, it is here to be found. . . . For truly the man who has once tasted by spiritual perception the sweetness of His gift, must find this life bitter without the light of His countenance.’*

With this letter Mr. Venn contrasts those written to Mansilla. The first quoted by him runs thus :—

‘ God give you patience, which is the first requisite in dealing with this nation. Imagine to yourself that you are in Purgatory and are washing away the guilt of your evil deeds.’†

* Venn. pp. 46-48.

† *Ibid.* p. 49

From a second *ave* extract this passage :—‘ I shall turn my thoughts into another direction, and seriously take in hand a design which has long allured me like a charm, of abandoning India, where so many obstacles to the promulgation of the religion of Christ are raised from quarters where it was least to be expected, and transferring myself to Ethiopia, where I am called to publish the Gospel by a hope and probability of signally advancing the glory of our Lord God, where there are no Europeans to resist us by overturning what we build up.’*

Another letter is quoted entire by Mr. Venn, but we extract only the parts which affect the present argument :—

‘ Your letters have greatly refreshed me. Again and again I beseech you to behave to these men, who are the scum of the human race, as good fathers are in the habit of doing to their wicked children. Do not suffer yourself to be cast down, however enormous their wickedness may be, for God Whom they so grievously offend does not exterminate them as He might do by His single word It is in this way that I wish you to maintain an equanimity of temper and cast from yourself all needless uneasiness.’†

On this subject Mr. Venn remarks :—‘ It is impossible not to be startled at the inconsistency, to use no stronger term, between these letters to his fellow-labourer Mansilla, and those which Xavier sent to his friends in Europe. . . . How is Xavier to be acquitted of dishonesty ?’‡ He was a man of strong impulses, of quick transitions of feeling, liable to pass from extravagant hope to unreasonable despair. This we conceive to be the solution of the contradictions in his letters. He probably wrote from the impulse of the moment. He lacked in fact that stable confidence in the enterprise he had taken in hand, which every true Missionary derives from a supreme regard to the Word of God. It is impossible otherwise to reconcile his sudden abandonment of India after so short and imperfect a trial, with his previous profession of spiritual comfort and success in his work,—or his sublime appeals to men of learning and science in the Universities of Europe to become his associates, with the fact that his chief comfort was the baptism of moribund infants and the dumb show of a crowd of adult worshippers.§ And again, in his final summary of

* Venn, p. 50.

† *Ibid.* pp. 51-52.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 55.

§ *Ibid.* p. 79.

Xavier's character, he says, 'a want of thorough truthfulness is conspicuous in all his European correspondence.'*

Nothing can be a greater proof of Mr. Venn's candour than the fact that, though he had already come to such conclusions as to Xavier's work and character, he was not afraid to print the documents which utterly disprove them. On the general charge of inconsistency of character, we shall have more to say. But we have already disproved the charges of baptising moribund infants, and of contenting himself with dumb show. Our readers can judge from the extracts we have given what there is in these letters to justify the charge of 'unreasonable despair' and the statement that the tone of the two sets of letters is contradictory. In the first place we may remark that the letters to Europe were written in Dec. 1513 and Jany. 1544, and those to Mansilla in March 1544. A change of feeling might very easily come over a man in the space of three months, but on looking closely into the first and third letter to Mansilla, it becomes very apparent that they are not spontaneous expressions of Xavier's own sentiments, but references to Mansilla's feelings, which Xavier is trying to soothe and repress. The exhortation 'God give you patience' is clearly an answer to Mansilla's impatient letter. The advice to maintain equal equanimity of temper and to cast away needless uneasiness, was obviously called forth by the tone of Mansilla's correspondence, not by the tendency of Xavier's own thoughts. The fact is that these letters to Mansilla, as quoted by Mr. Venn, contain no expression of Xavier's feelings except a general impression of ill success as to results; nothing in any way at variance with his glory in his vocation, his conviction of its importance, or his peace of mind.

But even if there was such a discrepancy, if the home letters painted all things in glowing colours, while the letters to a fellow-labourer were affected by the heat and burden of the day, would this give rise to even a suspicion of dishonesty in any mind unfainted by the *odium theologicum*? What man has ever lived of high-wrought enthusiastic nature who has not had his moments of deep depression? Who that has ever aimed at an apostolic height has not been deeply wounded by the sense of failure? Where is the tender loving spirit to whom the mere thought of the far distant home has not shed a rose-coloured light over all circumstances of distress and pain? Even we in this present time, in writing to our friends at home, keep silence as

* Venn, p. 257.

to our little troubles and disappointments, and fill our letters not with what is false, but with such truths as are pleasant. The commonest subaltern who prates at mess about the 'cursed country' writes to his widowed mother that India is a fine country after all, and that he hopes to do great things, and to make a name there yet. But what is praiseworthy in an ordinary Christian is 'want of thorough truthfulness' in an apostle.

The second stricture on Xavier's Missionary character to which we think it necessary to advert, is made with reference to his plan for an invasion of Ceylon, of which we spoke above. On this Mr. Venn remarks:—

'See Xavier on the look-out for a hostile and murderous expedition, which he himself had instigated, for the advancement of true religion; in what did his spirit then differ from that of a Mussulman?*' Now it is impossible to defend Xavier's prudence and common sense with regard to this expedition; but it is very clear that the spirit in which he planned it was not a hostile and murderous one. The prospect he held before himself was the possible conversion of the King of Jaffnapatam,—or else his execution as a just reward for his murder of so many Christians; but not the dragooning of a whole country into Christianity by the offer of conversion or the sword. To quote from his own letters:—

'The Viceroy has given his generals command to restore the elder brother to the throne of Jaffnapatam, and to put to death the King who slew the neophytes, or else to deal with him as I shall determine. Indeed, I confidently hope that, through the intercession of those whom he has made martyrs, he will be brought to acknowledge his crime and blindness, and by salutary penance will at length obtain pardon from God for his atrocious cruelty. In Jaffnapatam and the opposite coast more than 1,00,000 will easily be added to Christianity.'†

These letters breathe the spirit of an unpractical enthusiast, but not of a sanguinary bigot. He was a man who had not sufficient practical clearness of view to foresee the means necessary to his end, not a man who considered that the end justified the means.

Of the charge of 'inconsistency' which Mr. Venn brings against Xavier, we shall be able to speak more appropriately when we have concluded our sketch of his career. We will only notice

* Venn, p. 79.

† *Ibid.*, p. 69.

here his remark of astonishment at Xavier's expression that, as soon as he perceived his labours were not at all needed in India, he went on his way to Macassar. On this Mr. Venn says:—

'Xavier's labours not at all needed in India! What then was the meaning of his earnest appeal to the Universities of Europe to send fresh labourers to reap the field white to harvest.* Throughout this book Mr. Venn seems to have written in total disregard of the terrible *'tu quoque,'* which may be hurled back at every one of his attacks on the character and results of Xavier's Missionary life. In this case he seems to be utterly oblivious of the cavil so often urged against Missionaries, that there is plenty of work for earnest men in the mining and manufacturing districts, and the purlieus of London, without going thousands of miles to seek it. The cavil against modern Missions is unjust, but it is equally unjust when applied to Xavier.

It is indeed refreshing to turn from contrasting Mr. Venn's accurate history with his inaccurate conclusion to the less detailed but more life-like sketch given in Mr. Myer's lectures. We trust our readers will reciprocate the pleasure with which we quote part of his description of Xavier's work on the Fishery Coast:—

'All about them he finds utterly miserable: themselves, their country, their dwellings, their mode of living: no one comfort or visible blessing. His language, however, in writing from among them to Loyola, breathes only of thankfulness and joy and deep delight in the work he was engaged in. He lives just as they do on rice and water; associates with them as one of themselves; learns their rude utterances, teaches them little arts, becomes in every way their friend. He gradually preaches to them of God—and even of Christ—symbolically chiefly; he teaches them letters, and then to read simple words which he writes: he gets them to build little Chapels, and interprets the Creed and Crucifix to them. All but three hours and a half of the twenty-four he wakes and works. Except these hours for sleep the night is given to the improvement of his own soul through meditation, and prayer, and discipline: as soon as the day lights up the waters, Xavier calls his people to worship: all day he teaches the children and the new converts, visits the sick, goes inland to other villages, and at twilight again summons all to worship and vesper benediction.....A more unweariable man you shall not find under the sun..... This we see, that, little acquainted with the language of the people as he was (and

* Venn, p. 73.

'Xavier never was a good linguist,) he has a marvellous faculty of making an impression on the minds of rude men : that he exercises, if any one ever could or can, a kind of spiritual magnetism over men : that he can infuse his earnest thoughts into others with little help of articulate utterance, and can make his own feelings as it were infectious. I know of no one of whom are recorded such instances of communicative energy as of Xavier : no one who seems to have had so much influence over uncivilised men as he : none who by this alone has so thoroughly entitled himself to the appellation he was known by among his own, the *Thaumaturgus* or wonder-worker of the later ages of the Church.*

The attraction which drew Xavier to Macassar was the report that the King of the place had already been baptised, and that there was a general movement in favour of Christianity. His outfit and passage were provided for by a merchant named Deyro, who came to him for confession, and was so wrought upon by his contagious enthusiasm, that he sold his property, distributed the proceeds to the poor, and devoted himself to Xavier's service. They left Madras in the summer of 1545, and reached Malacca in October. There Xavier learnt that a Missionary had recently sailed, under the protection of soldiers, for Macassar, and he was persuaded to wait for the return of the ship which had conveyed them, and for further tidings of their progress. For three months he remained at Malacca, living, as he had done at Goa, in a hospital, preaching and ministering to the sick. As the expected ship from Macassar did not arrive, he took a passage with the annual fleet which visited the Spice Islands. The voyage of this fleet seems to have been a long one. They visited Amboyna, where they remained three months; then the Moluccas, where they also remained three months; and lastly, they remained three months at the islands of the 'Mauricæ'. Returning thence by the same route, they stopped again for three months at the Moluccas, and one month at Amboyna, on their way to Malacca. Thus the stoppages alone occupied thirteen months, and the whole voyage probably not less than eighteen.

None of these islands, however, answered to Xavier's expectations, or supplied the peculiar sphere in which he wished to labour. We have seen that, as the result of his Indian experience, he had resolved to seek for some country in which his work

* Lectures, &c., pp. 95—97.

would not be frustrated by the example of his profligate countrymen, and where he could begin by converting or favourably influencing the King of the place. Amboyna and the Moluccas were both occupied by Portuguese garrisons, and the Maurice were a tribe more barbarous and brutalised than the fishermen of the Comorin Coast. The scene of labour for which Xavier was peculiarly adapted, was not to be found in their islands.

But, though frustrated in his search for an encouraging field of work, Xavier had not wasted his time during this voyage. At Amboyna there were six or seven Christian villages, and to these he ministered. At the Moluccas he found a Mahomedan ruler who was very favourable to Christianity, and whose brother-in-law, as well as the mother of the former ruler, were converted. He also preached to the garrison at Ternate, and had a special class of the native wives of the Portuguese soldiers. The islands of the 'Maurice' or of the Moors (which Mr. Venn identifies with Montay) were inhabited by cannibals and by natives 'famous for poisoning each other'; a tribe of whom, like our Thugs, exalted murder into a religion. Xavier's friends entreated him to abstain from going among them, and brought him antidotes against poisons, which he rejected. Mr. Venn makes it a charge against him that he did not fix his abode among them. To have done so would have been to commit the same folly that distinguished Captain Gardiner's Mission to Patagonia. They did not present the field he sought for. He had made no preparations when he left Malacca with the fleet for remaining behind on a desert island. 'He describes the islands as a volcanic formation, very sterile, and having no sheep or cattle, only pigs and wild boars. The inhabitants were utterly uncivilised, and lived in constant jealousies and wars. Great numbers were destroyed by poison. They had no written language, and nearly every island had a different dialect'.*

Yet this did not hinder him from living among the people for three months, while the trading fleet remained at the island, and during this time the danger and strangeness of his position stirred up his enthusiastic spirit to more lofty emotions than usual. He describes them thus:—

'I write these things that you may know how greatly these islands abound in spiritual joys. Truly all these perils and discomforts, encountered for the sake of our Lord, are treasures

* Venn, p. 114.

‘filled with heavenly consolations, so that you may believe these islands to have been pre-ordained to destroy the sight of the eyes by weeping tears of joy. I never, indeed, remember myself to have been so penetrated by a flow of perpetual happiness, nor to have borne labour and bodily trials so lightly; although I traversed islands in the midst of enemies and faithless friends, although they be destitute of all remedies for disease, and even of all safeguards for life itself, yet they appear to me to deserve the name of the Isles of divine hope rather than the region of the Moor.’*

On his return to Malacca, which must have been about the middle of 1547, he remained for some time, teaching and visiting as before, till he found a ship to take him to India, which he reached in January 1548. Why, on his return from the Spice Islands, he did not carry out his original plan of visiting Macassar, is not apparent; and in the absence of all reason stated, we cannot concur with Mr. Venn in attributing it to his ‘habitual inconstancy of character.’ Probably the reports brought of the success of the Missionary who was sent there were not encouraging; or else the fact of soldiers having been despatched to the island deterred him from again incurring the hindrance of their evil example.

In India Xavier remained for fifteen months, employed in inspecting outposts, visiting again his converts on the Comorin Coast, and setting in working order the machine of religious discipline and Government.

This work was by no means a slight or unimportant one. About twenty associates of the Jesuit Order had reached him, and more were on their way out; these he had to make acquaintance with, to test and to appoint them, according to their respective fitness of character, either to reside at great centres of trade, in religious charge of a large European population, (such as Ormuz in the Persian Gulf, Socotra at the mouth of the Red Sea, Malacca, or Goa itself,) or to superintend distant Missions, such as those on the Comorin Coast and in the Moluccas, or to preside over the great Missionary College at Goa, and its affiliated branches at Cranganore and Ternate. It will be easily understood how difficult such a selection was, and how hard to maintain strict discipline and settled order among a body of men so little homogeneous, and so widely scattered.

Venn has some judicious remarks on the additional

* Venn, p. 115.

difficulties arising from Xavier's position as Royal Commissioner on the part of the King of Portugal. The authority this gave him over the regular Civil Officials placed him in a kind of antagonism to them, made him feel doubly sensible of the hindrances their coldness or opposition threw in the Missionary's way, and led him to attach an unreasonable value to their assistance. He even went so far as to propose to the King that a scale of rewards should be established for Governors who had gained converts, and a scale of punishments for those who had not. Certainly Xavier shewed little wisdom in his admixture of politics with religion, and we are well pleased to see him shake off this additional responsibility, which was only an incumbrance to him in performing the work to which he was specially devoted.

But when Mr. Venn remarks unfavourably on the tone of authority adopted by Xavier in his directions to his subordinates, he seems to us to miss the whole spirit of the Order to which Xavier belonged. On this point Mr. Myers says:—

'Loyola's grand assumption is that all things are conquerable assuredly to him who will first conquer himself; and this leads him to consider all virtue as comprised in that which is the mere soldier's,—obedience to his brother-man.' Thus Xavier was only carrying out the principle which had been inculcated on him by his Chief.*

But indeed the remarkable point in Xavier's character is not his insistence on the duties of obedience and self-abnegation, but his abstinence from all peremptory orders, and his consideration and forethought for the unexpected difficulties which might arise. In the abstract he is authoritative enough, but in practice he leaves a wide margin for discretion. This Mr. Venn does not fail to see, although with singular inconsistency he seems to forget it. Again, when summing up the results of Xavier's Missionary life in India, he speaks of the one great fault in his system which would have proved fatal to success—namely, that he 'attempted to carry every thing by authority.'† But in another place he forms a truer estimate of his character.

'This peremptory and absolute authority which Xavier assumed, was never pressed in a way to offend the feelings of his brethren. Its exercise is mingled with so much tenderness of affection, and with such expressions of personal humility

* Lectures, &c., p. 86.

† Venn, p. 146.

‘and Christian courtesy, as cannot but excite our admiration at the natural magnanimity of the man.’*

Take, as an instance of this, his orders to Missionaries at outposts not to leave their stations except under a very special necessity, in spite of which he says in his letter of instructions to Father Paul Camerti, whom he left as his *locum tenens* in India, ‘yet if any of them for urgent reasons should without your direction come to you, I would have you receive them kindly, and treat them with the utmost affection, attending to them with all care, whether they need the strengthening and support of their physical or mental constitution; whether they come of their own accord, and upon their own responsibility, or by the persuasion of their companions, to seek the spiritual medicine of penance and correction, or of temporary retreat; whatever offices you can perform for them, see that you behave yourself with parental tenderness, lest they fall away, or suffer some serious evil.’†

If some Missionary in a moment of faint-heartedness were to leave his post at Peshawur or Tinnevely, and to appear suddenly in London, we doubt if the Secretary to the Church Missionary Society, although he does not insist on ‘peremptory obedience,’ would treat the deserter in quite this spirit; or whether there would not be some parental objugation mingled with parental tenderness.

But while the duty of internal arrangement and discipline was occupying all Xavier’s energies, his heart had long been given to devoting himself to open up a new Mission in Japan. The way in which his thoughts were turned in this direction was remarkable enough. A native of Japan, named Anger, had fled on board a Portuguese vessel, to escape from the consequences of a family quarrel. The Captain of the vessel, Ferdinand Alvarus, happened to be an intimate friend of Xavier’s, and excited in the mind of the Japanese the desire of seeing him, and of being instructed in the Christian Faith. He accompanied Alvarus to Malacca, arriving there at the time when Xavier had gone on his eighteen months’ tour among the Spice Islands. After waiting some time in vain for his return, Anger lost patience and set out to return to Japan, but was beaten back by a violent storm, and arrived in Malacca again, to find Xavier there, and to be most kindly received by him. Xavier sent him to the Missionary College of Goa, where he received Christian instruction for

* Venn, p. 125.

† *Ibid*, p. 145.

more than a year. It seems to have been his accounts of his native land, and his anxiety and distress at the thought of the religious darkness of his fellow countrymen that first turned Xavier's thoughts towards Japan. Here was an unexplored country, discovered only six years before, where there were no European traders or soldiers to discredit the Christian name, and to impede the progress of the Gospel. It was a highly civilised and well-governed country, on whose rulers Xavier might hope to make that favourable impression which he had learnt to think a necessary preliminary to Missionary enterprise. The Japanese was sanguine as to the readiness of his countrymen to accept the Christian religion. Xavier's enthusiasm caught fire from his, and he entertained no doubt that the impulse was divinely sent. Though he heard before starting that Japan has closed its ports against the Portuguese, his resolution was no ways shaken. He wrote :—' By God's help I will go, for there is no better enjoyment ' in this miserable world than to live in peril of death, when ' death is encountered from the sole motive of His love, and a ' desire of pleasing Him and spreading His holy religion. ' Believe me, it is sweeter to live in the midst of such peril than ' to be free from it, and at ease.*

In this spirit of apostolic devotion and lofty self-abnegation, he set out on his perilous mission to the unknown country of Japan. No more now of 'Royal patronage and Ecclesiastical influence'; for he was going to a country where the very names of the King of Portugal and the Pope of Rome had never been heard. No more of 'absolute authority and peremptory orders'; for he was going almost alone, a 'simple Missionary,' to a country where letters could only reach him by accident. His chosen companion for the voyage was Cosmo Turrianus, who had been for many years a roving sea-faring man, and who, having been impressed with religious feelings by seeing the labours of the Missionaries, had lately joined the Society of Jesus. They were also accompanied by the Japanese convert, Paul Anger, and a servant of his, by a lay-assistant, Fernandez, and a Chinese youth, called Amator. They left India in April 1549 for Malacca, from which place the Governor forwarded them in a Chinese junk, probably on account of the prohibition to the trade of Portuguese vessels. They reached Cagoxima,† a port on the south coast of Kiu-Siu, the most southern island of Japan, in August 1549.

* Venn, p. 175.

† Now too well known as Kagosima.

Their reception by the natives and the Governor of the place was very favourable. Paul Anger's relatives crowded about him, anxious to learn the nature of his new religion, and by no means disposed to reject or despise him on account of his conversion. The Governor received a visit from Xavier most graciously, and his mother requested to have the chief articles of the Christian religion given her in writing. Two Buddhist Priests, or 'Bonzes,' went off to Goa to the Missionary College there, commended by Xavier to his friends with the simple message:— 'be careful to treat them kindly and courteously, even as I 'treated Paul when I was with you.' The singular tolerance of the Japanese, and the simplicity of their Buddhist faith, made them peculiarly ready to entertain and accept the new doctrine. Xavier remained at Cangoxina for a year, and during that time he had obtained 100 converts, and had made a deep and lasting impression on the mind of the country.

The Buddhist priests, however, beginning to be jealous of his success, persuaded the Governor to oppose the spread of Christianity by an edict punishing conversion with death. Checked by this order, Xavier and Cosmo left Paul behind among his own people, and proceeded themselves to a town in the kingdom of Amanguchi, a place not now to be found in maps, but the town is identified by the biographers of Xavier with Firando, a seaport on the north-west of the Island of Kiu-Siu. At Firando, Xavier found the people so well disposed to hear the new religion, that he left Cosmo behind and went on alone to Amanguchi. Here again he was well received by the King, who sent for him, and listened to his exposition of the Faith with interest and attention. But Xavier was at this time weaker-handed than probably he had ever been before; and being himself always a bad linguist, and having no interpreter with him, it is not to be wondered at that he failed to attract general attention, and even suffered from popular ridicule. Leaving Amanguchi he crossed over to the chief Island of Nippon, and, after a painful journey of two months, arrived at Miako, which was, as he was told, the residence of the most important King of the country. From Xavier's casually mentioning that the other Kings and rulers held his temporal authority in contempt, and we may gather that this King was the spiritual Emperor of Japan, or Mikado. To him Xavier found it impossible to gain an entrance; and disappointed thus in his hope of gaining over the chief potentate to his side, he judged it best to return to Amanguchi and secure the favourable inclinations of

the King of that place, whose good-will he had already experienced.

On arriving at Amanguchi, Xavier presented to him the letters and gifts which he had brought from the Viceroy and Bishop of Goa, and which he had hoped to present to the Mikado at Miako. The King in return shewed his favour by issuing a proclamation that it should be lawful for Xavier to preach the Christian Faith, and for the Japanese in his kingdom to become converts to it. Xavier was here joined by Cosmo Turrianus again, and his lay-assistant, Fernandez, had become skillful in the language, so that the impediment which had hindered him at first was now removed. Before long he records the conversion of 700 people. Two of these are specially mentioned as being very learned and able men, and one of them joined the Society of the Jesuits.

While thus engaged, Xavier was invited by the King of Bungo a province on the east of the Island of Kiu-Siu, to visit him and was warmly received. Soon after he left Amanguchi, a civil war broke out there, which ended in the King committing suicide, and a step brother of the King of Bungo being elected in his place. He was animated by the same friendly spirit towards the Missionaries as his predecessor had been, and promise them his support. The King of Bungo was desirous of making a friendly alliance with the King of Portugal; and Xavier persuaded him to send an ambassador to Goa, and prevailed on two Japanese converts to visit Portugal, and arranged for their being sent on to Rome, 'that they might witness the Christian religion in all its magnificence.' Having thus established two flourishing Missions, to which he had conciliated the good-will and approbation of the local rulers, Xavier thought it high time to return to watch over the important interests entrusted to him in India. He sailed in the same ship with the King of Bungo's ambassador to Goa, and reached India in January 1552, after an absence of two years and eight months.

This Japanese Mission has always been looked on as the great success and the crowning glory of Xavier's life. It is not so much what he accomplished himself, as the door he opened for others, by his bold conception of carrying the Gospel into so distant a country, and his wise selection of the men he took with him and left in charge of the work, and yet what he accomplished himself was no small work to be passed over lightly. He himself records about 700 conversions as having been made

during his stay in the island. It was his wise courtesy and noble presence that gained over the Rulers of Firando, Aman-guchi, and Bungo, to be more than patrons, to be almost converts, to his faith. His letters are meagre exceedingly as to his own life and actions, but they tell us enough to paint a noble picture for the eyes of those who can see. Mr. Myers says:—‘A strange sight truly was this toiling, travel-worn man: no carriage of any kind, nor servant; no state, no pomp, no comfort even; literally of apostolic guise. And had you seen him passing wearily and footsore across the dreary and dangerous wastes of Japan, you could not but have called to mind, in spite of some strange differences, how the noble prototype of all Missions minded himself to go afoot from Treas unto Assos’

‘When persecuted in one city they flee to another, and despite of all opposition Xavier keeps preaching, and baptisms follow his preachings wherever they halt awhile, and catechisings, public disputations, and conversions. He ordains elders in almost every city, and writes letters to his converts and fellow-labourers at a distance, of which some portions are almost apostolic. His sanctity does as much as his sermons, and his companions are helps-meet for him, displaying the peculiar virtues of the Christian in the midst of danger and reproach of all kinds; and when he leaves the Mission in their hands, as he does shortly, he does so with the confidence that the unparalleled efforts and successes of the past are but as the first-fruits of the future.’*

That future was indeed as bright a one as any Mission ever enjoyed, and to the present day, when the friends of Missions deplore their ill success, they refer to Japan as an example of what Missionaries under favourable circumstances can effect. Mr. Venn tells us, what from the circumstances is exceedingly natural, that he has searched in vain for any accurate statistics of the numbers of the converts, but undoubtedly they were very great. ‘At the close of the 16th century (in 1586) a fierce and bloody persecution commenced against Christianity, on the part of the political Emperor (Tycoon) on the old plea of persecutors that the peace of the State was endangered. From the great number of influential people said to have been involved, it may be inferred that the profession of Christianity had been very widely extended; and from the length of time, amounting to forty years, for which the struggle was continued, it is evident that multitudes firmly held to their adopted faith. In the year

‘ 1637 the reigning Emperor discovered, as he affirmed, a traitorous correspondence for dethroning him, between the Native Christians and the King of Portugal. He therefore issued orders for the butchery of the remainder of the Christians, estimated at 37,000. This order was barbarously carried into effect. Thus the Mission, planted by Xavier, was extinguished in blood, after existing for nearly ninety years.’ *

We have not space to quote here any of the noble letters written by Xavier during his stay in Japan, but we trust our readers will be sufficiently interested by the specimens of them we have already given, to look themselves for them in Mr. Venn’s pages. But before we leave this important part of Xavier’s life, we must notice two cavils, (we can hardly call them charges,) which Mr. Venn brings against his personal success, and the system on which he based his Mission. The first passage is as follows :—

‘ We must remember that, though he spent more than two years in the study of the language, he was obliged even to the last to employ his lay helper as an interpreter. He has himself expressed, in emphatic terms, the insufficiency of his personal efforts. Looking forward to a visit to China he said :—“ I shall succeed in opening it for others, since I can do nothing myself.” This single sentence, beautiful in its humility, nevertheless points to the simple fact that his personal efforts to evangelise the natives were a failure everywhere, but that he led the way for others to follow, and encouraged numbers to do so.’ †

Now we ask any one if this is a legitimate deduction from Xavier’s words. The sentence which Mr. Venn justly calls ‘ beautiful in its humility ’ is the natural expression of a mind depreciating its own powers, not the careful and deliberate summing of the work of a life. Besides, it applies to the future, not to the past; and its reference cannot be properly understood without the context. We could hardly have defended such an argument as this from the charge of disingenuousness, if it did not happen that Mr. Venn had placed in close juxtaposition to it two most remarkable proofs of its erroneousness. It is impossible to attribute to want of candour a judgment which clearly arises from some strange intellectual distortion.

The proofs of Xavier’s great personal influence that we refer to, are two letters written, one in 1555, and the other about the same date, by the Rulers of Firando and Bungo respectively; the former writes to a Missionary in China, Melchior Nunez :—

* Venn, p. 210.

† *Ibid.*, p. 208.

‘When the Father, Master Francis, had come into this kingdom, he made some Christians, much to my delight, whom I have taken charge of, and kept them from all injuries.’*

The King of Bungo, who had much more personal knowledge of Xavier than the King of Firando, at which place Xavier had remained so short a time, writes thus to the Viceroy of India:—

‘I Yacalandono, King of Bungo, Tacataa, Amanguchi, and the countries of the two seas, Lord of the petty Kings of the Islands of Tosa, Xemenarequa, and Miaygina, do give thee to understand by this letter that Father Francisco Xavier, having been not long since in this country, preaching to them of Amanguchi the new law of the Creator of all things, I secretly promised to him that, on his return into my kingdom, I would receive from his hands the name and water of holy baptism, however the novelty of so unexpected a thing might put me on bad terms with my subjects. Wherefore he also promised me on his side, that if God gave him life he would come back to me as speedily as he could. And for as much as his return has been longer than I looked for, I have sent thus expressly to know both of him and of you the cause of this retardment of his. Wherefore, my lord, I desire you that he may hasten away to me with all the speed that the first season proper for navigation may permit.’†

After reading such a letter as this, it is almost laughable to be told that his personal efforts to evangelise the natives were a failure ‘every where.’

In all probability, Mr. Venn draws an exaggerated inference from Xavier’s expressions as to his inability to speak the language. Mr. Myers is probably nearer the mark, when he says that Xavier was a bad linguist. Two years is a short time to master an Oriental language in; and from the instances we see everyday in this country, we may easily conceive that Xavier may have had a sufficient smattering of the language to preach written discourses, and to leave a strong personal impression of his earnestness and piety, while yet, on occasions of argument and dispute, he may have required the help of an interpreter.

The second point we have to advert to is Mr. Venn’s favourite aversion,—the ‘reliance on an arm of flesh.’ He says:—‘Xavier erected a Mission on the treacherous foundations of secular support.’‡ That is to say, he nearly converted the King of

* Venn, p. 192.

† *Ibid.*, p. 204.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 209

Bungo, and secured his converts against persecution. And again:—
 ‘The Mission Xavier planted was extinguished in blood, after existing for nearly ninety years; and this through the political power on which Xavier leaned in all his Missionary enterprises.’*
 Or, in other words, when the remedy Xavier provided had failed, the evil which he provided against occurred. If he had not obtained the support of the Governors, the persecution which destroyed a Church of a hundred thousand souls would have nipped his conversions in the bud. Does Mr. Venn esteem the existence of that Church for ninety years as nothing? Or has he reflected on the terrible ‘*tu quoque*’ which impends over every cavil he utters? Do not Missionaries in India rely upon the ‘arm of flesh’ or, in plain English, on the Civil Government? How many Missionaries, how many converts would remain if we lost India and another Tippoo held it? Or, to take a practical instance, why did the Madagascar Mission, which, as far as regards the Missionaries, had been utterly crushed by persecution, burst into sudden popularity, except because a ruler favourable to Christianity had come into power, and English and French are struggling for political influence there? If trying to convert King Yacatandono, was a sinful reliance on the ‘arm of flesh,’ by what name are we to describe the crime of trusting in King Radama the Second?

On his return to India in January 1551, Xavier found that his long absence and the difficulty of communicating with him had made room for much dissension and jealousy of authority among the Missionaries, as well as a want of cordiality between them and the Civil Government. The official paymasters had refused or delayed to pay the sums assigned to the Mission by the King of Portugal. The Missionaries had quarrelled, and even gone to law among themselves. Xavier’s letters record the dismissal of a priest and a layman, and express the fear that more will have to be dismissed. Paul Camarte, whom Xavier had left in charge of all the Missionaries, had quarrelled with Antony Gomez, who was placed over the Missionary College of Goa. The biographers record that the latter had, *contrary to Xavier’s instructions*, ‘turned this College into a Jesuit Novitiate Establishment,’† a sentence which contrasts strangely with Mr. Venn’s former censure of Xavier himself (p. 26) for ‘having set himself to turn the Missionary College into a Jesuit Establishment.’ In every way his plans had been thwarted, and his hopes frustrated,

* Venn, p. 210.

† *Ibid.*, p. 216.

and his letters do not conceal the disappointment he felt. He writes:—

‘ I had hoped on my return from Japan to enjoy some repose after all the fatigues I had undergone. But no! there was no comfort for me. Far from that, I found only grief upon grief, and each in succession more poignant than the preceding. I found law suits arising from a quarrelsome temper. Nothing is stirring around me, but squabbles, disputes, divisions, to the great scandal of the people. Alas! this was not the work I so earnestly enjoined at my departure for Japan.’*

We cannot agree with Mr. Venn in considering this trial as decisive of the unadvisability of appointing an absolute Head, with despotic authority over Missions. Xavier’s long absence, and the impossibility of exercising any control from Japan, are quite sufficient to account for the result. It would be far more reasonable to argue that discipline in an army was unadvisable, because the officers mutinied against Lord Clive. A system of centralization obviously requires constant communication with outlying posts; and even if Xavier had remained at Goa, he would probably have been baffled by the distance of many of his subordinates. But now that communication is regular and speedy, the conditions under which the experiment of a Missionary Bishop would be tried are completely altered.

Xavier’s stay in India was very brief, for the position of a mere Superintendent of Missions was irksome to him, and he had only returned to his head-quarters to gather strength for a new project, more arduous and more advantageous even than any of those he had planned before. This project was a Mission to China. It had been first suggested to him by the reverence that the Japanese entertained for China, and their argument ‘how is it, if what you preach is true, that the Chinese never heard of it?’ It was probably fostered by the success he had met with in Japan, and the knowledge that China was, like Japan, a well-governed, philosophical country, where his doctrines, could he once attain an entry, would probably be met by reasonable argument and not by violence. Perhaps too the danger and difficulty of the project was no slight attraction to Xavier’s enthusiastic and devoted spirit. No European was allowed, under the severest penalties, to enter the Celestial Kingdom. Trade was conducted on the island of Chang-chuen, not far from Canton, where the Chinese met the Portuguese merchants and exchanged their stores. Thus far it

* Venn, p. 215.

was easy to get, but to enter the continent seemed an impossibility. But in order to meet this difficulty and render the mission feasible, Xavier proposed to make use of his authority as Royal Commissioner:—that authority, the possession of which, as we have seen, derogates so much in Mr. Venn's estimation from the worth of his labours as a simple Missionary.

In Xavier's former letters he mentions one James Pereira, a merchant at Malacca, as his best friend in connection with the Mission to Japan. He was determined to make use of his friendship to further the Mission to China. Whether by the express orders of the King, or by virtue of the authority delegated to himself, does not appear, but probably by the latter, he appointed this James Pereira to be Royal Envoy to the King of China, proposing himself thus to obtain admission to the King's presence, under cover of the embassy. He writes to King John of Portugal:—

'We carry with us many precious gifts to the King, which Pereira has bought partly by the royal funds, and partly by his own. We carry also a precious gift, such as I doubt if ever King sent to King within the memory of man, namely, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which, if the King of China knows its value, he will place far above all his treasures however great. I have a good hope that God will look in mercy on that vast nation and people, and will open the eyes of men made in His likeness, that they may know their Maker and Jesus Christ, the one Saviour of mankind.*'

With his mind full of such high hopes and visions of noble results, Xavier and Pereira sailed from India in April 1552. But at Malacca a great discouragement awaited him. The Governor of the place laid an embargo on the ship and forbade the embassy to China. Whether Xavier had overstepped the limits of his authority in planning this embassy, or, whether the prohibition was merely the act of personal enmity or political disapprobation, we are unable to tell; but it shews clearly how almost independent was the power of a local Governor in those days, and it justifies Xavier in his constant admonitions to Missionaries to keep on good terms with the authorities. The blow was a sudden and a very bitter one. In Xavier's estimation it was the work of one who 'had no fear of ecclesiastical censures or the Divine wrath,' one who 'opposed the propagation of the Christian religion and the efforts of pious men' as well as

* Venn, p. 236.

disregarded the pontifical authority under which Xavier acted. Accordingly he presses for his punishment and excommunication in terms which do not bear out Mr. Venn's charge of vindictiveness, but which painfully remind one of the curse pronounced against Meroz, 'because they came not to the help of the Lord, 'to the help of the Lord against the mighty.' But vindictiveness implies a personal element in the anger, and this was totally wanting to Xavier's wrath. He thinks nothing of the indignity to himself, but a little of the loss to Pereira's trade, and a great deal of the hindrance placed in the way of religion. He writes to Pereira :—

'It is all my fault! on account of my great sins, God has 'frustrated our Chinese enterprise! God is my witness how 'sincere was my desire to serve Him and yourself: had not this 'been so, I should now have felt far more bitter sorrow. May our 'Lord be your guardian, and the leader and companion of my 'present enterprise.'*

For Xavier had not been quite overwhelmed by this check, nor were his plans so lightly formed, that when prevented from carrying them out in one way, he abandoned them altogether. He had determined to persevere in his enterprise, and, as he could not enter China in the train of an ambassador, to sail for the island of Chang-chuen and there to look out for any available means of carrying the Gospel into China, despite the cordon of prohibitive laws.

This conduct draws down upon him Mr. Venn's severest censure. 'On the failure of the legation, instead of receiving 'this check with submission as coming from the hand of God, the 'course which Xavier pursued indicated a hasty and angry temper, as well as an inordinate self-importance. He obstinately 'determined to carry out the plan, notwithstanding the altered 'circumstances, and to seek an interview with the Emperor of 'China.'†

It is really painful to have to deal with such criticism as this, which no fair-minded man would stoop to except under the influence of party spirit and foregone conclusions. If Xavier, after two years of labour, leaves the Fishery Coast or Japan, or, if he abandons a plan he had formed of visiting Macassar, then he is guilty of inconsistency. If he adheres to a plan and perseveres

* Venn, p. 239.

† *Ibid*, p. 240.

in it in spite of obstacles, then he shews an angry temper and inordinate self-sufficiency. We may safely leave such inconsistent criticism as this to stand or fall by its own merits.

After a wearisome delay at Malacca, Xavier sailed for China in one of James Pereira's trading ships. Conscious of the personal risk he was running, he took no European companion with him, only a single native interpreter. But Pereira's loyal and hearty service could assist him in his journey no further than the island of Chang-chuen, on which the trading ship landed him. From thence he had to devise his own scheme for obtaining admission into that forbidden continent for the conversion of which his heart yearned so eagerly, but which he was never to enter.

On landing at Chang-chuen he was seized with a fever which lasted for fifteen days. Then he recovered, and for three weeks he was busily engaged in trying every scheme for securing a passage to China, and in writing to his friends to inform them of his success and to plan the details of the larger Mission which was to follow at once if he could clear a way. No Portuguese trader would convey him to China. The natives were deterred by the terror of a law which threatened with death any one who should abet the entrance of the foreigner into the sacred soil. By an enormous bribe of nearly £300, he persuaded a Chinese merchant to undertake the risk of carrying him merely to the nearest point of the shore, and leaving him alone there. But the Chinaman's heart too failed him when the time came. Xavier's native interpreter deserted him. The fever, lurking in the low swampy island, finding him now at a disadvantage, weary and heart-sick, attacked him again, and could not be shaken off. For three weeks he fought against it, but the struggle ended on the 2nd of December 1552. Lying among strangers, mostly Chinese, in a mean hut scantily thatched, close to the crowded bazaar, the Royal Commissioner and Pontifical Legate and Head of all the Missionaries in India, yet deserted by his only servant, and untended by any friendly hand,—thus was Xavier found in his last moments by some Portuguese merchants whom chance brought that way. They watched by his death-bed, and closed his eyes, and buried him in a coffin in the sand hard by, and when they left the place, they carried the coffin to a mourning populace in Malacca. Thence it was subsequently removed and buried in great state, followed by the Viceroy and all the European population in Goa.

Xavier when he died was forty-six years of age, and had been only twelve years a Missionary. Seeing how much he had done in

that period, what might he not have accomplished if he had spared himself, and had lived to old age! Looking at it in this point of view, it is excusable for any one to regret his China Mission, and even to blame it as ill-considered and foolhardy. Indeed, it is quite clear that the law against the entry of foreigners was very stringently carried out, and that Xavier underrated the difficulties in his way. But still the fact that the Jesuits very soon afterwards did effect an entry into China, and gained an enormous number of converts there, is a proof that the difficulties were not insuperable, and that Xavier's was no diseased enthusiasm. What obstacles could China present to terrify a man who had triumphed over all the hindrances he met in Japan? There was nothing unsound or unpractical about his plans. He went well provided with money and with all his preparations for a party to follow him, completed. He had certainly an unbounded faith in the effect which the preaching of the Gospel would produce, but he did not, like the promoters of the insane and disastrous Patagonian Mission, set out unsupplied with necessities, or expect Providence to work a miracle in his favour. The same fate might have befallen him in Japan or the Cannibal Islands of the Mauricæ as in Chang-chuen; we cannot therefore fairly affix any blame of rashness to his Chinese enterprise, or accuse him of having thrown his life away.

Mr. Venn concludes his narrative of Xavier's life with a summary of his character, in which he repeats most of the charges which, in the course of the story, we have taken occasion to answer and disprove. The charge of want of thorough truthfulness in his correspondence, we have shewn to be based on a misunderstanding of his letters to Mansilla, which are not the voluntary effusions of his own spirit, but attempts to relieve the despondency of the other. In the plan to set on the throne of Ceylon a Prince, who was favourable to Christianity, and who was also the rightful heir, we consider him to have shewn a great want of political foresight, but his own letters clearly prove how little he had realised the bloodshed that would follow. So also his advice to the King, to reward and punish his officers according to the number of converts they had made, was highly unwise; but Mr. Venn's statement that he pushed a false principle to an unusual length 'and shewed an unchristian spirit,' is much stronger than the facts will bear out. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable than his abstinence from using any of his authority, as Legate, Royal Commissioner, and private friend of the King, towards influencing any of the local Governors, and his entire reliance in practice

(whatever his advice may have been) on personal influence and sheer Missionary labour. When we consider how strongly the opinion prevailed in those days, that it was the duty of a sovereign to put down heresy, Xavier's advice to the King, which applied only to the heathen in Portuguese dominions, will seem very natural. When we remember what was done in England by Cranmer and Mary and Elizabeth, in what way Luther converted the Anabaptists, and Calvin Servetus, how closely the sword followed the creed even to the end of the seventeenth century, we shall see Xavier's character in a still nobler light; for, while he yielded intellectually to the error of the time, his moral instinct prevented him from adopting it in his acts; and thus we must confess him to have been of a higher and purer nature than any of the great men of the day, who, though they all erred in this respect in act as well as in thought, have yet left names which we have learnt to honour and hold dear.

There is another charge which runs through the whole of Mr. Venn's book, and is again repeated in this summary of Xavier's character, and which we feel bound to consider at length. It is the charge of 'impulsiveness and inconsistency, which contrast very unfavourably with the patient endurance and perseverance of the true Missionary.*' This charge is brought against him first when he leaves India for the Spice Islands, again when he gives up his plan of visiting the island of Macassar and visits Amboyna instead, and again when he only stops three months on the Cannibal Islands of the Mauriceae. Mr. Venn nowhere explains in what he considers the criminality of the inconsistency to exist. He uses the word inconsistency as if it had as definite and unfavourable a meaning as 'dishonesty.' And yet he cannot but know that there are many occasions when consistency is foolish and wrong, and inconsistency the highest praise, so that it is the duty of any one who assumes to sit in judgment on another's character, to shew not that he changed his plans or views, but that the plans or views which he adhered to were better or worse than these which he relinquished.

To do this in Xavier's case is particularly difficult, on account of the meagreness of our information and the singularity of his position as Legate as well as Missionary, and that in the very forefront of Missionary enterprise; the nature of the work was not so well known and had not fallen into such a system of routine then as now. Xavier had to learn every thing for himself, and

* Venn p. 257.

to find a field suitable to his great energies and powers. Is it surprising that he should not hit on such a field at first? He found his success in India below his expectations, and he felt that he was cramped by the evil example and influence of his countrymen; was it inconsistent to seek another place? He found no suitable opening in the Spice Islands, ought he to have stayed or settled there for his life? He had come to the deliberate conclusion that the place where he could be really useful was a country where there were no mercantile or military European settlers, and where he could obtain the support of the local Governors. The inconsistency, in our opinion, would have been if he had given up his views and had been content with less than this. At last, in Japan, he found what he had been in search of, and his estimate of his own powers was justified by the most astonishing success which has ever encouraged a Missionary Church. Can we fairly regret or blame any former experiments which ended in such a magnificent result?

The fact is that Mr. Venn's argument proves far too much. He himself probably never realised the way in which it could be applied. If it were inconsistency to preach the Gospel to all the villages on the Comorin Coast, and then to leave India for the Spice Islands, to form and then abandon a plan of visiting Macassar, to preach to all the Spice Islands which lay within reach and then to go on to Japan, by what name shall we call the acts of those who preached at Antioch and left it for Cilicia, who formed and then abandoned the plan of visiting Bithynia, who paid so short a visit to Athens, and who, instead of remaining with the patient endurance and perseverance of true Missionaries at Corinth, left it again for Jerusalem?

Mr. Venn has missed the chief point in Xavier's character, which gave him 'his famous title of the Apostle to the Indies.' He fails to see how essentially apostolic were Xavier's life and acts.

His energies, his sympathies, and his power of influencing others, were too vast to be confined to any one place. A new country requires settlers, but it also requires pioneers, and Xavier judged correctly of himself that he was peculiarly fitted for the work of a pioneer. 'I can do nothing by myself, but I shall succeed in opening it for others.' In India and the Spice Islands he was no more and certainly no less than any other Missionary; it was as a pioneer that he achieved his great success in Japan, and as a pioneer he would probably have done as much in China, had he been spared for the work.

On the other hand, after allowing for all these drawbacks, Mr. Venn gives Xavier full credit for his affectionate disposition, his energy in his calling, his boldness as a Missionary, his sympathy for his fellow-labourers, his zeal as a peace-maker, and his habits of correspondence. Some persons might compare this moderate estimate of Xavier's qualities to 'damning by faint praise,' but, remembering the foregone conclusions to which Mr. Venn was pledged by his principles and position, we are inclined to be thankful for everything that shews that his honesty and good sense were too strong to be entirely warped even by prejudices so rooted as his. How strong those prejudices were can be judged by those who read his comparison of Xavier's life with that of other modern Missionaries; a comparison which has already led us to say that Mr. Venn is completely blind to the true proportion of things. He places Xavier (forgetful of his solitary stay on the Cannibal Islands) below the rank of Marsden who, *with two European Catechists*, began the conversion of the New Zealanders, and who made such good speculations in trade among them that he left the country a very rich man. He places him below Henry Martyn, who did nothing except preach at the Indian Stations where he served as Chaplain, and make one journey to Shiraz: a man who (though of the noblest form of Christianity) converted no one, influenced no one, and of whom Mr. Myers says truly that 'he was more a Missionary in spirit, and 'less a Missionary in act, than any other whom we read of.' He even exalts above Xavier the wife of the African Missionary, Dr. Krapf, of whom all that we know, and all that he records, is that she followed her husband in his wanderings with true wifely loyalty. Of such stuff the comparisons of Exeter Hall are made!

But the great point which Mr. Venn takes especial pains to bring out is that Xavier's labour ended in nothing. We wish we could persuade ourselves that there is not a ring of exultation in the sentence where he attributes to Xavier's Roman Catholicism the contradiction between 'Xavier's natural force of character and his spiritual inefficiency—between the expectation that would be formed of his success in any secular pursuit, and his utter failure in the Missionary enterprise.*' We fear this sounds very much as if the wish had been 'father to the thought'; at any rate we cannot fix the paternity of the thought on any facts stated in Mr. Venn's book.

* Venn, p. 260.

Mr. Venn's conclusions respecting the number of Xavier's conversions are briefly epitomised as follows:—That on the Comorin Coast the Christians have been so variously estimated from 12,500 to 80,000, (or including Goa and the other settlements up to 300,000) that no certainty can possibly be arrived at, but probably Xavier baptised about 20,000 people.* That in the Spice Islands also he baptised a large number, but that there are no statistics whatever to go upon there.† That in Japan the Christian Church was very numerous and widely extended, and took such deep root that a bloody persecution, lasting over fifty years, and involving the deaths of more than a hundred thousand people, was required to extirpate it.‡ Thus, after the closest scrutiny, and after making every possible deduction, we find that the numbers whom Xavier personally converted were greater than those recorded of any other Missionary or Apostle; while the direct results of his influence produced a larger Christian Church than all the Province of Bengal can shew after the unremitting labours of hundreds of Missionaries for half a century. If this was 'utter failure in the Missionary enterprise,' we would ask Mr. Venn what the results are that he calls success.

—The fact is that the compilation of statistics is a science in itself, and it is no wonder if the numbers stated in Missionary reports are generally fallacious. They are as much guess work as the report in a despatch of the numbers of the enemy's army, and generally err in the same way. But Mr. Venn fails to see this, and in an elaborate chapter he attempts to prove all Roman Catholic reports of Missionary work to be 'vague, scanty, extravagant, and unsatisfactory,' while all Protestant reports are 'cautious, candid, and multitudinous.'§

¶ We may concede all his charges of exaggeration, and yet totally deny his conclusion, for here, as usual, he supplies the antidote to his own argument, and shews himself totally incapable of judicial fairness. At the very time when he is engaged in proving the vagueness and exaggeration of the Roman Catholic reports, he quotes with approbation, and as a contrast to them, a report drawn up by the Missionaries of Southern India and Ceylon in 1858; in which, after some high-flown and inaccurate generalities, we come to the following statistics of the total results of Missionary labour:—

* Venn, p. 76.

† *Ibid.*, p. 116.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 210.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 317

(1.) ' More than a hundred thousand persons who have abandoned idolatry, and are gathered into congregations, requiring Christian instruction.

(2.) ' More than 65,000 who have been baptised into the name of Christ, and have publicly made a profession of their Christian discipleship.

(3.) ' More than 15,000 who have been received as communicants.

(4.) ' More than 500 natives who are employed as Christian teachers.

(5.) ' More than 41,000 boys in the Mission Schools.

(6.) ' More than 10,000 girls rescued from gross ignorance and deep degradation, &c.*

Of all which we can only say that nothing can be more unsatisfactory and vague. These statistics remind us of nothing so much as the ' 30,000 converts' whom Dr. Wordsworth asserted to have been lately made in Galway, whereas the Census proved that the total number of Protestants in Galway, old and new, was only 7,500 !

Besides, these criticisms on the numbers of Roman Catholic converts, Mr. Venn is not deterred by the ' terrible *tu quoque*' from uttering grave strictures on the quality of their Christianity. He quotes the Abbé Dubois' gloomy conclusions as to the results of Missionary work, although he cannot but know that many careful and sincere observers, even many Missionaries themselves have given us unfavourable accounts of the converts made by Protestant Societies. He is not ashamed even to out-Carlyle Carlyle's doctrine of might being right, by declaring that the fact of all the converts being massacred, is a proof that they were not true Christians. ' The presence of Christ must depart from a Church before the gates of hell ' can prevail against it.' No doctrines of Jesuit casuistry can be more false or more immoral than this.

The question of the real effect of conversion on the moral and intellectual processes of the native mind is as interesting as it is perplexed and difficult. Ordinary residents in India have not the leisure or the opportunity for observing it on a wide scale; and few Missionaries have at once the independence and the philosophical spirit to treat it without bias. The general opinion is that, politically speaking, all conversions are useful, but that very few are uninfluenced by the hopes of worldly gain. Even among

Missionaries themselves, there are few in Upper India who will say that they know more than five or ten converts who seem to them to have been really influenced in life and action by the spiritual truths which have been inculcated on them. But for a worthy discussion of this important topic, we require the observation of such travellers as M. De Tocqueville, or Mr. Senior. Till then, we know no wiser principle than to avoid any argument on the subject, or to say with Xavier:—

‘ In the presence of a Portuguese take good care not to reprove or condemn the native Christians. On the contrary defend them, praise them, apologise for them on every occasion. Point out to their detractors how short a time it is since they embraced the faith, that they are still in infancy, that if one considers how many helps to a Christian life are wanting to them, how many obstacles are opposed to their Christian advancement,—far from being surprised at the defects of so rude a nation, one can only wonder that they are not worse.’*

We now take our leave of Mr. Venn’s book. It has not been a pleasant task to criticise the work of a man who has lived an honoured and useful life, and to have to convict him of uniformly unfair judgment, and of occasional evasions and suppressions which look very like disingenuousness. But we wish to be distinctly understood as using no mere *façon de parler* when we say that we acquit Mr. Venn of all intentional injustice. His book is a new and melancholy instance of the way in which party spirit may warp the judgment of an upright and honourable man; and of the bitter religious bias which can blind a man unusually devoted to Missionary work to the merits of the greatest and most successful Missionary who has lived in modern times. ‘ Let the man who has Xavier’s sanctity and self-devotion, let him, if he will, fling stones at his statue.’

To obtain a really true and appreciative summary of Xavier’s character, we must turn, as usual, to Mr. Myers’s Lecture:—

‘ In Xavier we have a remarkable instance of sanctity and self-sacrifice united with charity and zeal, and this alone is an approximation to the distinctive character of a Christian apostle. Power of endurance, and meekness beyond ordinary men, were also conspicuous in Xavier. The most marvellous self-control was his, enabling him to calm a fiery nature into acquiescence in insult. A uniformly cheerful man was he, always courteous, gentle, and genial. And joined to these singular passive virtues,

* Venn, p. 130.

' was a peculiar continuous zeal, inspiring without inflaming him,—
' manifesting itself rather by a fuller and more living development
' of the ordinary graces of the Christian character, than by any
' particular or irregular outbreaks ; so that you could not say that
' he was extravagant in any way, at the same time that you could
' not deny that he was altogether extraordinary. For a model of
' severe piety relieved by unceasing charity, of asceticism without
' gloom and yielding gentleness never spoiled by insincerity, I
' know not where to point you in these later ages better than to
' Francis Xavier. A man whose life was passed in spiritual conflicts
' and consolations, in continual contemplation and all the fluctua-
' tions of the interior life—full of holy thoughts and emphatically
' a man of prayer—was Francis Xavier : a man upon whom the
' Invisible was more influential than the Visible : with whom you
' can connect no selfish, mean, or mercenary purpose, a man in
' whom is no error of Creed, in whom is no excess but of zeal.*
' Severe only to his own sins, and allowing others indulgences
' and excesses which he never tolerated for a moment for himself, of
' singular persuasiveness and of the finest temper, he won men to
' the Faith by his remarkable union of an example of sanctity
' and of a preaching of love. In wisdom of manner the very model
' for a modern Missionary, and indeed in spirit ; for Missionary
' enterprise was with Xavier almost as influential an impulse as
' that of discovery was with Columbus. His whole soul was
' absorbed by it ; it haunted him sleeping and waking ; so that
' those words which had been treasured up as uttered by him in
' sleep before he became a Missionary might well serve for a motto
' to the latest moments of his life : " of sufferings and of labours for
' " the Cross yet more, O Lord, yet more" ! and as signs of an apos-
' tle were wrought in him while he lived ;—in labours most abun-
' dant, in deaths oft ; in journeyings often, in perils of robbers, in
' perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils
' in the wilderness, in perils in the waters, in weariness and pain-
' fulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings of-
' ten, in cold and nakedness, besides those things which came
' upon him daily, the care of all the Churches. I think he has
' well earned the title by which he was canonized after death—" the
' " Apostle of the Indies," and has made good his claim to be enroll-
' ed among the great men of Christendom.'†

It is remarkable that this estimate of Xavier's character based

* Lectures, &c., pp. 102-103.

† *Ibid.*, p. 113.

on the vague biographical traditions should be accurately within the facts of the case, and that we should be able to quote it now, after testing the history by the severest criticism, without any change or reservation whatever.

But however noble and august Xavier's character was, we do not think that much practical result or teaching can be got from the actual recorded events and successes of his life. A combination of circumstances placed him beyond the imitation, and only within reach of the admiration, of ordinary men. His letters, though numerous in themselves, are often tautological from being written in batches together as the annual 'mailday' drew near; and very large gaps are left in his life about which we have only the most meagre accounts. The narrative of the Japan Mission is especially deficient in the details which alone, at such a distance of time, and under such different conditions, could enable us to argue with confidence on the relation of means to end, and the fitness of the steps taken to ensure success. We have already shewn that Xavier's position as head of the eastern Missions can supply no argument as to the advisability of appointing a Missionary Bishop, the more so as the duty of superintendence and organisation was a clog on Xavier's longing for personal work, and a duty for which his gentleness and sympathy unfitted him. We have also pointed out that Xavier was, and felt himself to be, essentially a pioneer. It is important to keep in mind in how totally different a stage Missionary work was then from what it is now. It had till then only followed humbly in the steps of trade, and the only conversions attempted were among native subjects. Practically speaking, the East was still unknown, the interior of India was not penetrated, Japan had only just been discovered, China was a mere *nominis umbra*. Under these circumstances 'prospecting' was as important a work as it is for settlers in a new country, and this was the work which Xavier did so well. He opened the way for others; he ran the first risks and underwent the first labours, (alas! he perished in doing this;) he stirred up other devoted and zealous men to follow him; and he created a favourable impression by presenting to the natives the noblest spectacle the world can shew—a combination of the perfect gentleman with the devout Christian. In what way can such work as this serve as model or lesson to modern Missionaries? They, for the most part, (in India at any rate) are settled quietly at their respective stations, as comfortably as many clergymen in England are; they know nothing of fear and danger; they

follow in the steps of a train of predecessors, and make no new experiment; many of them tacitly agree with Xavier that the conversion of natives over fourteen years of age is an impossibility, or at any rate is highly exceptional; their chief efforts are directed to the education of the young. Xavier's work was in so totally different a sphere from theirs, that no precedents drawn from the one case can be strictly applicable to the other.

And yet no truly great man can pass away from among us, whose character, rightly studied, does not supply principles which go to the root of all action, and lessons which will suit every condition of life. The great danger of the Indian Missionary is the falling into a habit of routine. The monotony of his life is wearisome. Day after day he preaches in the same town, is met by the same arguments, encounters the same indifference; day after day he teaches the same boys in the same school, and has the same hopes and fears over the dawning intelligence of his scholars, till the terrible recurrence of identity grinds out the life and stamps out the fire of devotion from his work, and to-day is only an irksome repetition of yesterday. He is not even excited by a friendly rivalry, such as the comparison of results in different Regiments or Districts stimulates in Military and Civil Officers. He is often alone at his station, and uncheered either by sympathy or success. To such a man Xavier's untiring energy and inexhaustible enthusiasm should be an example to shame away apathy and to spur him on to the highest endeavours. For Xavier, too, suffered from monotony and routine-work, from solitude and want of success, in his Mission on the Comorin Coast; and yet his projects never were so daring as then, his faith in the certainty of success never so unbounded. The bodily constitution has much to do with high-wrought sanguine spirits; and even putting that aside, all men cannot be Xaviers. But if there were more of his spirit and nature among both Missionaries and Laymen in India, the character and the value of conversions would not be so doubtful as it is, and we should see results in populous Churches, and in improved morality, more resembling those which attended the preaching of the great Apostle of the Indies.

ART. II.—*Schools of Art and Design for India.*

WHEN the Great Exhibition of 1851 was about to win the wonder of the world, there were few but feared that English Taste would make a sorry show. Men who knew that the productions of Britain would be marked by honesty of work, thought they might be no less marked by a lack of all those qualities as well of form as colour, which cultured Taste alone can plan; or, when both planned and executed, can admire. The fact made good the fear. The public voice, indeed, as heard through the public organs, was slow to make the acknowledgment. Lumbering blocks, which would now-a-days be rated as of lowest worth, were made the subjects of exaggerated praise. While those lighter and more graceful works for which France had long been famed, and which even then were turned out in some, if but the fewest, of the British factories, were voted weak; pretty, indeed, but void of that bulk and weight, which durability was thought to need. It would be invidious to name any special articles, which in 1851 were greeted with a praise which never could be given now. No one who was there, but must remember instances of what is meant; bedsteads so heavy, so shut in, so laden with carvings misapplied, that they suggested nightmare rather than sweet sleep; drinking goblets, modelled after funeral urns; bookcases, bristling with showy stucco flowers and leaves in putty-work, that must have chipped away whenever touched; sideboards, clumsy, heavy, common place; fitly coupled with the dreary bulk, that looked like a sarcophagus, but meant in truth to hold the wine, and not the household skeleton.

The English articles exhibited at Paris in 1855 were very far in advance of those displayed in 1851. Here, however, the report of Mr. Digby Wyatt was far from flattering. He remarks on 'the extreme inequality of the English, who, in one set of specimens, touched nearly the highest point of refinement, both of idea and execution; and in others sank down into clumsy and heavy common-place, as though Art were too exceptional with us.' It is needless to say that, as the English works of 1855 were in advance of those of 1851, the former in their turn were at least as far in the rear of 1862. We shall hereafter enter

more fully into this. Enough now to urge that, if the goods exhibited in 1851 were wrong in Taste, they were at any rate the rightest that the time could shew. That, if the Taste was heavy in the English Courts of the Hyde Park Palace, it was a hundred-fold more heavy in the dwellings of the people. Again, common-place as was the display in 1851, it was vastly better than any thing that could have been brought together in 1841; and, leagues in advance of the first years of the century. In advance of the days, when the Regent reigned; when Wyatt ruled; and Brummell was dictator. In advance of the days, when Christian Churches seemed to claim kinship with old pagan temples; and when a sacrificial fillet was deemed for them a happier symbol than a cross. In advance of the period, when the mawkish tameness of Harley Street and Portland Place, was varied only by the meretricious stucco of Regent Street and the Quadrant. In advance of the age, when they wrought the dull, heavy furniture for those dull, heavy houses. Who but with a shudder must recall the grim sideboard of Egyptian weight; the fell sarcophagus; the stiff, straight-backed, ease-despising chairs; the solemn four-poster with its load of dusty hangings; the curtains, fusty enough, and thick enough to shut out half the light which, through the narrow windows, else had struggled in; the carpets atrocious in colour and bestrewed with roses, and posies, and baskets of flowers that broke through every principle of Art; the wall-papers with their contrasts of colour, and their attempts by shadow and relief at perspective imitation, that were, if it might be, worse even than the carpets.

In 1862, the display of British manufacture, and especially of such as had regard to the wants of daily life, was wonderful. Household furniture, porcelain, glass, carpets, and draperies of every sort, were of such excellence as to call forth the praises of rivals, as of friends. The best of our Continental critics felt that they must bestir themselves if, in Beauty no less than in Wear, the British makers were not to carry off the palm. The great French Economist, M. Chevalier, in his report on the Exhibition says :—‘The upward movement is visible above all among the English. The whole world has been struck with the progress which they have made since the last Exhibition, in designs for stuffs and in the distribution of colours, as also in carving and sculpture, and articles of furniture’; and he further anticipates, with patriotic dread, the time when the fresh grown taste of the English worker shall trench on, what he

calls 'the pre-eminence of France in the domain of Taste.' Another French Juror says as to the like subject:—'It is impossible to ignore the fact that a serious struggle awaits France 'from this quarter.' M. Merimée speaks of the English advance, in terms no less decided:—'It is our duty,' says he, 'to remind our workmen that defeat is possible, that it may be 'even foreseen at no distant date. English Industry has during 'the last ten years made amazing progress, and we may soon 'be left behind.' A like uneasiness may be traced in the efforts to get up the admirable display of the Fine Arts applied to Industry, which was one of the great features at Paris, in September 1863. The Committee in their preliminary address hope that their work will be of use 'at a time, when men's 'minds are seriously turned to the efforts which rival nations 'now are making in order to snatch from France her supremacy 'in Art, and Art manufactured.' It is of interest with reference to what we shall hereafter say as to the worth of Art training, to observe that, at this Exhibition, great weight was attached to the works of pupils in the Paris Departmental Art Schools. The great hall of the Palace of Industry, in the Champs Elysées, was filled with the works of the manufacturers; while in the galleries were hung the drawings from no less than fifty of these Schools.

In the International Exhibition of 1862 it must be borne in mind, that these confessedly beautiful works were seen but to poor advantage. With exception of the admirably lighted picture galleries, the Exhibition Building was marvellously ill-fitted for the purposed end. In lieu of the graceful pile of 1851, was a confused mass of courts, galleries, annexes, with leaking roofs, and useless domes; a structure voted ugly, even as compared with Brompton's other growths. While, for the clear and open nave, with its symmetrical array of courts attached, which was the leading feature of Sir Joseph Paxton's airy edifice was given a nave, which, at first sight, looked like a Lowther Arcade from Brobdignag. A nave where a light-house and a life-boat; where Mr. Peter's drag and a pair of monster iron gates; where a jewel case and a wardrobe; where a telescope and a Mersey steel gun; where pyramids of toys, and piles of candles, soap and food blocked the view; and where the outrageous prettiness of 'The Sleep of Sorrow and the Dream of Joy' was raised a-top of that still feebler specimen of false elaboration and wax-work imitation—'The Circassian Slave,' with its peep-show front, and tinted trickeries that might have

better fitted Bartlemy, or Greenwich Fair. So great was the crowding, so close the packing, that the South Kensington 'Moderns' might fitly, with the Elgin 'Antiques,' in Count Platen's lines, have cried :—

Here have ye piled us together, and left us in cruel confusion ;
Each one pressing his fellow, and each of us shading his brother ;
None in a fitting abode, in the life-giving play of the sunshine.
Here in disorder we lie, like desolate bones in a charnel,
Waking, in all that can feel, deep sense of sorrowful yearning
For the magnificent days when, all but alive, we were honoured.

Still in spite of over-crowding and of bad arrangement, all judges were of one mind as to the worth of the Art displayed.

From what cause soever springing, then, English Art production has thriven within the last five and twenty years ; and during the last decade of such period has bounded forward with redoubled force. A revival so strong must well deserve enquiry ; and here, as elsewhere, we shall find that great results have only sprung from great and well-directed efforts. We shall find that the difference between the workers of to-day, and of forty, or even fewer years ago, is simple enough. To-day they strive with study after that artistic fitness of design and ornament, which before was deemed, like Dogberry's clerkship, to come by nature. The one wonder is, that men were content, for so many years, to ignore in Art what they allowed in every matter else. The scholar won his way to fame only after long and careful training. The lawyer, the doctor, the merchant, all had their special education. Strength of material, cheapness of construction, honesty of finish, fitness for the special end,—all were matters which in theory and practice, in the school-room and the shop, were drilled into the craftsman, engineer, mechanic. Beauty, grace, and symmetry of form ; fitness, harmony, and relation of colour ; these, alone, were not deemed worthy of a thought. There was in Art no training ; and there could, in Art, be no assured success. At last men felt the want ; became aware that if Art were worthy of praise, Schools wherein Art might be studied should be worthy of support. It is curious to know that the first acknowledged School of Art and Design in Europe is scarcely more than a century old. This earliest attempt was made in 1754, in Saxony, at Meissen ; where, in that year, was founded the *Kunstgewerbschule*, supported by Government, and under control of the painter Dietrich. Here were taught drawing, painting, and modelling ; all with special regard to improvement in pattern and design

of the Dresden China, turned out of the Factory, established in 1710 at Meissen, by Augustus I., under care of the celebrated Böttcher. Paris saw its first School of Design in 1767. About the same period was founded a like Institution in Edinburgh; the funds for its support were mainly drawn from lands forfeited in the '45, and hence it was known as 'The Trustees Academy of Drawing'. In England, although nothing was actually attempted in this direction until a very recent period, a proposition to found Schools, wherein students might be taught drawing, with a view to those ornamental designs, 'which are of great use in our manufactories,' was put forth by John Evelyn in 1662. His plan, set out in a book called 'Sculptura,' was to establish a number of such Schools in all the local centres of industry; all in affiliation to, and having masters appointed by, a grand, central Academy of Art in London. The scheme, judicious as it was, came to nothing; troublous times were again in store; the Art-loving Stuarts went; taste sank to the lowest ebb under rulers who either cared not for it, or who, like the early Hanoverian monarch, hated alike both 'boetry and bainting.' In the middle of last century came Hogarth, with his sturdy soul, and was the first to lead the way to better things. In 1760 was held by the Society of Arts the first exhibition of the works of British painters. In 1768 George III. ratified the proposed constitution of the Royal Academy; and, since that period, Painting, at least, has marched with rapid strides. Still, Evelyn's idea of local Schools of Industrial Art was allowed to lie buried in the pages of an unread book. The first direct attempt at any scientific culture in Art, as applied to manufactures, was not made until some five and twenty years ago. In 1840 certain Schools of Art were founded in London, and in some of the larger provincial towns; and, from their foundation, dates the real growth of a right feeling for ornament among us. So completely was France then allowed to have the lead in all matters of Taste, and especially in the education which made Taste its object, that, by a too literal rendering of the French title '*Écoles de Dessin*,' these fresh Institutions were called 'Schools of Design.' The name produced some misconception; and this, added to the novelty of the purpose, stunted the growth of these early endeavours. For years there was a stout, if passive, resistance to the new-fangled notion that people should be trained to do with certainty and grace, that which, in as lasting fashion, people had been wont to do with no special training at all. Then, when at last the need was on every hand

acknowledged, there sprang up endless difficulties of detail in the mastering of it. The idea might seem simple; the execution was wearisome and slow :—

On n'exécute pas tout ce qui se propose ;
Et le chemin est long du projet à la chose ;

Sure it is, that these Institutions did not 'take' with the public; were looked on as places where dilettanti amateurs might pass a pleasant hour, not as earnest helps in furtherance of Industry and Art. In 1851, the whole number of such Schools did not exceed twenty; and of these, many were weak, struggling, able to do little more than keep their galleries open.

Rich among the rich results of that 1851 Exhibition was the conviction, which it forced on all, that the greater taste claimed by and for the Continental workers was no mere idle boast. The work of the English makers was smooth, sound, strong; well-fitting, and well-planed. Their drawers were perfect in slide; their tables perfect in strength; their chairs did not creak; their carpets did not fray. Perfection of finish; of polish; of usefulness; of wear. Lack only of design; of graceful form; of harmonized colour. Lack of cultured thought and fitting principles of ornament. There was a bald and mawkish lack of ornament, which was bad; or a clumsy, overcrowded mass of it, which was worse. There was general failure; and what, perhaps, was worse than failure, vagueness, and uncertainty. With best intentions, one article was very nearly right in form, or colour; with no less good intentions, another, from the same workshop, was wholly wrong. There were laws which ensured a general oneness of sound workmanship; but there was an utter absence of like laws with regard to decoration. Every man produced what was good in his own eyes. There was fair ornament, and fairish ornament, and execrably bad ornament; but there was no acknowledged authority to bind men to one right principle of ornament. In the present day, in the Schools of Art, whereof we are about to speak, this want is felt, and striven to be cured. On the walls of the class-rooms hang large placards, whereon are printed rules with reference to the broad principles of decoration. Take, as example, the following, on the application of ornament to metal-works, pottery, and plastic forms in general :—

1. The form should be most carefully adapted to use, being studied for elegance and beauty of line, as well as for capacity, strength, mobility, &c.



2. In ornamenting the construction, care should be taken to preserve the general form, and to keep the decoration subservient to it by low relief or otherwise; the ornament should be so arranged as to enhance, by its lines, the symmetry of the original form, and assist its constructive strength.

3. If arabesques, or figures in the round are used, they should arise out of the ornamental and constructive form, and not be merely applied.

4. All projecting parts should have careful consideration to render them as little liable to injury as is consistent with their purpose.

5. It must ever be remembered that repose is required to give value to ornament, which in itself is secondary, and not principal.

These rules, once laid down, seem so clear, so self-evident, that one wonders why their formal enunciation should ever have been needed. The few, indeed, had always known that the laws of Art, and of the Taste which judges of Art were changeless; beyond the power of caprice to shift, or gusts of feeling to destroy. These laws they knew, like those in Shelley's *World of Beauty* in the 'Hellas' were:—

Built below the tide of war;
Based on the crystalline sea,
Of thought and its eternity.

Still, not until the last score years did the many feel that the few were in the right, and that if, for uncertainty, we would have sure results, Art must be made the subject of systematic study; its laws be mastered, and its problems solved, or at least be bravely grappled with. 'Difference of Taste,' said Dr. Johnson nigh a hundred years ago, 'is, in truth, difference of Skill'; and here, as in so many matters else that seemed beyond his sphere, the grand old man was right. Surely, and not slowly now, this truth is winning its way. Once let the many grant the position, and single-hearted act upon it, and we may hope that the better days for Art have dawned; the days, when blind caprice shall no more scathe by idle blame, or still more idle praise. Once allow it, and we may fairly ask the man who ventures an opinion on a work of Art for the grounds of such opinion. Then, in all Art criticism, we shall be entitled to demand such reasons, and such evidence as we should crave—in proof of assertions as to other things or persons; and be free to set aside, as frivolous, both insolent expressions of unsupported opinion, and references to authorities of name however great. Where we can have the

primary authority of Nature, we have a right to it, in preference to any secondary laws of man's production. Allow Johnson's saying to be true, and allow too, perforce, that there can be no degrees of perfect Taste; but that the perfect Taste, which is perfect Knowledge, must be unchanging and unchangeable as Truth. Hear, as to this, the words of one of our most promising of critics, Mr. F. Pulgrave:—' Good Taste is merely sound Knowledge; human feebleness, and our short life can never carry it to infallible law, but, like any other science, it is open to question, examination, and perpetual reference to the one and only standard—Nature. By this, right and wrong in Art are tried as surely, as right and wrong in Morality, by the standards of conscience and religion. Some points in all will always be doubtful; about many we shall doubt long, whilst we analyze or wait for experience to test them. By the last thing an honest man, and clear intellect could do, would be to retreat within the complacent egotism of *de gustibus non est disputandum*—' my taste is indisputable.'

Real growth, then, in Taste and in Artistic Skill implies such systematic training as every science else demands. The ten years ending with 1862 was a period of real growth. In 1851, when English taste was feeble and uncertain, its special means of education, its Schools of Art,—were crude, callow, fragile, struggling for sheer life. Mark, what they were in 1862, when France was fain to own that England pressed her hard on that field of Taste which, till then, she had been wont to call her own. Take first, the number of the English Schools of Art; in 1851, there were nineteen or at most twenty in existence; in 1862,—no less than ninety were reported as in perfect working order. In these ninety Schools, no less than 70,000 pupils were taught; and the number of admissions was on the increase. Next, in proof of the great weight which the Home Government sets upon these Schools, look at the number of prizes which it yearly gives. The highest reward of all, is called the National Medallion prize; of these eighty-nine were granted in 1862 against seventy-six in 1860. The number of first class prizes allotted in 1862 amounted to something more than 3,700, against some 2,700 in 1860. In other words, there was in these two years an increase of at least 1,000 prizes; and, as the standard in both years was the same, the growth in artistic knowledge was in like proportion. The local authorities are no less well disposed to these Schools; and here, the growth is just as clearly marked. The Local Medals awarded in 1860 were 861; in 1862 they had increased to

1,065. The Government returns are published yearly in May ; it is, therefore, impossible to say whether the growth in 1863 was in proportion to that in 1862. There can be small doubt, however, that the returns of May 1864 will be far more flattering than those of any former year. If it be otherwise, the failure will have sprung from no lack of interest, or support on the part of those best fitted to give help. Those speeches of our leading statesmen in the late recess, which have won the greatest notice have been all in furtherance of these Schools. On the 9th September, Lord Stanley gave an eloquent address when distributing the prizes to students of the Preston School of Art. On the 22nd October, the Duke of Newcastle laid the first stone of a School of Art at Nottingham, and spoke most strongly in support of such Institutions. On the 26th October, came that Burslem Essay, thoughtful as brilliant, wherewith the Chancellor of the Exchequer inaugurated a School, and Museum of Art in memory of Josiah Wedgwood. While, last in time, but not in interest, was the most valuable address delivered on the 2nd January in the present year, by Sir Stafford Northcote, at the yearly meeting of the Exeter School of Art.

Very worthy of remark it is that in these several speeches the economic worth, no less than the æsthetic good of education in Art, is strongly dwelt upon. These men, with other views so much at variance, are here, without mistake, at one. Beauty, say they all, is no mere accident of things. Beauty is Truth, and Art its minister.

——— Art's the witness of what Is
 Behind this show. If this world's show were all,
 Then imitation would be all in Art ;
 There Jove's hand gripes us ! — For we stand here, we,
 If genuine artists, witnessing for God's
 Complete, consummate, undivided work ;

Beauty is always compatible with Use, at times essential to it, and that statesman best will help the commerce of his land, who fosters best the general conviction of this fact.—‘ For manufacturing success,’ said Lord Stanley, ‘ a certain training in Art is indispensable. Coarse and cheap goods may, indeed, go into all the markets of the world ; resting on their utility and cheapness as the sole and sufficient recommendation. For the production of such we, in England, have great natural and acquired advantages. But for the more refined and not less useful class of fabrics, it is not enough to have good materials and honest workmanship. There must be something to please an educated

‘eye and Taste; and it is well known that, as regards these, English Taste has, until late years, been a bye-word throughout the Continent; ... I think, therefore, that in promoting Schools of Design, intended for the better culture of Art, we are supplying a real want, and a real tendency of our time.’

As to the economic worth of liberal and well-directed outlay on Schools of Art and Design, Sir Stafford Northcote makes some startling statements. In a comparison of the exports of England between the years 1840 and 1862,—a period which synchronizes exactly with the movement for the Schools of Design,—he finds that, while the increase on general productions was from £36,000,000 to £82,000,000, or at the rate of some 127 per cent.; articles upon the production of which Taste was more particularly needed, increased from £2,700,000 to £8,000,000, shewing a total increase of £5,300,000, or at the rate of nearly 200 per cent. ‘I think,’ says Sir Stafford, ‘it is not a little remarkable that during the very time in which we have admitted the goods of all other nations, who were supposed to be so much our superiors in Taste, to compete freely with us,—while we admitted the goods of France, and of all other countries where Art has been for so many years encouraged, to enter into free competition with our own, we, nevertheless, have been able to export these particular goods in respect of which we have competed with them—goods in the production of which Taste enters so freely—able to meet our rivals, and to beat them upon open ground.’

Hear next the thoughtful eloquence of Mr. Gladstone, in the Burslem Address:—‘I do not believe it is extravagant to say that the pursuit of the element of Beauty, in the business of production, will be found to act with a genial, chastening, and refining influence on the commercial spirit; that, up to a certain point, it is in the nature of a preservative against some of the moral dangers that beset trading and manufacturing enterprise; and that we are justified in regarding it, not merely as an economical benefit, not merely as contributing to our works an element of value, not merely as supplying a particular faculty of human nature with its proper food, but as a liberalizing and civilizing power, and an instrument, in its own sphere, of moral and social improvement.’—‘To kindred purport, in another passage, are his words:—‘While all the objects of trade and manufacture admit of fundamental differences, in point of fitness or unfitness, probably the greater part of them admit of fundamental differences also in point of Beauty or of

'Ugliness. Utility is not to be sacrificed for Beauty; but they are generally compatible, often positively helpful to each other; and it may be safely asserted that the periods, when the study of Beauty has been neglected, have been usually marked, not by a more successful pursuit of Utility, but by a general decline in the energies of man: ... Of Imagination, Fancy, Taste, of the higher Cultivation in all its forms, this great nation has abundance. Of Industry, Skill, Perseverance, Mechanical Contrivance, it has a yet larger stock, which overflows our narrow bounds, and floods the world. The one great want is to bring these two groups of qualities harmoniously together.'

Grand, but not new, is the thought thus wedded to such noble words. Not new, because what now our greatest statesmen teach, has been for years the practice of our leading manufacturers. Hence is it, that designs for textile goods, which, in former days, were always brought from abroad, are now so freely framed at home; and framed of quality so good that foreigners are glad to take them in exchange for their own inventions. Readiness of judgment as to design, harmony of colour, and truth of drawing, is indispensable to the man who deals largely in the products of the Lancashire Mills. A Manchester, Bolton, Preston, Rochdale cotton-spinner may be as money-loving as he will, but still the genius of his craft will overcome him. He may deem himself the votary of trade alone, but he is stiff-necked as he may, Art will force him, if but for sordid gain, to bow before her; and what, at first, might be an irksome service, must in the end become a work of love. The man who trains his eye to judge of patterns and designs for calicos, and of fresh forms and models for machines, trains it to judge of colour and of form in the abstract, and in their general combinations. He uses Art, at first, as but the handmaid to his growth in wealth. Art, in the end, makes use of him to spread her glories, and bear witness to her power. This is no idle assertion; facts fully prove it. Ask our leading Academicians, where the greatest of their works have found a resting place; they will say within sight of the mill, and within ear-shot of the foundry. Ask the great dealers, who of late have sprung up as middle-men between artist and purchaser,—ask them, where they find the most open-handed of their customers; they, too, will tell of mill-owners and contractors, of shipwrights and engineers. In other matters, it would be idle to claim for these men any special refinement. As a rule, they are marked by rough energy, rather than by keen sensibilities; and still they are the willing slaves of Art. They buy largely;

they buy well; and above all, they rightly use that which they buy. None are more ready to shew to strangers the treasures they possess. Of late years, the public have had opportunities of seeing many of the glorious pictures which are scattered through the land, but, it must never be forgotten that Manchester was first to shew the way. In 1856, when the Great Art Treasures Exhibition was first talked of, there were not a few to sneer at the idea. 'What,' said they, 'has Manchester to do with Art? Let her stick to twist and twills, 'to piece-goods and grey shirtings.' But while some sneered, and some refused to lend their pictures, the staunch promoters stoutly held their course; and, in the end, produced a display which, if not the finest possible, was the noblest that had then been seen; in some respects, better even than that in the South Kensington Galleries of 1862. At any rate, Manchester led the way. It was first to plan, and first to execute; while the finest of the modern pictures shewn had no long road to travel.

As with masters, so with men. If mill-owners buy good and costly paintings, the men in their employ are no less ready to buy prints as good and costly as their earnings will allow. Since the shadow of American distress has fallen chill upon South Lancashire, small funds have been available for outlays of such sort. But before the evil days the fact was so. The great print publishers—Graves, Gambart, Agnew, Lloyd,—all say that the readiest market for good prints, not exceeding a guinea or guinea and a half in cost, was found in the manufacturing districts; and that the bulk of the purchasers were grimy pale-faced men with paper caps, who found in such Art as fell within their reach, a solace after the rattle, bustle, and unsavoury smells of factory work. Solace they found; but who shall say what richer good they gleaned from tastes so cultured? Not one, but many influences have helped to refine the public mind. Still, strong among such, must surely that of Art be reckoned. The very genius of Art is catholic; it struggles ever to break down mere class distinctions; and to bring within its sphere the rich and poor, the happy and distressed. The late Prince Consort, in his address to the Executive Committee at Manchester, lays special stress on this influence of Art as creating 'a generous feeling of mutual confidence and good will between the different classes of society.' Shall we, then, be wrong, if we give to Art some credit for the bearing of the mill-hands during the black time which, for so many months, has weighed them down; and which, even now, is not yet wholly overpast? Think how calm, patient, manly, has been the bear-

ing of these folks ; how, in a moment, they have been robbed of luxuries, which long previous fortune had gone far to make necessities ; how, they have been sunk to bitterest straits, to hunger, cold, and lack of clothing ; and how, with scarce a murmur and with never an outbreak, they stood against the storm, which, as we trust, they now have well nigh weathered. Then,—think of what, under half the pressure, the fathers of these mill-hands would have done ; aye ! did ; and that less than fifty years ago. Think, of the seething turbulence of the days when the factory lads were in chronic revolt. When William IV. greeted Dr. Dalton, on his first presentation, with an eager hope that ‘ Manchester was quiet ’ ; as though the metropolis of cotton were a maddened swirl of sedition, where calm intervals were rather to be hoped than looked for. Think of those days, and of these ; of that frenzy and this calm ; then say, if the spread of Taste, the refining power of Art, the knowledge of the Beautiful in life, in form, in action, have not wrought much to bring about the happy change.

One great element in the success of the British Schools of Art should here be noted. To wit that they were called for, as well by the public who bought, as by the artists who produced. For some years previous to 1851, the eye of the purchaser had been in advance of the hand of the producer. Habits of travel ; study, more or less close, of works of Art abroad ; galleries, more or less complete, of pictures, sculptures, and antiquities at home ; societies, more or less well organized, in most of our provincial towns, for furtherance of Science and of Art ; all helped to train the public mind. A training feeble, indeed, and common-place, but still of certain worth. Helping, if not to create, at least to make men feel how wrong was most of what was being spawned in name of Art. A worth negative, indeed, but serving to clear, the ground for better culture. As for the hands that wrought, theirs was the bitterer pain ; with execution toiling, ever blindly on, far in the rear of conception. The head was in advance of the hand. The hand might waste itself in doing ; but, for lack of knowledge, and fit husbandry of strength, there came nought save a doubtful, or a common-place conclusion. So, when the first excitement of the ’51, Display was spent, all classes felt that the reality fell far short of the conceived possibility. The public craved a purer and more equal Art in the goods they were asked to purchase. The workers felt that to meet such craving, the principles of Art must be studied with loving care ; and not, as things of doubtful bearing, be left to whim or chance, or handled in ‘ irreverent haste and busy idleness.’

The great movement, therefore, in favour of these Schools of Art came from two great classes of society; from the many who purchased, and from the few who wrought. Thus was insured such union of technical and theoretic training, of idea and execution, as should meet the wants of both. If the theoretic element alone had prevailed, there might have been failure; there would have been, if the technical alone had been considered. But with the double need, there came the wider scheme. Well considered lectures on the laws of Art, and on the history and practice of its several industrial developments, satisfied the wants of some; while collections of casts, models, practical instruction in drawing, perspective, and the laws of form were there to give what others needed. The avowed object of the Schools was to spread abroad right theories of Taste; but with such admixture of professional instruction as might serve to make their use more wide. Still, it must be ever borne in mind that the technical element has always been made subservient to the theoretic; the one being held to be the principal, the other the accessory. The intention of the promoters of these Schools has ever been to train in Art, and not to lay down royal roads for money getting. These Schools do, indeed, furnish to the thoughtful student what may, in the end, be mighty levers of advancement; but they offer no purely technical instruction, and refuse to be made the stepping stones to present gain. They would not, if they could, treat their pupils as though they were apprentices to trade; while all experience has shown that, for real good, such School teaching of technicalities is an absurdity. Schools of Art may teach the laws of colour, laws of form, laws of decoration and design; they may record the triumphs which have been won and shew what victories are still in store; they may dilate on the several modes whereby former artists won a deathless name; but it is idle to suppose that such teaching can have more than an indirect effect on professional advancement: or that Schools, however good, can turn out artists worthy of the name. All the technical details must be learnt elsewhere. The School of Art is invaluable; but it is so as the help and the supplement to the studio and the burin, the gallery and the shop. Even in a School of Art so purely professional as the Royal Academy, the impossibility of teaching technicalities to a class is now allowed in terms, as for years it has been in practice. The laws of perspective are set forth, opportunities of drawing from casts and from the life are given; good specimens of Art are available for study; but there is and can be no more purely techni-

cal education. Each of the Academicians, in turn, is, or may be, called upon to attend the classes; and under the name of 'Visitor' to give such instruction as he deems proper for the students. Now, with reference to the worth of purely technical instruction in Art, the very highest authority is that of the leading Academicians themselves, as given in their evidence before the recent Royal Academy Commission. Take first Sir Edwin Landseer; his answer to Question 1267 is as follows:—'The students (of the Academy) teach themselves; 'you cannot teach a man, beyond giving him a preliminary 'education. There are only a few things which can be taught 'in Art; perspective and anatomy are the most essential; 'and if I were to educate a landscape painter, I would begin 'by giving him a perfect knowledge of the human skeleton.' Again, with reference to the teaching in the Life School, Sir Edwin says:—'The Visitors who are present there do not 'in point of fact teach; they are there as books of reference; 'when a student has a difficulty, he says:—'May I ask you to 'give your opinion on so and so?' Of the younger men, Millais, in reply to Question 1666, gives utterance to a like belief. But most valuable of all seems to be the opinion, and practice too, of the veteran Mulready; most valuable, because while he lays stress on form and drawing as the main elements of good in class instruction, he is for that very reason held by all to have been the ablest Visitor the Academy ever had; Maclise, another master of form, being the only one that could be ranked with him. Speaking of Mulready's power, Sir Charles Eastlake (Question 540), says:—'I consider him the 'best and most judicious teacher the Academy has ever had 'in my recollection. I consider him the best judge of draw- 'ing in this country.' In answer to Question 644, Eastlake again says:—'I have no doubt that, if such a man as Mr. 'Mulready were the constant teacher of Drawing in the Royal 'Academy, the degree of excellence in that department would be 'higher.' So Mr. Redgrave (Question 1038) says:—'The 'teaching power is quite different from the art power—we have 'both combined in Mr. Mulready.' Sir Edwin Landseer says (Question 1271) of Mulready:—'His drawings are remarka- 'ble for their accuracy; every thing seems to be done on 'oath by him; he can account for every truth, and he is a 'good anatomist. So far he is an admirable example for 'students; indeed we have some of his drawings as speci- 'mens to give the students an opportunity of drawing 'in the same style.' What then was the practice, in the School,

of this confessedly first of teachers? Take it from his last answer, given on the 9th March 1862, only four months before his death, to the following question from Sir Edmund Head:—‘I think that you yourself are in the habit of drawing when you attend the Life-school?’ Mulready, who for more than half a century had laboured in that School, replied:—‘I have from the first moment I became a Visitor in the Life-school, drawn there as if I were drawing for a prize.’ Many a lesson may be called from this reply of one, whom others deemed a Master, but who knew that he was learning to the very last. But what we would here especially advert to is, that all attempt at individual teaching, at helping every member of the class in turn, is boldly scouted as impossible, the only useful training being for the Visitor to set the model; to give, by his own careful work, an example to be followed; and to answer questions, if his opinion should be asked. The system of teaching in the Academy is beyond all doubt capable of improvement; still, while there are a multitude of opinions as to the mode in which the present system should be modified, or what other should be given in its room, there is but one belief as to the hopelessness of giving in the Schools a merely technical training. Holman Hunt finds the Painting School of no real help; Woolner declares that for Sculpture the Academy is of no avail; the Architects all ignore the instruction which the Academy gives in matters pertaining to their own profession. But all—Painters—Sculptors—Architects extol the worth for all of theoretic views of Art, and of that skill in drawing, and knowledge of anatomy and general form, which, by judicious changes, they would seek to render more complete.

On the Continent this principle is still more strongly insisted on; and this both in the Schools for teaching ornamental Art, and in the Academies for furtherance of the Fine Arts proper. Dr. Lyon Playfair, in a most valuable Lecture delivered by him in 1851 on the various Continental Schools of Art and Design, made this the subject of particular remark:—‘In all of the systems,’ says he, ‘there are differences with regard to the mode of giving instruction, but they are almost uniform in the feeling that the object of Industrial Schools is only to teach a pupil how to become an intelligent manufacturer, without attempting to make him one. They content themselves with communicating to him a knowledge of the principles upon which his technical art depends; but for its practice he must go to the workshops of industry. Some of the Institutions, as, for example, the Trade Institute of Berlin, endeavoured at one time to teach practice in workshops attached to the Institution; but this plan,

‘as might have been anticipated, was found to be of little advantage, and it is now abandoned by almost all the Schools; only one or two being still found hovering on the outskirts of this error. In addition to the folly of attempting to teach the practice of an Art within the confines of an Institution chiefly devoted to other objects, it was found to be highly detrimental to the progress of the students, who were glad to escape from the mental labour of the classes, to the muscular labour of the workshops.’

The aim, then, in such Schools should be to train in Art, and cultivate the Taste; not to put a mere commercial lever in the pupil's hand. They should be looked on, not as substitutes for practical teaching, but as means whereby that may become more sound and thorough. To be of best avail, they should address themselves to the widest possible circle; not cramp their power by undue care of any single branch. Art can flourish only in a cosmos of its own. It needs, beyond the thought to plan, and hand to carry into act, an inner round of brother workers who shall bring the laws of professional criticism to bear; and needs, besides, an outer world of those who, with small technical knowledge, do yet possess a theoretic judgment more or less advanced. That School would, therefore, best fulfil its debt to Art, which best should meet these several needs. Which should, by a theoretic training well supplied, be the truest help in practice to the artist, in whatever field; which should set forth well-fixed rules for the professional critic; and which should teach the public eye to know, to value, and to love the beautiful and true.

Technical teaching alone may, under certain circumstances, be useless, even in a money-getting sense; as, where the skill of the producer is so far ahead of the public Taste, that he can find no market for his works. In such a case, the fewest only will decide to work for Art alone, and bide their time until the public Taste have caught them up; most will be fain to take up lower ground, and rather float with, than strive to stem the flood of general bad Taste. This, unfortunately is now the case with many of the works of our best English decorators. The state of things which existed in 1851 is reversed: the producers have advanced, while the buying public has not made like rapid strides. In the ceramic Art, indeed, in all its branches, from cheapest potter's ware to finest porcelain, public Taste and artistic Production seem to have gone hand in hand; but the like can be said of scarcely any other branch of manufacture. The very best specimens of furniture, of tapestry, of carving,

are just those that find the rarest purchasers. Condemn the cumbrous, false, unreasonable decoration of a pretentious Louis Quinze cabinet, or console table, and the carver will be likely enough to join in the blame; still, until the public eye is educated enough to know and buy the good, the producer is forced to turn out what will sell. In wall papers, especially, the ignorance and want of theoretic training on the part of the public is most striking. The English specimens in the International Exhibition were generally void of originality, or artistic worth; confessedly inferior to what many of the manufacturers had turned out in former years. The fact was, that the public still yearned for the old, flashy style of decoration; and could not understand the quiet well-harmonized papers which more cultured Taste would substitute. Let a man go to any of the leading London decorators, in search of wall papers, and, after his time and patience have been wasted in looking over the execrable specimens which it is presumed that he, as a member of the untrained Public, must admire, let him ask for some thing more artistic; he may see specimens, which in quality are better, and in colour, harmony, and pure design, as good as anything that Paris, or that Brussels could produce. Unfortunately, however, the good designs find no market, while the tawdry and worthless are bought up as soon as offered. Here is but a new rendering of the old story; the man who lives to please, must please to live. No dealer who lives by his productions, can run utterly counter to the whims and fancies of his customers. In time, no doubt, and indirectly, he may work a slow improvement; but he can only hope to do in years, what might be done at once if the eye of the public had kept pace with the hand of the worker; and if artistic education had given as well its theory to the many, as its technical details to the few. Good work of any kind does, indeed, at every time put forth a bracing influence; and that, irrespective of other special means of training. If good work once gets admittance, insensibly it trains the eye; and makes its owner's growth in Taste to be, if slow, yet sure. One good picture will make a man impatient of the dabs, which once he prized. An engraving in line, by Morgen, or Schiavone; a mezzotint by Cousins, or by Atkinson; a Wedgwood service, in very plainness perfect; a well carved cabinet, which tells of brain as well as hand; a rug well harmonized, and low in tone; draperies, where the patterns have been wrought to suit the hanging of the folds; all, or each of these will, when ownership has proved their worth, make it impossible for a man to live at peace with works of like aim, but lower

purity and excellence, around him. The daubs find their way to the auction room; the foolish mezzotints are banished to the nursery; chairs, carpets, tables, if of ill design, are ousted; and other pictures, prints, and furniture, which more accord with the works whose excellence has wrought this revolution, take their place. If a man, who by any chance gets possession of any superlatively good work, whether of use or ornament, can afford so to educate his Taste, he may in the end come very near the truth; but he will do so, at no small cost of time and money. Far better would be his position, if, from the first he had known the principles of Art; and not been forced to grasp success through failure. A theoretic education in Art is, then, of highest worth to all; to the artist, lest his mind be narrowed in a struggle after bare professional details; to the critic, lest he give to skilful handling that praise which fertile thought should best deserve; and to the public, lest, save at heavy cost, they fail to know what works are sound, and what on fixed principles, they should admire.

England, then, like every European country else, at last allows the worth of an artistic education; of a training as well in Art manufacture, as in the Fine Arts proper; of a system wherein theory shall march evenly with execution, and where the Taste of the Purchaser shall keep pace with the Skill of the Worker. It is not a little strange that India has, as yet, done so little in the like direction. From the days of Warren Hastings, the Government of India has founded, or fostered Schools of various aim. The science of the West has been both well and fruitfully set forth in Indian Colleges and Schools. The literature which more than all her laurelled victories, has made Great Britain what she is, has overspread the great peninsula; and forces even those who once were jealous of its growth, to sue that India may have it in yet fuller and more liberal drafts. Medicine and surgery have won their way, and conquered every obstacle of caste and creed. Law, the science no less than the art, wins pupils by the hundred to the lecture rooms of its professors. Civil Engineering, if of more slow development, has yet received from Government its ample meed of care; can boast its special Colleges, and full instructive means. But, while all else is fostered, artistic training is ignored. Art, which underlies and interweaves itself with every study else;—Art, which, even on commercial grounds, should be a matter of imperial concern;—Art has, in India, been the very Cinderella of the sisterhood of intellectual aims. In time, no doubt, the kindly fairy will appear; the prince will come; the slipper will be fitted, and Art in India

will win the homage she deserves ; meanwhile she is left to drudge and struggle on by dint of mere mechanical contrivance. In Bombay and Madras certain efforts have been made ; and, though we have no special information as to what has been done, it is generally understood that some success has come from them. Calcutta, where one might have looked for efforts stronger and more truly aimed, has done absolutely nothing in the way of right artistic training. We say this advisedly ; for, as we shall hereafter shew, it would be idle to consider in the light of education the mere empiric skill which a handful of pupils may have gleaned in the so-called Calcutta School of Industrial Art. The School was itself no better than a co-operative store ; the head—a master tradesman, making profit by the works his pupils could turn out ; the pupils—apprentices, freed indeed from articles to bind them for a fitting time to learn their craft ; eager only for chance crumbs of knowledge, wherewith they might make silver of their shallow skill.

Very wonderful, is this apathy ! Wonderful that Art should be untaught in the land which was its cradle ; untaught among peoples, with whom gracefulness of form seems an instinct, and harmony of colour an intuition. Grand must have been the power of those who, before the Parthenon was thought of, and when Phidias was unborn, hewed from the living rock those temples which, in Southern and in Western India, defy the ravages of time, and make contemptible the puny efforts of to-day. Grand, the skill which raised those cities larger, as Macaulay says, and fairer than Saragossa and Toledo, whose ruins still are eloquent of beauty as of wealth. Grand both the power and skill, and exquisite the sense of loveliness which ruled in the days, when in Northern India those marvellous mosaics wakened into life ; when the Kutub reared its graceful shaft ; and when that Titania of monuments, the peerless Taj, in virgin marble, flushed with gems, sprung like a fairy vision from the plain ; a miracle of loveliness,—a thing of beauty, ' won from the void and formless infinite ' to be a joy for ever, and a possession to all the generations of the earth. For all the general qualities of early Art, the world has got no nobler works than these. For deep repose of power, India can shew remains exceeded scarcely by the giant forms of ancient Egypt. For unshackled boldness of design, she has works as full of life and vigour as Assyria could carve. While for flowing form and tenderness of outline, she has friezes and mouldings, not unworthy of the noblest days of Greece.

Deep graven, too, were the lessons which those early workers

taught ; for, while the old thought has died away, and the old science has been lost, the manual skill still lives. Lives, while all else has perished. Wave after wave of conquest has overspread the land ; for centuries the people have been harried, and ground beneath the hoof of this ruthless horde or that ; truth, independence, moral strength, and manly bearing are venturing only now, beneath a kindlier rule, to re-appear ; yet, in all these gloomy days, the old manual dexterity, and the old love of right colour, and fit form, refused to die. Clinging to life, although benumbed and nerveless ; although languishing and helpless to advance. Keeping just such amount of passive vitality as served to copy the old mechanical skill, and to follow out the old mechanical contrivances. Architecture and Sculpture are well nigh extinct ; Painting is wholly so ; but in all the ordinary manufactures, in all that belongs to the luxuries or wants of daily life, the Hindoo of to-day works, just as worked his forerunner long centuries ago. His tools are just as rude ; he has just the same models ; is fettered by just the same rules ; and produces just the same results. Save in the case of the Greek religious School of Painting, there is no parallel to this ; no such instance of an artistic pseudo-life ; so utterly powerless to originate, and yet so grimly clinging to its ancient modes. M. Didron, in his wanderings among the monasteries of the Levant, found herein his greatest riddle ; go where he would, in every church, and in precisely the same place in every church, he found the same pictures, the same colours, the same stiff figures, the same rigid folds, and the same inscriptions ; yet, of these pictures, some dated from the 5th century, while, in some, the paint was scarcely dry upon the canvass. ‘The Mareote painter of the 18th century,’ says the perplexed traveller, ‘continues to do ‘as the Venetian of the 10th, or as the Athonite of the 5th or ‘6th.’ He afterwards found that in all matters that concerned his Art, the Greek religious Painter is, under pain of ecclesiastical censure, bound implicitly to follow the rules and details set forth in a book, called ‘The Painter’s Guide,’ written in the 11th century by one Paucellinus. What Paucellinus is to the artist-monk in Greece, the oral traditions of his craft are to the Indian worker. He will not even use a tool less rude than what his fathers had. The potter’s wheel which now he turns is coarse as in the very childhood of the potter’s art. A few weak stakes of bamboo, stuck into the ground, still serve the Dacca weaver for a loom. A blow-pipe, and a pair, or so, of clumsy pincers are all that the worker from Cuttack in silver filagree requires. The rudest knives alone are used for carvings the most delicate,

in ivory or wood. Yet, rough as are the tools, how well-nigh perfect the results. Potter's ware, wrought often of the roughest clay, but of forms as flowing, and as truly fitted to the purposed ends, as any thing that Burslem could produce. Filagree silver, fine as the spider's web, and delicate as any work of Genoa, or Malta. Muslins, soft as silk, transparent as gauze, fine as the beetle's nether wing, such as European skill, with all mechanical appliances can never hope to parallel. Enamels, glowing with colour, as by instinct true; and inlaid work wherein, in cheapest as in costliest wares, true principles of ornament are never misapplied. Carvings in sandal and in harder woods, as cleanly cut as though a lifetime had been spent on each. Carpets, tapestries, embroideries, shawls, of colour so harmonious, and of design so pure, that Belgian, French, and English makers take them as models, and strive, with only scant success, to equal them. Rich lacquer work from British Burmah; and *repoussé* silver that Cellini might have envied. All beautiful; yet all, but the spasmodic efforts of a nerveless Art. Mere servile copies of models that were fashioned centuries ago; wrought in helpless trust on the traditions, and the maxims of thinking workers long since passed away. There remains much of the old manual skill; there is no trace of the old fertile fancy. In lack of strong effort from without, there can be no advance in Indian Art production. The Hindoo workers of to-day are as hopelessly the slaves of rules whereof the principle is veiled, as were the Artist-monks, whom M. Didron speaks of, slaves of Paucellinus and his Book. Unless the nobler theory be added, they must be mere mechanics to the end of time. Working but not growing; 'continuing,' as Dr. Royle most justly has remarked, 'to venerate Sciences which they know only by name, and to practise Arts of which they know not the principles; and this with a skill not only remarkable for the early period at which it attained perfection, but also for the manner in which it has remained stationary for so many ages.'

In Art, as in Religion, he who, in India, would be of real use, must not be slow to rate at proper worth the fact of an hereditary possession stretching far into the remotest past. In one case and the other, there is less need to create a new, than to awaken from the sleep of centuries all that is of value in the old. The year-worn truths, once again cleared from the dross that clogged them, should be chosen as the common standing ground of all. Of the Orientals, to whom they have come down as precious heritage and of the Children of the West who, while acknowledging the worth of that heritage, would supplement it

by gifts more precious, and by principles yet higher and more full. But, though this stock of inherited truths is of highest worth; and though, if it be ignored, no real growth is possible, still its presence, oftentimes, appears a real hindrance. Assuredly advance more rapid might be made if it were not there. A crop will spring more quickly in a clear, and fallow soil; but, in the end, the gain may be the richer if the soil must first be cleared, the rank weeds rooted out, and the old fruit-bearers made the stocks on which to graft shoots of the yet more fruitful new. A mere Fetish worshipper, who has no real creed at all, may thus more rapidly become a convert to the Christian Faith, but the Brahmin who has inherited a body of religion, dogmatic and ethical, may be a slower convert, but a nobler prize when won. The like in Art. It is comparatively an easy task to teach the theory and practice of any special branch of Art production to a man who has the willing head and ready hand, and has besides no former crotchets of his own to overcome. A hundred-fold more difficult the task where the pupil has, from earliest years, been wedded to empiric modes quite opposite to those now sought to be impressed on him. Most difficult of all, where these empiric modes have served to produce results not wholly bad. Mediocrity in Art, as in every matter else, is of all stumbling blocks the gravest. The man whose works are so bad that all the world cries shame on him, may be forced to better things. But hardly so, will he, who turns out what is 'fairish'—yet not fair; dexterous not thoughtful, and who, by the readiness with which his works are sold, finds that at any rate, they are not in the rear of public Taste.

An Education which would avail itself of all that the old has good to offer, and which would seek to turn to better channels the traditions and the skill of generations is, beyond all others, one most difficult to carry to a fruitful end. Not impossible, indeed, but calling for highest patience, tact, and temper; for thoughtful care and dauntless energy. To qualities less high than these success is here impossible, and unless such be enlisted, it were wiser far to give the matter wholly up. In lack of such, time, labour, money will be spent on what will not alone be failure; will be real harm. For it should be ever borne in mind, that a School of Art, so conducted as to teach any, save the highest lessons and to spread a right knowledge of the principles of Art, will be a hindrance rather than an aid. Under the seal of its authority will be tolerated works which would be scouted else; while the public, taking its standard of

excellence from the productions of what it takes to be an accredited body, will fail of that true pinnacle of excellence to which, with better guides, it might have come. Mr. Redgrave in his admirable Report on Design, published officially among the Records of the 1851 Exhibition, speaks of such attempts as the sources not alone of possible, but even, then, of positive and actual injury. Having spoken, as an Artist must, in highest praise of the arrangement, harmony, and tone, which form the ground work of all Indian ornament, he is forced to dwell upon the harm that has been wrought on Indian Taste by those who, with more zeal than knowledge, close their eyes to the rich artistic glories of the soil, and seek to implant the lisps of an alien, and immeasurably weaker School. 'It is painful,' says he, 'to observe the attempts made to vitiate the sound taste of the native Artists. It has, no doubt, been done by those who are unaware of the true knowledge and just principles evident, more or less, in all the Indian manufactures; but it seems not the less necessary to be commented on, since a School of Industry is actually in operation at Jubbulpore for teaching the reformed Thugs to make carpets in the worst European style, and at Bangalore the same teaching seems in operation. It is to be hoped that, when the admiration excited by the display of the Indian fabrics at the Great Exhibition is re-echoed to the land that produced them, this strange error will at once be remedied. Even if good, such patterns are not consonant with Indian Taste; and it is perhaps fortunate, that they are really so extremely bad, that they must fall at once before the better knowledge which the European judgment of the merit of Indian ornament will call forth and support.'

But even with the fittest means and best aimed efforts all true artistic growth in India must be slow. Not at once will the better works, sprung from a wiser handling of the old traditions, find favour in the eyes of the wealthier classes; the men who call for, and who buy that which the craftsmen make; and until they be trained to know the true thing when they see it, no general advance is possible. Then, as regards the workers, there is sure to be a time of stagnation, and of passive resistance on the part of the human tools, who see their old traditions set at naught. Also, sure to come a time of baldest imitation; a time when the Indian workers are busied in copying the new forms given them; and before they have taken the further step, of fusing and welding the new gains with the old heir-looms; and of creating those new forms of loveliness which, to the wealth of an inherited skill and of an acquired power, add that

final charm which the creative faculty alone can give. In imitation, however, there is no danger, if right theory be superadded. Imitation is bald and baneful only where, in lack of knowledge, men would still produce results. Nor this in Art alone. The mechanic, set to construct a machine, will copy every fault in some similar machine given him for a model; he can avoid those faults, and suggest improvements, only if he have learned the scientific laws which govern such machines. If, in Art a right training be given, there is no fear that the pupil, of average power, who begins with copying, will there also end. A man so trained must strive to improve upon his model; slavish imitation will be of all things the most irksome to him; he will blunder, perhaps, in his attempts at improvement; but still in spite of many a stumble, will make way. Very hopeful are such stumbles, as signs of a new spirit striving at all cost to find an utterance; yet for a time, many will be inclined to consider them with dread; to deem them marks of retrogression rather than of real growth. Nay, possibly enough, there may be real falling off in accuracy of finish and in manual dexterity. The work, which was wrought with so great speed and accuracy when made by one who, human in form, was but a slavish tool; will be wrought more slowly and with less nicety of finish, when that breathing tool becomes a thinking man. A man compelled continually to stop, and doubt, and hesitate as to whether this change will suit, or that proposed adjustment act. There will be loss of finish; but there must be gain of dignity and power. Never was Ruskin more indubitably right, than when, with regard to this loss so nobly counter-balanced, he wrote:—

‘You are put to stern choice in this matter. You must either make a tool of the creature, or a man of him. You cannot make both. Men were not intended to work with the accuracy of tools, to be precise and perfect in all their actions. If you will have that precision out of them, and make their fingers measure degrees like cog-wheels, and their arms strike curves like compasses, you must unhumanize them; all the energy of their spirits must be given to make cogs and compasses of themselves. All their attention and strength must go to the accomplishment of the mean act. The eye of the soul must be bent upon the finger-point, and the soul’s force must fill up all the invisible nerves that guide it, ten hours a day, that it may not err from its steely precision and so soul and sight be worn away, so far as its intellectual work in this world is concerned: saved only by its Heart, which cannot

go into the form of cogs and compasses, but expands after the ten hours are over into fireside humanity. On the other hand, if you will make a man of the working creature, you cannot make a tool. Let him but begin to imagine, to think, to try to do any thing worth doing, and the engine-turned precision is lost at once. Out come all his roughness, all his dulness, all his incapability; shame upon shame, failure upon failure, pause after pause; but out comes the whole majesty of him also; and we know the height of it only, when we see the clouds settling upon him.'

Few things are stranger than the extent to which Europeans in India ignore the grand traditions of the native Art; and the carelessness with which they look upon its present works. In Europe, the rich design, the tone and harmony of colour which never fail in Indian manufactures, are matters not alone of admiration by the many, but of study by the best; there is not a School of Design in Europe in which they are not prized as specimens of sound ornament, and of right application of true principles. In India the results are admired, perhaps, in a loose desultory fashion; but looked on as happy chances, rather than as skilful handling of well-considered laws. If the matter be deemed worthy a thought at all, the Hindoos of to-day will be spoken of as people singularly void of all the higher qualities of Taste and Artistic sympathy; able to imitate very closely, but without a trace of invention. In proof of the assertion will be instanced, the low tone of household furniture and ornament which undoubtedly exists in Hindoo families, both high and low. Houses, even of the wealthiest, are wretched in construction and tawdry in decoration; the furniture, either scanty to baldness, or as absurdly over-crowded, and in both cases, wholly contemptible in design; the walls staring with whitewash, or still more vilely coloured; if not utterly bare, covered with crudest daubs in oil, or yet more meretricious lithographs, or feeble prints from France. The houses of the lower classes are, of course, examples yet more flagrant of an utter lack of comfort, cleanliness, or taste. Yet, spite of all this open violation of every principle of Art, most sure it is that the old traditions live, and are most widely spread through every corner of the land. Nor, after all, should this inequality be greater matter for surprise in India than it ought to be at home. With all our vaunted, all our real strides in Art, it is wonderful to find how thoroughly ignorant the mass of the people are of its merest rudiments. From the highest to the lowest classes; from the Fine Arts proper to the commonest articles of daily use, the Taste of the English

public is still raw and unfashioned. So raw that few are able to rid themselves of the common grooves of thought, when judging of objects within their sphere of daily observation. While none, save the fewest, are competent to criticize aright the works of peoples having other needs, and other modes of meeting them. These, fashioned for unheard-of ends, puzzle by strangeness; and displease, through their contrast with the well-worn moulds which, if monotonous, have yet, by use, been made familiar.

Take the highest classes and the noblest works. Go to the Royal Academy, and listen to the sapient comments on the pictures there displayed; the rapturous 'Charming—sweetly pretty' of the Impulsia Gushingtons, the 'Exquisitely fine, Sir!' of the Modeloves, at sight of every simpering bit of waxwork prettiness, or foolish imitation. The scarceless silly carps and sneers, wherewith the Fretful Plumes, and Flutters seek to gain a name for shrewdness and discernment. As for the mass, they wait to hear what Tom Taylor tells them in the 'Times'; and praise or blame as he admonishes. They are driven to their opinions by the pushing picture-dealers; just as Lord Foppington, in the play, was forced by the self-asserting tradesman to keep the shoes that pinched him:—

'Your Lordship may please to feel what you think fit; but that shoe does not hurt you. I hope I understand my trade.'

Foppington might limp, but did not dare to contradict so wordy an expert. The public may not care for a picture; yet they pretend a pleasure which they do not feel, because the babbling dealer presses them. A right opinion of a picture is most rare; a hearty, and sincere one rarer still. Sincere, at any rate, was the opinion which Mr. Frith once told us he heard passed upon his picture of the 'Derby Day.' It was at the time when all the world was crushing to see it; and when policemen were needed to keep order in the well-dressed mob. The critics were a couple of stable-lads who forced their way, through silks and crinolines up to the rail placed to protect the picture. Bill's feelings were too deep for words; he vented them in one long, low, and plaintive whistle. Tom looked at the canvass; stared at his companion; stared again; and looked again; then with a disappointed growl, he hoarsely whispered:—'Vell Bill, so that's what the Swells calls a Darby Day is it!—Come along! let's go and have a drain;' Bill must have been related to John Leech's 'Sarah-Jane', who found that Gibson's coloured Venus was so 'Hexactly like our Hemmer.'

Picture buyers are no better, as a rule. A work by Frith, or Phillip, Faed, or Marcus Stone, or Stirling is eagerly snapt up; the name is taken as a warranty of excellence, and gives a rising market value to the canvass. A clever picture, by an unknown man, will probably be never thought of, never asked after in the Octagon Room; doomed to be returned unsold upon the luckless artist's hands.

Then, pictures find buyers from size, often, rather than from excellence; because they cover a certain number of square inches. They must be of this size, or of that. Not over-large; not over-small. Fitting this recess; matching that companion canvass. Any one who haunts the auctions at Christie's, or Foster's, may parallel that sale recorded in the good old Play, of near a century old:—

'There was the divinest Plague of Athen sold yesterday at Langford's, the
'dead figures so natural, you'd have sworn they'd been alive—Lord Primrose
'bid five hundred———six, said my Lady Carmine———a thousand, said
'Ingot the Nabob:———Down went the hammer. A rouleau for your
'bargain, said Sir Jeremy Jingle; and what answer do you think Ingot
'made him?

* * * * *

'Sir, I would oblige you, but I buy this picture to place in my nursery:
'the children have already got Whittington and the Cat; 'tis just this size,
'and they'll make good companions.'

That love of the cheap, and passion for hunting after bargains, which is so great a foe to any wide-spread growth of Taste, works just as prejudicially in England as it can in India. Still, it no more shews a lack of better knowledge of artistic principle in the one hand than the other. Manchester goods are bought by Hindoos, just as Tottenham Court Road furniture finds folks to purchase it at home; both may be ugly, but still both are cheap; cheap at first, if not the cheapest in the end. No lesson is more hard to learn by any people, whether of East or West, than this, that Beauty has a market worth; is, as Mr. Gladstone said at Burslem, a new element imported into the process of production, and one which, like every other, must be paid for. 'The beautiful object,' continued he, 'will be
'dearer than one perfectly bare and bold; not because Utility is
'compromised for the sake of Beauty, but because there may
'be more manual labour, and there must be more thought in the
'original design.' There is not a manufacturer of eminence at home, but has been checked in his strivings after a purer Art, by this foolish lust for cheapness. In the potter's Art, Wedgwood and Bentley complain of it; they speak of it as an error common with people not well versed in Art, to 'say that a beautiful object can be manufactured as cheaply as an ugly one.'

From cabinet-makers and house-decorators the like complaint is general. Messrs. Holland and Sons, whose business lies among those who should be free from all such falsely economic ways, are loud as any on the theme: 'Our customers,' say they in a letter to Mr. Digby Wyatt,—'and you are aware our connexion 'is among the most noble and wealthy,—continually drive at 'cheap articles, except some few important pieces for the dining-room, library, and drawing-room, and require as much teaching 'as the present race of draughtsmen or designers.' Until a knowledge of the worth of thoughtful Taste is more broadly acted on at home, we have no right to cast a stone at the artistic capabilities of the natives of India; men who, with simpler needs, have, as a rule, yet smaller means.

It is scarcely necessary to say that, if the wealthier classes are in England, only just beginning to display the benefit of a wiser system of artistic training, those lower in the social scale shew scarcely any traces of its influence. The old sarcophagus style of furniture finds still its purchasers; and sanguine is the man who, in a lodging-house, would look for anything less cumbrous. Lower still, the lack of even decent Taste becomes more glaring. Among the hard-handed workers, coarseness is the rule. The mill-hands at Manchester, Preston, and some of the Lancashire towns are better than they were; but a 'Rachda' lad, or a Sheffield tyke is as rough a specimen as any thing that India could shew; while the folks in the 'Black Country,'—who live within the shadow of the Works where Wedgwood modelled, and where Minton and Copeland execute their shapes of loveliness—are rude as they were a century ago; less riotous perhaps, but as cheerless in their homes, and as well inclined as ever to heave their 'arf brick' at a stranger.

The old cry, that Hindoos can only copy,—cannot create, is simply absurd. Their fathers could, at any rate, invent those grand designs which all the world admire. They did discover that wondrous treatment of form, and those glorious arrangements of colour, which, as to principles, are problems yet unsolved by our artificers at home. Nor is the skill worn out. The Hindoo of to-day produces ornamental works with ease, such as Europeans can accomplish only after painful thought. One sees this power in cheapest, as in costliest works. Look at the embroidered slippers, which may be bought at Delhi for so small a sum. They are infinitely varied in design, but never fail in perfect harmony and effect; are always refined in colour, and in beauty of line; never violate the true laws of surface decoration; and never offend the eye with those shadings and

foreshortenings, which so often mar such works at home. Here variety is called for; and here variety is never found to lack. In more-important works, if there be sameness and imitation, the fault is surely rather in the public who buy, than in the workers who produce. If in shawls, for example, the old 'Indian Pine' pattern is repeated to weariness, it is because the designers in Cashmere are ignorant of the true wants of European purchasers. For so many years, this particular pattern has been bought and praised—in so many feeble repetitions has been copied and tormented into more exaggerated forms at home, that the Indian designers have come to believe that nothing else will sell. Only let them know their error, and they will put forth designs at striking in novelty, as lovely in arrangement. The Paris and the London Exhibitions both proved that, when called upon, India could furnish marvels of original design and combination; rich diapers and geometrical arrangements, floral ornaments, and flowing lines of perfect gracefulness, where one knew not whether most to praise the freshness of the fancy, or the unerring fitness of its carrying out.

In the case of the productions of Cashmere, the first step has just been taken by the present vigorous ruler of that land. The Maharajah finds, that buyers in Europe complain that Cashmere shawls are coarser than was wont; that the ladies call for greater choice of pattern, and find the present fabrics over heavy to be worn with comfort. To meet these wants, the Maharajah loses no time in taking earnest steps. Judges for himself, in a personal tour through his dominions; makes advances to the weavers, for purchase of raw material, of sums equal to a hundred thousand sterling pounds; and publishes a list of stringent rules for regulation of the trade. Here are some few of the more important; worthy, for many reasons, to be noticed; striking at the heart of the alleged needs; doing so in calm despotic fashion, somewhat new to European minds.

Rule 1 ordains that shawls shall be uniform in size.

Rule 2.—Any shawl badly woven to be destroyed,—the value to be recovered by the proprietor from the weaver. Should the fault lie with the proprietor, he will be punished by the Government.

Rule 3.—A designer to be at liberty to dispose of his designs; but should he attempt to conceal any part of a design which is purchased from him, he shall be severely punished.

Rule 4.—Any person convicted of robbing a firm of a design will be severely punished.

Rule 5.—One designer is not at liberty to transfer designs to another; and, as the Government has now relinquished the

tax, it is hoped there will be a considerable improvement in the art.

Rule 6.—Not more than six shawls are to be woven from one design, or a heavy fine will be inflicted.

Rule 7.—The seller of a design is not to retain a duplicate, or attempt to form another exactly like the one sold; in such case, a fine will be levied equal to one-fourth of its value.

Rule 8.—In future, duty will be levied by measurement of wool and worsted, and not by weight as heretofore. This will induce spinners to produce a finer description of the material, and will be more profitable to the wearers.

Cashmere, under a nervous rule, now knows the wants of customers; and, knowing, strives to meet them. Elsewhere, in India, such wants are utterly ignored; and Indian art-workers, doubtful as to what they are, refuse to quit the well-worn tracks. They will not cast aside designs which, though old, do still, as experience proves, find customers; nor try the risk of others which, if newer, yet may fail to gain so quick a sale. Take Dacca muslins, for example. As compared with the harsher muslins of Europe, the greater softness of these, together with their superior gracefulness of fold and fall, cause them to be highly prized at home. Still there are, for English purposes, certain wants in Dacca muslins which are well enough known at home; but, which the native weavers do not know, and therefore never strive to remedy. The Jurors in the 1851 Exhibition, thus pass their verdict on these fabrics:—‘their cost is relatively high, and ‘their finish universally defective; the yarn, too, is uneven and ‘frequently overtwisted.’ Now, these are plain, sensible objections; easy to be understood, easy to be overcome, if but the Dacca weaver knew of them. As it is, if a specially good piece of muslin be ordered, the weavers pay no attention to the real European needs; strive only to excel in what they have themselves been trained to look on as of special worth. They seek to produce what shall be a marvel of transparency, of fineness, and of lightness. Let them make a ten yard half-piece, that shall weigh little more than three ounces and a half, and they care nought for the rest. Now, though this transparency may have a worth in native estimation, it is, of all qualities, the one which makes the fabric useless for an English lady’s wear. Even in Rome, it was not honorable matrons, honest girls, who wore the *Tela arenarum*, or the *Ventus textilis*,—pellucid webs which must have been so like the finest efforts of the Dacca skill. If the Hindoo weavers only knew the real wants of England, they might revive a demand which now has well nigh died

away. They would give more care to finish; more to preparation of the yarn; and would make a slightly thicker, but a far more useful article. They would, besides, be able to produce the better fabric, at a greatly lower rate; and would not, as at present, waste time on textures fitly named as 'running water,' or as 'morning dew,' for every yard of which a guinea is but reasonable pay.

Until then, Indian workers know what is wanted in the marts of West and East, they must remain mere copyists of the old; their skill be stagnant, and of baldest imitation. Schools of Art and Design alone can meet this want; Central Schools in the larger towns, where both the public and the worker shall be trained in the principles of Taste; and local Schools where the manufactures of the district shall receive especial care.

Allow, then, that the Art worker in India does copy, does imitate, does use the old designs, and seldom frame a new one, but allow, further, that he does so because he thinks, in this manner, best to please his customers; not because he lacks the power to plan aught new. Yet, were it otherwise, England should not be the first to blame for that offence whereof, in Art at least, she is herself the guiltiest. In England, more than any European country else, a work of Art, or of artistic aim, is valued just in so far as it is known, and common, and the fashion. In it, above all other lands, original design, and daring thought in Art, are viewed with suspicion, jealousy, and doubt. In furniture, unless a man will pay the heaviest cost for a new design, he must put up with one of, at most, some half-dozen stereotyped styles of decoration. A new scroll, or a happy moulding, ventured on by some of the better houses, is repeated until all the world is weary of it. The master tradesmen, who take no pride in their calling, and their men, who know more of beer-shops than of galleries, are by this constant copying saved a world of pains. The one need not think; the others need not draw; but neither can speak of slavish copying as a fault peculiar to Hindoos. In jewellery and silver-work the like; if a man want forks, or spoons, he is looked on as unreasonable, if he ask for anything more fresh in pattern than the time-honoured 'fiddle,' 'thread,' or 'Queen's.' In the Fine Arts proper, this rage for copying and for repetition of a work once praised is more injurious still. How often was Bailey called upon to reproduce his 'Eve'? As to Painting, the case is worse. An artist can scarcely gain a true success, but he is deluged with commissions for other works of kindred import. Dauby paints a grand evening effect, and is doomed for ever to

exaggerate the blaze of western skies. Let grand old Linnell limn a harvest field that glows beneath a burnished sunset, all alive with flame; half the picture-buying world strives for a specimen of like effect, and, for years, the Linnell family are at work, on what the public craves, not what the artists' powers might better like to give. 'Sherry! Sir,' involves 'Did you ring?', and, if the artist be, as here, too strong to give way wholly to the public cry, other and weaker hands will do what he declines; doing with coarseness, what his tender handling could alone make bearable. Mr. Cope presents a stronger case; years ago he painted a baby; the public praised, the critics were friendly, and poor Mr. Cope has been cooped in the nursery from that day to this. 'Baby's Turn' might be borne with, as the first of its kind; but, when it gave birth to a line of babies, busied in most infantine pursuits, the case became 'most tolerable and not to be endured.' It is pleasant to think that, if the public has been bored, the artist has been bored no less. The Terrible Baby must have been in Mr. Cope's mind, when, in his answer to Question 1798, he said before the Royal Academy Commission:—

'An artist, when he exhibits in the Academy, does not exhibit to please its members, but to please some portion of the public outside, and in that way his works are influenced. The majority of works on commission are painted for merchants in Lancashire. They like a particular class of Art, and they select the painter whom they most approve of, and with whose works they have the greatest sympathy.'

Natives of India are not, then, copyists above other men and mannerists; nor are they lower than others in power to master all the truest principles of Art. Needs but, to call forth the originality that is in them, and the feeling for form which seems their heritage. Needs, therefore, to train the workers, so that they may feel why this work ought to be preferred to that. Needs too, to train the public, that they may know the good work when they see it; and may spend their cash on things chaste not flashy, on thought rather than on finish. Artistic education, in the highest sense, and true development, is called for; mere instruction will not do, nor weak attempts to transplant fancies raised in other climes. Here, doubtless, is the real difficulty. It is not hard to find a teacher competent, in any School of Art, to give instruction in all technical detail. Not hard to find men qualified to lecture on the principles, the history, and the biography of Art. But, it is well nigh an impossibility to meet with any one man fit to do both. Fit to give professional students such amount of detail as can, judiciously,

be taught in any School; and, at the same time, fit to give to those who attend the classes from other than hopes of professional advancement a wider range, and views more deep and generous of the meaning of the laws of Art, pure and applied. In Europe, every where, this difficulty is acknowledged. In England, the Masters of the several Schools of Art are picked men; capable, if any could be so, of giving both a technical and an extra-technical education to the pupils in their care. Yet, in all the English Schools of Art, other aid is constantly called in; and men of the stamp of Redgrave, Richard Westmacott, and Digby Wyatt are asked to supplement, by further lectures, the sound, though still, at times, too technical instruction of the Schools. This was one of the many rocks on which was wrecked the old Calcutta School of Industrial Art; and on this must split, if not by timely care prevented, the new School, which is suggested as to accomplish that wherein the old one failed. A School of Art which looks to mere professional instruction, fails of its noblest end; it may teach a handful of craftsmen, but it leaves the people where it was. It stunts, too, the growth of the pupils to whom it most devotes its powers. It turns out artistic mechanics, never real Artists, in whatever grade. It may give that neat style of handling which is of certain worth; but it fails to impart—nay, never seems to feel, the want of that inventive theory, in lack of which no real growth is possible.

It would be hardly possible to conceive of any known principle whereon a School of Art should be conducted, which was not set at nought in the original Calcutta School of Industrial Art. This Institution was founded in the spring of 1854 by a private Society: the avowed objects being to encourage a taste for the 'Arts, with more particular reference to their practical application to provide employment for the East Indian' and native students of the Christian Schools; and to stimulate 'and improve the indigenous manufactures of this country.'

Of the promoters, none had any practical knowledge of the working of like Institutions at home. The School was founded in haste; with no endowment, other than the gifts and subscriptions of a Society, above all others fluctuating. Government aid was early asked for, and was ungrudgingly afforded; at first a small donation, afterwards an annual grant equivalent to £720 was sanctioned. This grant continues, while all else has died away. There are now no subscriptions; donations are unknown; and the sum received in the shape of schooling fees, which never averaged £50 a year, is scarcely now enough to pay

the cost of a collecting clerk. There never was a responsible Director. Of the Teachers, some drew small pay; some, no pay at all; but each might make what gain he could from the works his pupils could turn out. The end, of course, was failure; the public grant, indeed, staves off utter extinction, and serves to prolong a useless life. The School is, however, soon to be closed as a private, aided Institution; to be re-opened as a purely Governmental School; and, with more full appliances, to enter on a wholly new career.

Did space allow, one might say much of the curious features on this Road to Ruin. Of the Teacher of modelling, and virtual Head, who at first gave his services gratuitously, from simple love of Art; who, after a very few months' experience applied for, and got some £360 a year; who had besides a private works' op,—dignified by the title of *Atelier*,—where all the labour was supplied by the Institution, and where all the profits were his own. Of the Teacher of wood-engraving, who, as his pupils could not draw, was compelled to 'do most of the work himself'; and, of whose pupils, another Report gravely records that, considering they had small knowledge of drawing, and no knowledge of perspective, they evinced 'a marvellous aptitude for the Art.' Or, of the photographic Teacher, who, with no salary, was 'allowed to make what he could out of the work of the department.' The Modeller had his *Atelier*; the Engraver, his *Burin*; the Photographer, his Chamber of Horrors, and for a while there was a certain commercial success. There was, certainly, no attempt 'to improve the indigenous manufactures of the country;' but a few half-educated lads were able, in these several branches, to earn an average of seventeen rupees a month. The market became brisk. Renaissance garlands and festoons, said, by the vendor, to be of work 'equal to that of Paris,' were turned out by the hundred weight; were encrusted on walls; were wreathed round niches, regardless of fitness, and in violation of every law of ornamentation. The buyers, who knew no better, praised; the seller, who kept the *Atelier*, thrived; but true Art waned. The Engraver, who did 'most of the work himself,' found a field unoccupied, and market ready for his cuts. He, also, thrived; but easy must have been the man who did not feel that Art had suffered. As his assistants were wholly ignorant of perspective, and well nigh wholly so of drawing, of the simplest kind, there could be no great room for wonder that the engravings were what they were; utterly void of accuracy; with no delicacy of handling, without effectiveness of light and shade, without a trace of half-tints; senseless black and white, such as even better paper,

and less careless printing never could have made enduring. The three thousand photographs, which are reported as, in one year, to have met with purchasers, were doubtless of some service to the energetic gentleman who was left to make 'what he could out of the work;' but no one, even in Calcutta, ever thought that Art was thereby benefited; or 'the indigenous manufactures stimulated and improved.' The latter generous aim was, from the first, avowedly postponed. To raise, in every class, the tone of feeling as to Art, was never even mentioned as a noble end, and much less, in an Institution so conducted, was it ever tried. In lack of such attempt, the School, with an economy as good as it was actually bad, must still have failed. To do its perfect work—to prove a social lever of undoubted power, the first steps should have been to improve the public Taste; to spread a knowledge of, and feeling for, true Art; and not alone to give increased skill to workmen, well nigh perfect from the first, in mere hereditary handicraft.

The idea of a new School which, with direct support of Government, should supersede the aided failure, had its rise as follows:—The old School fell from bad to worse. No one was satisfied. Public interest, at no time keen, died utterly so soon as even the first weak gleams of promise had been darkened. Every thing connected with the Institution pined and dwindled. There was but the sorriest gathering of pupils. Of those who did come, few but grudged the monthly fee of one rupee. They used to come for one month; promise to pay in the second; and, failing to do so, vanish in the third. The one fixed element was the public grant; that came with wonted regularity, and gave an air of faded respectability to what was else so rickety and puny. At last even this stay was in danger. Government shared the general suspicion; felt that its money was scarcely bearing seemly fruit; threatened its withdrawal. The threat was serious; forced the Committee into action. In 1862, on submitting their usual application for continuance of the grant, they pledged themselves, within six months, to submit a definite scheme for the more beneficial conduct of the School. The Committee, as is the nature of such bodies, appointed a Sub-Committee to enquire more fully into the needs, and fittest modes of meeting them. The Sub-Committee, partaking of the evanescent character of the whole affair, eventually resolved itself into a single Member. The Report of that one Survivor,—Captain Lees—was, in due course, made. A very interesting document, artistic in its few, but sufficient touches. Tracing, from its birth, the School's spasmodic strugglings for life; freely

acknowledging its failure ; shewing, too, a very just perception of the many causes which combined to work its fall.

The suggested changes, so far as they go, are founded on right principles. With slight modifications, they have been ratified by the general Committee; approved by the Government of Bengal; and sanctioned by that of India. The new scheme provides for the transfer to Government of the School; together with 'the whole of the collections, apparatus, and materials belonging to the Institution.' Considering the state of the School; and considering that the property thus spoken of, is comprised in a few worn tools, a few soiled drawing copies, and a few, not absolutely well selected, casts, the gift was at best a doubtful one. Had gain, or rapid good results been looked for, Government might fairly have refused the transfer; in view of present consequences, might have turned the back, not only on the sorry proffered casts, but on the real glories of Hellenic Art; on Dionysus of the Parthenon, and on the marvels of the Frieze; with seemly caution might have cried :—

Timeo Danaōs, et dona ferentes.

But, by acceptance, Government has clearly shewn that it appreciates the principle involved; and, implicitly, binds itself to foster that which it thus acknowledges to have so strong an influence for good.

The new scheme provides for the appointment of an Educational Staff of three persons only, namely :—

(1). A Principal, on a monthly salary of 700 Rupees. This gentleman is to be chosen and sent from England, by 'Mr. Redgrave, or other person of European reputation'. It is expected that this officer will be 'in such a position that the Government may henceforth rely on his knowledge and judgment to superintend the general working, and advise the Government on all matters connected therewith. He is further to be capable of undertaking the instruction in certain of the higher branches, and of delivering occasional lectures to the students on the principles and application of ornamented Art.'

(2). A Head Master, on a monthly salary of 300 rupees. The Committee recommend that the present Teacher should be retained; and deem him competent to teach elementary drawing, wood-engraving, and lithography.

(3). A Teacher of modelling and pottery, on a monthly salary of 60 rupees.

For actual education, a monthly aggregate of 1,060 rupees is thus provided. The Committee further recommend a monthly

grant of 100 rupees, for purchase of Specimens, and Books of Art ; a sum ludicrously inadequate, in face of the known costliness of all such works. For Scholarships, the very insufficient sum of 105 rupees is given ; to be divided among six recipients of five rupees, three of ten rupees, and three of fifteen rupees a month ; each tenable only for one year. Contingent charges are rated, as at thirty rupees ; house rent, as at 150 rupees ; and office establishment with servants, as at fifty rupees a month. The total monthly cost of the amended scheme is estimated at 1,495 rupees. The former grant-in-aid was of 720 rupees. The Committee, therefore, value total support against partial help at 775 rupees a month ; and consider that certain failure may be converted into possible success, at an increased outlay of some 106 per cent.

Whether the sum suggested is enough to carry out the proposed scheme may well be deemed a matter of doubt. It is assuredly less by 355 rupees a month, than that recommended by the Sub-Committee ; while the sum named by the latter was avowedly fixed with a view, less to the exigencies of the School, than to the possibility that Government might hesitate about a larger outlay ; ' it will be more prudent', so run the words, ' for the Committee to confine their recommendations within these outlines at present.' The liberality of Government cannot be called in question ; it freely took charge of the School, with its responsibilities ; and, without a question, sanctioned the sum named as sufficient for its prosperous conduct. If that sum be inadequate, the want is, of judgment on the part of the Committee ; not by any means, of generous sympathy on that of Government. By granting all that it was asked to grant, Government implied a wish to do all that such grant was then deemed able to accomplish ; implied, besides, its readiness to make yet further grants when once the greater need should have been proved to it.

All question as to the sufficiency or non-sufficiency of the sanctioned grant depends upon the nature of the end intended. If the School were meant to be of merely local worth, the grant is large enough ; not so, if it is to exercise an influence in places beyond its own immediate circle. Large enough, if the intention were to give a special training to a few ; not so, if the object be to raise the general tone of taste and feeling, among men of every class. Not large enough, if the Institution is to be the centre whence shall radiate right principles of Art, to be a guide and rule, as well for those who purchase as for those who make. It were idle, herein, to affect a doubt. That general advancement

was the aim, is sure. Else, what more feeble than, by such a scheme of small reforms, to strive at perpetuating what has worked so little good. Better, far better, let the puny bantling die, than seek to prolong a life which has not been of use to any. Of no use, to the people at large, whose wider wants it never strove to meet. Of no use to the handful of lads, to whom its special lessons were addressed. Of no use to these, if the machinery had been a hundred-fold more perfect than it either ever was, or is ever like to be. Giving to its pupils what, in lack of a sympathising public, is, and must be, a hindrance rather than an aid. Sending them adrift, their education over, with a modicum of culture, with a certain sum of manual skill; but without the means of turning to account the culture, or of rendering available the skill. So far refined by education, as to shrink from the old associations of the class from whence they sprung. Yet doomed, in penury, to be for ever members of that class. Unable to find a market for their better works, because the monied men are still untrained to know the right; still wedded to the ancient forms of ugliness and error.

If the School be meant—and meant it clearly is,—to be of more than local benefit, the scheme falls very short of what is called for. The sums asked for, and, by consequence, those sanctioned, are, in many cases, far below what would be needed to ensure success. It is an evil plea, to urge that a sum inadequate was asked for, simply to prevent the risk of a refusal; that a grant, even though too small for fullest use, was better than no grant at all. It is not better; will be infinitely worse. No failure, but has an influence for ill beyond its own immediate circle. The experiment of an ill-paid, ill-managed School has already been made; already failed. The men who before were ready with good-will and support, and money have been discouraged. They will not readily again come forward.

Where was indifference, is now mistrust. Tact only, and fine handling can set right the harm that has been done. Fresh failure, or that half success which would be bad as failure, must drive back for years the possibility of any real growth. Better to risk refusal at the first, than loss and disappointment in the end. Besides, no well considered scheme of education ever yet was known, in India, to fail for lack of funds. It is hard to frame plans, which recommend to themselves to all, and give fair promise of success; hard to meet with men fit to work them; but with the men, and with the plans, the readiness of Government, to grant the necessary funds, can always be relied on.

Within its bounds, the scheme proposed is sound; we do but cavil at the narrowness of these. There is provision only for the pupils in a single School; nor is there any inducement in the shape of Free Admissions, or sufficient inducement in the way of Scholarships, to render certain any real increase even here. Next, there are no suggested means for the growth of an appreciative love of Art, among the wealthier classes. While lastly, there is no hint of any wider, if yet undeveloped scheme, whereby the higher culture may be spread throughout the land; no mention of a cherished hope, that a day may come when with the main School shall be connected Local Institutions in the several manufacturing centres, all combined in one great system, for the furtherance of trade and culture, industry and taste.

As to the first of these suggested wants it may be urged, that the genius of the day is contrary to such attempts. That, education should not be petted, and pampered by too lavish grants of free admissions, stipends, and the like. That, education, as a hardy plant, should be trained in the open air of work-o'-day life; not forced, as an exotic, in the stoves of patronage. This is one of those half truths, which at times work so much mischief. The tree may be hardy, and grow bravely without support when once well rooted and acclimatized; but it will be none the worse in strength, and vastly quicker in development, if the seed be sown in fitting soil, and if the years of early growth, be years of outlay, watchfulness, and care. No one would wish to go back to the days when no payment was ever asked of any pupil in a Government School, and when the majority were bribed to come by stipends, given with open hand, without regard to conduct, progress, diligence, or zeal. But it does seem right that, on the first launch of a new branch of special education, regard should be had to the days when the system of general education, which now prevails in India, was in its infancy; right, that there should be meted to the special system of to-day, that liberal aid which, less than thirty years ago, was given in its first weak stages to the general system which since then has thriven so well. No one but knows, vaguely it may be, of the help which Government afforded in those early days when English Education in India was a foreign graft that struggled for a doubtful life. Few, but have heard what pains were taken to persuade fathers that their sons would not come to any harm at School; what care was taken that no prejudice should be ruffled; how many and how large the Scholarships; how small the fees; how rarely even they exacted. It is, however, worth while here to shew, from actual records, what amount of

pecuniary aid was, at that time, deemed expedient. To no finer record can we turn than to Lord Auckland's celebrated Minute of November 1839,—a Minute which stands out glorious, among the proverbially great State Papers of India; a Minute, which supersedes every effort made before, and which contains the earliest hint and germ of every subsequent development. Among other matters, this Minute deals with the question of pecuniary rewards. Stipends, regardless of merit, are abolished. Scholarships, the reward of merit, are recommended in their place. Poverty alone was to be no plea for aid. Poverty wedded to desert, was declared to be worthy of the State's best care. 'We are dealing,' wrote his Lordship, 'with a poor people, to the vast majority of whom the means of livelihood is a much more pressing object than facilities for any better description, or wider range of knowledge. Our hold over the people is very imperfect, and our power of offering motives to stimulate their zeal of very limited extent.' As to the number and money-worth of the Scholarships to be created, Lord Auckland's views are liberal and clear. 'In consequence of the very general poverty of students, I would fix the ratio on a high scale, say at one-fourth of the number of pupils, if that number should afford proof of peculiar capacity and industry.' And again:—'The amount ought, from the commencement, to be enough for the decent subsistence of a Native student; and there might be some small increase admitted after a year or two, as an incentive to continued effort.'

This is no place to enter into details more close; enough to say that, with some slight changes, Lord Auckland's liberal views were carried out. Scholarships of forty rupees a month to Senior, and of twelve rupees to Junior Scholars were freely granted to those whose merits claimed them; and the proportion of one in four was never deemed too large. It was felt that, if it were intended that the infant scheme should thrive, the fostering hand of Government must be widely stretched. Now, it is most clear, that such arguments for pecuniary aid, as were strong in behalf of a general education, must be trebly strong in support of one that is special. Special too, not as is Law, or Medicine, or Civil Engineering, where careful study cannot fail to lead to honourable subsistence. This, is a special education where the end is doubtful still; where the students, will either be of smallest means, who look to carrying on ancestral trades with wider skill; or, if of higher social position, will need, at first, to be induced, by every lawful means, to study, what it may be long before they dream of turning to pecuniary gain. If the pupils are very

poor, Scholarships must be given to enable them to come and live in decency. If they lack the spur of poverty, still pecuniary needs have always proved, in India, of force enough to fill the class rooms. If, as is hoped, students should be won to the Calcutta Central School from Dacca, Benares, Patna, and other seats of manufacture,—students who, when they return to their homes, may spread the culture they themselves have gained, the need of aid of such kind is more pressing still. It might, indeed, be here a question whether Lord Auckland's fullest theory might not most usefully be brought to practice. Whether, besides the general Scholarships awarded to deserving students in the Central School, certain of the Local Committees of Education might not be authorized to nominate to one or more Local Scholarships, to be held only in the Calcutta Institution.

What has been said of pecuniary aid, applies no less to pecuniary privilege. Until the new scheme is in active work, and until its benefits have been brought home to the public sense, it seems most impolitic to insist on the payment of a schooling fee by all. It were needless to dwell on the facilities given to poor students in the Austrian, French, and Belgian Schools of Art; but in England, the principle of Free Instruction in these Schools has been fully acted on. Very recently, indeed, an inclination has been displayed to limit the Free Admissions; and the result has been to call forth so much ill-feeling, that a return to the old system is probable. If Free Admission to Schools of Art be advisable in Europe, where students are less poor, and where the benefits derived are beyond discussion, surely it must be far more so in India, where to poverty is added doubt. No general Free Admission, as of right, is here advocated; the evils of irregular attendance, and weakened discipline, must ever be a bar to that. It should be accorded as a boon; to those alone whose conduct seems to merit such a boon. Some authority, whether the Director of Public Instruction, or the Local Committees, or the Principal of the Calcutta School, or any of these, should be at liberty to recommend certain pupils for this privilege. A privilege, to be forfeited at once in case of irregular attendance, ill behaviour, or failure to make reasonable progress. If schooling fees be rigorously levied from all, the total sum received will, for a long while, be most insignificant. At small cost to itself, the Government might gracefully accord what would be a real benefit to many, and would vastly help the general chances of success. So soon as the numbers do increase so greatly, as to make the fees a matter of importance, the active

aid may gradually be withdrawn. Time enough, then, to levy fees in payment of instruction, the worth of which will thus, by that surest test, have been allowed. This is one of those cases in which, the great objection to a system of quite Free Education in Government Schools, can have no existence. There is, as yet, no privately supported School of Art and Design; there can be, therefore, no 'unequal competition'; no unfairly weighted race between the public and the private drag.

Regard, then, had to the danger of fresh failure; regard, to the principle so widely acted on at home; and, more than all, regard, to the general poverty of those who should be won to the benches of the contemplated School; it does seem that the inducements held out in the sanctioned scheme are weak and insufficient. The grant for Scholarships should be increased; and, if meritorious candidates appear, Lord Auckland's ratio of one-fourth might well be acted on. Orders for Free Tuition should, with lavish hand, be given to lads who come with good credentials; lads who, by their conduct, shew that they appreciate the gift bestowed.

Next, as to the want of any suggestion, in the scheme proposed, for the spread of an appreciative love of Art among the general community; and especially among those wealthier classes who, by judicious purchases, may lend the best assistance to the scheme. Here, doubtless, is a difficulty. We cannot find in India, as we do at home, a public which, so far as many of its members are concerned, craves for and welcomes heartily the better work. In India a double labour must be undergone. To teach the workers, and to leave the buying public where it is, would simply be to offer stones for bread; to crush the workers, and to starve the scheme. Of nothing are folks more jealous, than of interference with their old domestic ways, and plans, and decorations. What they are used to, that they like; and brook change, only when the gain is made most plain to them. This, true every where, applies with double force to India. Here, to the force of habit, is added that of superstition. All change is looked on with mistrust, as the possible veil to some concealed stratagem. As general education spreads, this religious horror of all change will fade away. One cannot think that those who have been educated in English Colleges and Schools, remain in much subjection to it. One might therefore hope that the attempt to inculcate more fitting theories of Art should prevail more readily among such, than among the less enlightened of their countrymen. The latter present the double front of habit and of superstition.

The former, rid of one great obstacle to progress, are hampered only by inveterate habit. Still, even this one bar needs greatest care and diligence to move. The new works must be long before they win their way to general recognition. It were idle to hope that even the most intelligent Native, in furnishing a house, should avoid the time-honored forms of decoration, and purchase, in their steal, shapes and combinations wholly strange; avowing, that he does so, just because a School of Art declares one right, the other wrong. With all the spread of better culture at home, people have not yet arrived at this. The quite best works are often those which are the slowest to find purchasers; the public is only clambering still to reach their higher level.

Never can one too strongly insist on it, that national growth in artistic feeling is possible only where theory goes evenly with practice; and where the public is kept educated to appreciate the efforts of the workers. The highest training aims at both; and is successful so far as it can compass both. Look, for example, in the Fine Arts proper, at our British School of Painting. No one will say that this School would have held its present place if he, whom all acknowledge as its Founder, had not been able to write as well as paint: if the Pictures of Reynolds had not been coupled with his grand Discourses. With the pencil Gainsborough might run him close; but with both pen and pencil was Sir Joshua pre-eminent. The Portraits did much for Art: but the Lectures did far more. The few were refined by the sight; the fewest by the ownership of his pictures. The whole educated world was swayed and moulded by his Discourses. It may be doubted which of these two was at any time the instrument of greater good; sure, now, it is that, while the subtlest colours of his brush have fled, the clear, keen touches of his pen remain. Time has paled the dainty triumphs of the Master's skill; the thoughtful sentences, which taught a nation Art, live still, and teach still. Heat, cold, a thousand accidents, may cause the rest to fade; but these,

————— no injuries of heaven can feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel.

While, however, the Committee wholly overlooks the wider field which must be cultured, if the central plot is meant to bear its richest harvest, it does suggest that, for the pupils in the School proposed, some Theoretic might, with gain, be added to mere Technical Instruction. It expresses an opinion that the new Principal should, over and above the duties of general supervision, and of such instruction in higher branches as would fall to his

share, be able to deliver 'occasional Lectures, to the students, on the principles and application of ornamental Art.' Leaving, for the present, the question of limiting such Lectures to students in the School, it is still conceived that the hope entertained may possibly be too sanguine. To organize a quite new Institution ; to teach, practically, the higher branches ; and, besides, to compose and deliver well-considered Lectures on the principles, and application of Art ; would probably be a work beyond the power of any, whom this scheme is likely to tempt from home. To do such a work thoroughly, powers of the very highest order would be needed. The hoped-for Crichton must be a good administrator ; a clever Artist ; a man of extensive reading ; an easy writer ; a fluent speaker. Unselfish, too, he must be ; willing to forego every prospect which such powers must open out at home, and bind himself to drudge in India, on a pittance of 700 rupees a month. The Committee seems unaware that in the English Schools of Art, such Paragons are rare. Be the staff most fully furnished, still the course is supplemented by Lectures from gentlemen, unconnected with the School. No doubt there are men in England who do superintend, do teach, do lecture ; and who do all well : but who can dream that men like Wilson of Glasgow, Scott of Newcastle, Raimbach of Birmingham, and the rest, are likely to be tempted by anything that India has to offer. And if they were, even they would be crippled. What is possible at home, where the general plan is well laid down ; and, by able assistants, nobly carried out, would be impossible in India ; for years, at any rate. Impossible, until the whole machinery of the School is in working order ; impossible, until the staff of assistants is more able, and more fully furnished ; impossible, until careful enquiry, and calm consideration of the wants, both of School and Country, has shewn what system should most gainfully be followed. Most unlikely is it that any man who would accept the post of Principal, should be able both to teach practically, and to lecture ably. Most impolitic it would be to press him even if he could, and would. The work of general supervision, and of practical instruction in higher branches, would be quite as much as any man could fairly carry through. Let him do thus much well, and he will have scant time to prepare, or to deliver Lectures ; Lectures, at least, such as would benefit his hearers, and do credit to himself. Whoso attempted both, would fail in both. He would be a compromise between the Professor, and the technical Instructor ; doing, indifferently, the work of each. Like the Bat in the fable, neither perfect Bird, nor perfect Mouse ; a halting Lecturer, an inept

Artist ; avowing himself, now this, now that, to suit his hearers

Je suis Oiseau, voyez mes ailes ;
Vive la gent qui fënd les airs !

* * * * *

Je suis Souris, vivent les rats
Jupiter confond les chats !

Still, Lectures should be given by some one ; and Lectures addressed less to the professional aspirants in the School, than to the general public whence are to come the future patrons of the higher culture. The question is, where to find an audience of the class required. The Lecturer, of course, must be appointed for the special work. Now, as has before been said, the prospects of success in any such movement must vary greatly with the previous general culture of the class addressed. They will be increased in proportion as the opposing element of superstition is removed ; increased, therefore, among those who have already been trained, to some extent, in European modes of thought and feeling. On such, then, should the first experiment be made. In the Presidency College of Calcutta are now enrolled more than four hundred students. Young men of every rank are gathered here ; ancestral wealth finds here, like ancient family, its representatives ; poor Scholars too, there are who struggle after, and will gain, the highest prizes which professional careers can give. Not from Bengal alone, but from every part of India are drawn these throngs of students to the class-rooms of the great Calcutta College. The local Colleges and Schools are robbed of their best pupils ; does a student shew promise, in whatever branch, straightway he leaves the country School, betakes him to the Presidency College, where, with wider means of instruction, he can measure strength with more vigorous competitors, men whom to beat is glory, and by whom to be beaten, is no shame. Then, bear in mind, the overpowering love which every Hindoo has for his place of birth ; of all these throngs of students, every one looks forward to the day when he can go back and settle in his own district. The rich men may go there so soon as their academical career is finished ; the less rich may wait, and toil in their several professions for years, or until they have the wished-for wealth ; but soon or late, mediately or immediately, each hopes to make his home in age, that which was his home in youth. Is not this the very kind of audience that should most be courted ? Here are crowds of young men all one day likely, as well from higher general culture, as from their means, hereditary or acquired, to exercise a real influence on the mass of their country folk ; and to exercise it, most of all, on the dwellers in their native

districts; by whom, when they do return, they will be looked on with feelings not unmingled with reverence and awe. It is impossible to imagine any body of persons, by whom the higher theories of Art could be more usefully received; or any, in whom the good seed, duly planted, might be looked to bring forth richer harvest.

The Lectures on Art, at the Presidency College, might be fixed, like those on Law, so as to clash with none of the settled hours, and subjects of study. The Lectures in the general department commence daily at 10-30 A. M.; law students attend on certain mornings in the week at 9 A. M. The earliness of the hour has never proved any hindrance to a full attendance of the Law Classes. It is sure that, if two Lectures a week were delivered on Art, and kindred subjects, and the hour of meeting fixed at nine, or half past, there would be no interference with the work in the general scheme; and no objections would be raised on account of the earliness of the hour. Here, also, might arise the question of requiring an admission fee: if one were levied at all it should, at first, not exceed one rupee a month; but, probably it would be more politic to open the doors freely to all actual students of the College, exacting a small fee only from students not in any wise connected with the institution. A certain number of prizes, in the form of Books, and Specimens of Art, should annually be awarded to those who had been most regular in attendance, and who had made the greatest progress.

The Lectures should be most comprehensive; treating of the general principles and history of Art, discussing its literature, and dealing with the several theories which heretofore have been propounded. The work should be entrusted to some gentleman with special qualifications for the post, who would be placed on the Professorial staff of the College, and might be designated, 'Professor of the History and Theory of Art.' In addition to his two weekly Lectures at the Presidency College, the new Professor of Art might be asked to deliver once a week at the School of Art a more colloquial Address on some subject having reference to the technical instruction and business of the week. The Professor of Art might also be considered as *ex-officio* Visitor of the School of Art; might be asked to confer with the Principal of that Institution on matters of common interest; and in unison with him to suggest to Government, at times, such changes as time and experience might prove it useful to adopt. It being always borne in mind that the grand aim should be to improve the Art and Taste of the whole country, and not of the metropolis alone, or of any other district. Borne in mind, therefore, that the Calcutta School of Art should be

viewed merely as the germ whence other Schools are to be developed ; the nursing mother of kindred Institutions which hereafter shall be founded in all the leading marts of local industry.

With a well selected, zealous Principal, and with an able Professor of Art to lecture in the Presidency College, and, as Visitor, to give some portion of his time and counsel to the School, there should be good reason to hope that the old loss may be made up, and the real gain, once dreamt of, become a reality. One great element of success would be, that at first there should be given, both to Principal and Professor, a certain freedom of action ; a liberty to foster the development of the scheme in such form as experience might prove to be the best. If, at first, this free action be grudgingly bestowed ; if there be an endless correspondence when this charge is adopted, or that practice stopped ; or if the infant scheme be sucked into the frothy whirlpool of bureaucratic influence, there must be failure. In England, even, all education in Art is still tentative ; feeling cautiously its doubtful way. Men, who for years, have given their best energies to the work, are still of many minds, as to how the good which all desire may best be got at. Government at home felt its powerlessness to decide, were men, more to the matter trained, were still unsettled : did, therefore, the one thing as to which there could be no dispute, gave, in the onset, liberal grants. Then, having further exercised a careful judgment, in the appointment of the best men, it gave those men the fittest spur to action in a sense of responsibility and personal interest. There was in the early days of Art-training at home, no attempt to cripple the powers of able teachers by thrusting them into any Procrustean bed of rules and systems. The ruling Powers were wise enough to feel that regulations, which might be very useful in the continental Schools of Art, might, also, be most baneful if forced upon the growing Schools at home. Money, therefore, was given ; Teachers were given ; and, together with the fullest encouragement, was given also, Freedom of Development. What the growth has been, all know ; what it would have been with treatment less enlightened, most men may suspect.

We have nothing, here, to do with the changes which are impending on the British Schools of Art. These Schools are now some twenty years of age ; they have gained a sure hold upon the public sense ; are vigorous, thriving ; and the Government of to-day thinks that its helping arm might fairly, in some measure, now be shortened. There are grave doubts as to the expediency of this ; there has been hot discussion on the question, during the recess ; and, in the coming Session, the matter is sure to be so warmly argued, that it is still possible the old

system of liberal grants may be upheld. Here, in India, however, such questions affect us not. We have, here, a right to ask, at the hands of Government, for such consideration on behalf of the infant system of to-day, as, twenty years ago, was offered by the English Government to the sister system in its infancy at home. In India do, what England did; what England does; and what she only, after years of fostering care, threatens to do less fully, simply because such artificial culture now is needless. Endow liberally; choose the best men to work out the general scheme; give those men the fullest confidence; free them from needless checks on action; and there is good hope that Schools of Art may be as rife with benefit in India, as they have ever proved to be at home. That the work is noble, one which deserves a Government's best favour, and a People's heartiest sympathy, will hardly now be questioned. All Europe is of one mind here; and England, latest in the field, has bravely still made up for past shortcomings.

When one thinks how cultured are the men who now in India have the power to unclose the public purse, one cannot think that there should be the slightest hesitation as to granting freely for so grand an end. With persons of Taste so acknowledged, all arguments on behalf of Taste are needless. Fairly to state the need to such, implies on their part, an eagerness to meet it. But were things other than they are; were the Powers that be as grasping, as they are generous, one might, with triumph, point to the wondrous oneness here of all the great Financiers at home. One might turn, from the Chancellor that is, to him that is most like to be; and shew how the measured eloquence of Gladstone, and the startling figures of Sir Stafford Northcote on this one theme coincide. Coincide, in extolling the general worth of well-conducted Schools of Art; the worth to Trade, no less than Taste; the worth economic, no less than the worth æsthetic; the worth to the nation, no less than to certain of its members. The Age which has seen Trade freed from its fetters, is that which most has striven to improve its products. Trade may be left to regulate itself; but, within just bounds, to guard the rights of toil, to train the manufacturer, and to strive to raise the standard of the works produced, are aims which no wise Government would willingly forego. 'The same spirit of policy,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'which has taken from the producer the enjoyment of preferences, paralyzing to him, and most costly to the community at large, has offered him the aids of knowledge and instruction, by whatever means, whether of precept or example, public authority could command.'

W. GRAPEL.

ART. IV.—*Selections from the Calcutta Gazettes of the years 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787, and 1788, shewing the political and social condition of the English in India eighty years ago.*
By W. S. Seton-Karr, C. S. Calcutta: Military Orphan Press, 1864.

SOME months ago, whilst Mr. Seton-Karr, the President of the Record Commission, was taking a preliminary survey of the Records preserved in the various public offices in Calcutta, he found in the Home Department a series of quarto volumes entitled the *Calcutta Gazette and Advertiser*, commencing as far back as the 4th of March 1784, when Mr. Warren Hastings was still Governor-General, and running on to the commencement of the present century, when the Marquis of Wellesley was completing the foundations of that great British Empire in India which Hastings had begun. It appears that this *Calcutta Gazette* was published by a Mr. F. Gladwin; and in the second number it was announced that the Governor-General in Council had permitted Mr. Gladwin to issue a *Gazette* under their sanction and authority; and that heads of offices were therefore to publish in this paper all such announcements and notifications as might be ordered on the part of the Honourable Company. The result was that a heterogeneous mass of contemporary literature, belonging to the official and social life of Calcutta eighty years ago, has been preserved in one and the same serial, together with numberless curious and suggestive allusions to contemporary events which have long since become matters of history. Mr. Seton-Karr now appears to have examined the earlier volumes extending from 1784 to the end of 1788, and to have made such extracts as are likely to amuse and interest Anglo-Indians generally, as well as such English readers as pay attention to Indian affairs. These extracts, however, form something more than a mere attractive and readable volume, inasmuch as the work supplies some valuable material to the future Macaulay of India. The days, when mere narratives of events, enlivened perhaps with characters of individuals, were dignified with the name of history, are fast passing away; and thus the pretentious histories of the last century have become insipid after the graphic pictures of Macaulay and Thackeray. In a word, the modern reader requires to be fami-

liarized with the habits and customs of the actors both on and off the stage, as well as with the life and manners of the audience. In this respect our Indian historians have been hitherto lamentably deficient, and but too often have attempted to construct ideas of India out of the depths of their moral consciousness, as the German drew the camel, instead of photographing the people and the scenery. Mr. Mill's history, for instance, is very philosophic, and adorns most of our libraries; but where is the man who reads off a chapter with the gusto with which he would peruse the third chapter of Macaulay? and how even the story of the famous trial of Warren Hastings fades away into weariness by the side of the life-like and graphic narrative of the trial of the seven Bishops. Yet one story is capable of the same artistic treatment as the other, and might equally excite the sympathies of the present generation; and surely Mill might have invested such characters as Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, with at least the same interest as Macaulay has invested such men as Pemberton, Pollexfen, and Somers. But the fact is that Mill had never set foot in India, and was as incapable of judging of the conduct of Warren Hastings, as he was of apprehending the character of Native Princes; whilst his notions of Anglo-Indian society were gathered, not from any personal experience of Madras or Calcutta, but from the exaggerated accounts current at the time.

Mr. Seton-Karr's work thus fills up a void. It furnishes us with a pleasant view of Calcutta society, when our grandfathers were still young gentlemen in cocked hats, and our grandmothers were young ladies with elaborately dressed hair; and it deepens our historical impressions of the period when English Officers were still pining in the cruel dungeons of Tippoo at Bangalore; when a French Army was serving under the Nizam; when the Mahrattas were masters from Guzerat to Cuttack, and from Delhi to Mysore; and when the whole European community in India were occasionally thrown into fits of alarm, lest the British dominion should be overwhelmed by a confederacy of Hyder, the Nizam, and the Mahrattas.

Whilst thus brightening up such notions of Indian History as we may have derived from Mr. Mill's elaborate narrative, the Selections before us exhibit a curious and faithful picture of Anglo-Indian life at head quarters; of balls and theatricals, masquerades and concerts, assemblies and races, reigning toasts, bloody duels, and runaway slaves. In truth, it was a strange time, and strangely is it brought before our eyes in this motley chronicle. Suttees, comedies, a revolution at Delhi, a song

written by a European in Tippoo's prison at Bangalore, a notice of fifty people being found dead after a heavy rain on the road between Chowringhee and Russapugla, dacoits, addresses to Warren Hastings, addresses by Sir William Jones, burglaries, auctions, official notifications, raffles, houses to let, advertisements of hair dressers, riding masters, fencers, new books, and past or coming festivities,—all follow one another in endless variety, and many of them call up pleasant pictures of Calcutta society, and its effusive convivialities, in days which have long passed out of the memory of man. Before, however, attempting to describe the varied contents of these old world annals, we propose to test the value of the work as a repertoire of historical materials, and ascertain for ourselves how far Mr. Seton-Karr has added to the attractions of Anglo-Indian history.

The *Gazette* begins just when the administration of the Hon'ble Warren Hastings was drawing to a close ; and a review of the Indian career of this famous personage, spreading as it does over a period of some thirty-four years, would form a fitting introduction to the perusal of Mr. Seton-Karr's Selections. This, however, has been so elaborately executed by Macaulay, that we need do little more than note the salient points. Warren Hastings landed at Calcutta in the year 1750, and in the seventeenth year of his age. At that time the British Empire in India had literally no existence whatever. The East India Company possessed three extensive fortified factories respectively at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, each of which was the centre of other factories, from which cottons and other commodities were received for exportation to Europe, and through which coloured broad cloths, steel goods, and other European manufactures were sold to the neighbouring zemindars and military officers. Trade was thus the sole occupation of the Company's servants ; and the transactions of the Calcutta settlers with the native powers were confined to keeping on good terms with the Nabob of Bengal, and in doing the best that could be done towards defending the settlement at Calcutta against any stray incursion of the Mahrattas, who, both at that time, and for a long period before and after, were a terror throughout India, and were just as threatening in the direction of Fort St. George and Bombay Castle, as in the neighbourhood of that mysterious Mahratta Ditch, which our predecessors created but a little more than a century ago somewhere about the Circular Road, but of which not a vestige now remains. A war, however, between the English settlers at Madras, and the French settlers at Pondicherry, had already commenced in the south of India, in

which the rival Merchant Companies appeared as supporters of rival claimants for the so-called thrones of the Nizam of the Dekkan and Nabob of the Carnatic, and in which young Captain Clive gained his first laurels. In 1756, after six years' service in Bengal factories, Hastings learnt his first lesson in native politics. He had had some preliminary training in the Secretary's office in the Calcutta Fort. Thence he had been appointed to the factory in the neighbourhood of Moorshedabad, the residence of the Nabob of Bengal. In 1756, a young Nabob, at once childish and vicious, succeeded to the Government of Bengal. The ignorant Princeeling hated the English and longed to plunder Calcutta, and accordingly soon picked a quarrel with the English authorities. Suddenly he fell upon the defenceless factory in his neighbourhood, and Hastings found himself a prisoner. Immediately afterwards he marched on Calcutta, and whilst some of the English escaped on board the shipping in the river, the remainder were thrust into the dungeon known as the Black Hole, and were nearly all stifled to death in one terrible night in June.

If we were reviewing the life of Warren Hastings, instead of merely indicating the salient points in the early history of Calcutta, we should dwell upon the peculiar training which the young Civilian underwent at this period; a training which so strangely resembles that of more than one young Officer during the Mutiny of 1857. Being a prisoner at large, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Nabob's Court, he became transformed in a few hours from a Merchant's Clerk to a Political Agent. He dispatched information to the Calcutta exiles who had escaped to a small Island at the mouth of the Hooghly; and he was admitted into that secret conspiracy which terminated in the dethronement and death of the Nabob, and the ascendancy of the English in Bengal.

It was at this eventful epoch that Calcutta first began to assume the size and magnificence of an English city. At the time of the Black Hole tragedy in 1756 there existed the Fort, with a Church and large warehouses; but the houses belonging to the English were only seventy in number, and mostly lined the banks of the river. The native town lay, as at present, on the side further up the river; and the site now covered by the Esplanade, the Maidan, and Chowringhee, was a jungle, only partially cleared to make room for a few groups of huts thatched with straw after the same wretched fashion which still prevails in some of the purlieus of Calcutta, with here and there a few patches of grazing and arable land. Of course, during the rains,

the whole was interspersed with pools of stagnant water, and a deadly malaria was exhaled, which scattered fever and dysentery in all directions. The state of society under these conditions exhibited the striking contrast between the English and the Natives. On the one hand the Europeans but too often sought to shut their eyes to their danger by drinking and feasting, though, at a later date, they began to clear away the jungle and do something towards drainage. The natives on the other hand were as superstitious as in any other part of India, and practised in all their naked deformity those darker Turanian rites and sacrifices which are connected with the worship of Kali, and which belong to what may be called the primitive formation of Hindoo mythology, and can be traced back to a period when the more civilised worship of Vishnu and Siva was utterly unknown.

In the year 1772, just sixteen years after the Black Hole tragedy, Warren Hastings was appointed, after twenty-two years' distinguished service, to be Governor of Bengal. The factory had become the seat of an empire. After a few unsuccessful efforts to find a Nabob who could protect the country as well as squander its revenues, Clive had cut the knot by reducing the Nabob to a pageant, and taking Bengal, Behar, and Orissa under the Company's rule. The British now ranked as one of the great powers in India. The area of British rule was bounded on the north by Nepal and Bootan; and on the east it was separated from Burmah by a number of independent and barbarous tribes, who now, under British rule, are being converted, not to Christianity, but to Hindooism. West and south, however, lay those great powers which our forefathers held in partial dread. The large native State of Oude, which lay immediately on the western frontier of the British dominion, and which the Directors at home had fondly hoped might be converted into a rampart against the Mahrattas, was indeed fast sinking into that condition of effeminacy, weakness, and grinding oppression which invariably characterizes the rule of all Hindoo and Mussulman States under British protection, unless that protection is accompanied by an intervention of a somewhat more active form than mere advice or remonstrance. But still there were three powers, of no older date than the English Company, that were at times regarded with serious alarm. The Mahrattas, under different and not unfrequently conflicting rulers, were virtually the dominant power over that large territory which stretched from Oude in a south and westerly direction towards the Malabar Coast; and, indeed, would have been the masters of the Dekkan but for the Nizam; and masters of the whole Southern Peninsula, but for the

presence of Hyder in Mysore. Thus three great powers appeared prepared to contest with the English for the possession of India, namely, the Mahrattas, the Mussulman Nizam of the Dekkan, and the Mussulman freebooter named Hyder, who had managed to secure possession of the Hindoo kingdom of Mysore. Division was the source of the weakness of the Native powers, and, but for their constant wars and intrigues against each other, the English would have been unable to maintain their hold in Bengal. Thus even supposing that the Mahrattas had formed a united confederacy; that the Peshwa had been on terms of real union with Scindia, Holkar, and the Bhonslas of Nagpore; yet under these circumstances they could only bully from a distance and demand chout, for the moment a Mahratta army entered Bengal, the Nizam and Hyder might each be severally or jointly prepared to wipe off old scores by the invasion of the Mahratta territory. So too, if Hyder invaded the Carnatic, the Mahrattas would be on the move for Seringapatam and Bangalore; and the moment that the Nizam thought fit to help Hyder, another Mahratta army of marauders would be marching towards Hyderabad. Warren Hastings was thus compelled *volens volens* to adopt a secret and intriguing policy, which appears to us so undignified, and which appeared to the public at home so reprehensible. The principle of non-intervention was even more impossible of realisation in India than in Europe. Bengal was a rich and highly coveted territory, and there was nothing but fear of resistance from the Company's troops, or the influence of the fears already indicated, to prevent the advance of a Mahratta army at any moment. The theory of a balance of power was equally inapplicable, inasmuch as treaties with native powers had no intrinsic force; and no native ruler could understand our wanting an alliance with him, unless we were prepared to help him against some enemy with whom we wished also to be friends. Thus the Nizam was prepared to swear eternal friendship with the English, and at the same time to join Hyder in invading the Carnatic; whilst Hyder would only accept our friendship on the terms that we should assist him in fighting the Mahrattas. The policy of Hastings which Mill has represented as so dark and tortuous, and which Macaulay has represented as a mere matter of money, thus becomes clear and intelligible. He had to maintain as large a standing army as possible without bearing too heavily upon the revenues of Bengal, and therefore he quartered as many forces as he could upon the Nabob Vizier of Oude. He had to defend the territory of Oude, which the Nabob Vizier was incapable

of doing for himself, and this was another valid reason for maintaining troops in that quarter. He had also, if possible, to keep his three enemies at a distance without committing himself to offensive and defensive alliances, and therefore he carried on a secret correspondence with agents in all directions, in order that he might be fully informed of all intrigues threatening a confederacy against the English, and be able to counteract them by exciting the fears of one or other of the confederate powers. That some of the measures of Warren Hastings were unjustifiable cannot be denied, but should ever the whole truth come to light, it will be found that his errors chiefly arose from the fact that in the earlier part of his administration he was deceived and victimized by the Nabob Vizier, that in the notable instance of squeezing money out of the Begums he was nothing more than a cat's paw.

Whilst Calcutta had been thus transformed from a mere trading settlement into the capital of an empire, and whilst the Directors of a Company of Merchants began to rank as a sovereign power, the changes in the Company's servants were stranger still. The chief factors and merchants in the olden time had lived in a style of commercial splendour and respectability on the banks of the Hooghly, and had occasionally indulged in public and private entertainments, and in junketings on the river; whilst from their various adventures to China and the Islands, and the private inland trade which they enjoyed between Calcutta and the various ports up the river, they were generally enabled to amass, after a series of years, a very respectable fortune, and return home in peace and competency. But from the hour when Clive avenged on the plain of Plassey the outrage committed in the Black Hole, all was changed. One Nabob was changed after another, and at every revolution large sums fell into the hands of the principal merchants who served as Members of Council; whilst the inland trade became a gigantic monopoly, in which writers could save within a very few years fortunes equal to those which the merchants of the olden time had only been able to secure after a long period of servitude. Within a few years afterwards, when men who came out as merchants' clerks, were employed to collect the revenues, and otherwise administer the affairs of an empire, the additional prizes of corruption and perquisites were so enormous, that almost every man was tainted with the evil spirit. Meantime, the most absurd notions of the wealth of India began to spread in England; and every impoverished member of the aristocracy was anxious to send

out a son or near kinsman to Madras or Bengal. Young men with expensive tastes, but previously without the means for gratifying them, suddenly found themselves in this unhealthy capital with resources which seemed inexhaustible, and were impelled by the force of example, and by the extravagant charges which prevail in this most expensive city, to live at a rate which would have almost exhausted any resources, however large. In addition to this evil, Calcutta was already a Metropolis, and consequently the seat of Government, and seat of patronage and pleasure. Civil and Military Officers posted at distant stations in the Mofussil, where it was only too easy to hoard up rupees, and next to impossible to spend them, were but too glad to escape occasionally from the solitude of an isolated factory or cutcherry, to spend a few weeks of wasteful profusion and high living amidst the gaieties and dissipation of Calcutta. Against this universal extravagance the Directors at home preached and blustered in vain; for, with strange, though not uncommon inconsistency, the very men who were the loudest in enforcing economy and reducing salaries, were the men who in this country had enjoyed the most lucrative posts and realised the most princely fortunes. Sumptuary laws were productive of the usual results, aggravating the evil they were intended to cure. We shall see that at one time it was enacted that no Company's servant should be permitted to resign the service who could not swear that his private fortune was under a certain amount; a rule which seemed almost to promote wastefulness, inasmuch as it required those who wished to evade the law to get rid of any objectionable surplus before taking the oath.

With this preliminary sketch of the state of affairs in Bengal about eighty years ago, we proceed to review specially the subject matter in the *Gazettes*, extending from the beginning of 1784 to the end of 1788. The turbulent period of Warren Hastings' administration had passed away. He had no longer any opponents in Council, and even his inveterate enemy, Philip Francis, had returned to England, there, however, to gratify his implacable malice and passion for revenge. The great native confederacy which had threatened to overwhelm the English power had done its worst, but had now been broken up by the able diplomacy and energetic action of Warren Hastings. The danger, however, had really been of a most serious character, for the union of the great Native Chiefs had been almost accomplished. It had been arranged about the year 1779 that Hyder was to invade the Carnatic, whilst the Nizam entered the Northern Circars;

and that the Mahrattas of Poona were to threaten Bombay, whilst those of Nagpore entered Bengal and demanded chout. Hyder carried out his share of the arrangement by ravaging the Carnatic up to the very walls of Fort St. George. The Nizam dilly-dallied, but the Mahrattas were on the move. In that hour of extreme peril Hastings proved himself fully equal to the emergency. He dispatched Sir Eyre Coote against Hyder, and thus both checked the Mysore usurper and overawed the Nizam. He dispatched General Goddard through the heart of Hindoostan to hem in the Mahrattas of Poona. Meantime a large army of the Nagpore Mahrattas had invaded Cuttack, and were encamped in English territory; but Hastings sent a secret mission to the Rajah of Nagpore, and induced him to recall his forces from Cuttack and to withdraw from the confederacy. In the year 1784, which is now under review, Hyder was dead, and peace was concluded with his son Tippoo. The Nizam had settled down into a life of pleasure, and appeared to have forgotten the ambitious schemes in which he had awhile indulged. The Mahrattas agreed to terms of alliance, and for some years all was quiet and apparently secure, and the British power was respected and feared. The one plague spot in India was Oude, and there every evil which can possibly exist under oriental rule, had gathered to a head under British protection; and there it has continued to fester, until annexation became the only remedy for evils too great for any people to bear. Accordingly, early in 1784, Hastings determined on paying one last visit to the Nabob Vizier. He left Calcutta on the 17th February, and on the 27th March arrived at Lucknow. What transpired there is foreign to our purpose; but with the *Gazette* before us we can see what was the external appearance of Calcutta at the time.

During the absence of Warren Hastings, Mr. Wheler, a Member of Council, appears to have officiated as head of the Government. In March 1784 a great lottery was advertised of 400 tickets, at Rs. 100 each, with jewels for prizes, which is subsequently said to have been highly successful. A Mr. Tom Fatt, a Chinaman, also advertised the somewhat incongruous professions of clearing out tanks and making loaf sugar. In April Mr. Wheler gave a public breakfast at the Court House, after which he laid the first stone of St. John's Church, with the usual ceremonies. Next we learn that "Hamlet" was performed at the Calcutta Theatre with great applause. In May a commercial mission to Thibet *vid* Bootan was projected and announced. The same month it was announced that the prisoners, who had been confined by Tippoo with the utmost cruelty at Bangalore, consisting of

eleven hundred Europeans and between two and three thousand Sepoys, had finally been released ; and a subscription was immediately opened at the Bengal Bank for the relief of the sufferers. In June news arrived overland *viâ* Bussorah, that Mr. Fox had introduced his new India Bill, a proceeding which of course created great excitement. In July Lieutenant White died of a wound which he had received in a duel the preceding afternoon. The same month the Chaplains of the Presidency announced that, as the existing undertaker had neglected his duty, they had determined to support a Mr. James Palmer, who resided near Cossitollah, and in another advertisement Mr. Palmer gladdened the hearts of the Calcutta public with the news that he had 'laid 'in a stock of new and elegant coffin furniture.' In August appeared a poetical epistle from a lady in Calcutta to a friend in England, from which we make the following extract as descriptive of Calcutta life :—

' Dear ————— down I'm set,
 ' Here to discharge my scribbling debt.
 ' How shall I paint the plagues I bore,
 ' To reach this so-much-talk'd-of shore ;
 ' What hours of sickness, spleen, and hip,
 ' Pent in that odious thing, a ship ;
 ' What rocks and storms to raise one's fear,
 ' What broad discourse constrain'd to hear,
 ' With calms and swells so teased and tumbled,
 ' With such strange folks together jumbled !
 ' Well, thank my stars ! those plagues are past,
 ' A social air I breathe at last.
 ' A little close I must confess 'tis,
 ' Where Sol's broad beam a constant guest is.
 ' And yet, dear girl ! this place has charms,
 ' Such as my sprightly bosom warms !
 ' No place, where at a bolder rate,
 ' We females bear our sovereign state.
 ' Beauty ne'er points its arms in vain,
 ' Each glance subdues some melting swain.
 ' 'Tis true the foe's not very stout,
 ' Nor form'd to hold a combat out ;
 ' So flimsy this exhausted race is,
 ' Threadpaper forms, and parchment faces.
 ' But stay, let me reserve my rhyme,
 ' To shew you how I spend my time.
 ' After a sultry restless night,

' Tormented with the hum and bite
 ' Of pois'nous insects out of number,
 ' That here infest one's midnight slumber,
 ' I rise fatigued, almost expended,
 ' Yet suddenly when breakfast's ended,
 ' Away we hurry with our fops
 ' To rummage o'er the Europe shops :
 ' And when of caps and gauze we hear,
 ' Oh ! how we scramble for a share !
 ' Then should some two with keen desire
 ' The self-same lace or fringe admire ;
 ' What sharp contention, arch remarks,
 ' Whilst tremb'ling wait our anxious sparks.
 ' What smart rejoinders and replies,
 ' Whilst lightnings flash from gentle eyes :
 ' Let Prudes declaim on ease and grace,
 ' This animates a charming face,
 ' This sets the blood in circulation,
 ' And gives the town some conversation.
 ' At table, next, you'd see us seated,
 ' In liberal style with plenty treated.
 ' Near me a gentle swain, with leave
 ' To rank himself my humble slave.
 ' Well, here I know I'm at my task,
 ' Ten thousand things I know you'd ask,
 ' As " what's his shape, his size, his face ?"
 ' His mind and manners next you'd trace.
 ' His purse, dear girl ; the custom here
 ' First points to that ; so *en Premier*
 ' A Chief, my Strephon was before,
 ' At some strange place that ends with *pore*.
 ' Where dext'rously he swell'd his store
 ' Of lacks, and yet is adding more.'

* * * *

Immediately after the poetry the public are informed that the comedy of the 'Clandestine Marriage' had been performed to a very full house with great applause, and that they intended bringing out the 'Merchant of Venice.' In September the subscribers to the Calcutta Assembly arranged for a series of entertainments to commence in November. The doors were to be opened at half-past seven in the evening, the minuets were to commence at half-past eight ; supper was to be served at half-past ten ; and dancing was to commence immediately after

supper: two country dances and a cotillon being continued alternately through the evening: no hookahs were to be admitted upstairs. In October Mr. Wheeler died. In November Mr. Warren Hastings returned to Calcutta, and on the 9th December gave a public dinner, followed by a Ball, in honour of His Majesty's Birthday.

The great event at the commencement of 1785 was the final departure of Warren Hastings to England, previous to which a great meeting was held at the Harmonic Tavern to present him with an address, which was subsequently duly presented and graciously received. Mr. Hastings was succeeded by Mr. Macpherson as Governor-General, and Mr. Macpherson commenced the task of reduction and economy with all the gust of an immaculate statesman on large pay; and as a preliminary it was announced that any Civil Servants who liked might return to England for three years on half pay, and at the end of that period, if they did not wish to return to Bengal on the reduced rates of salary, they were graciously permitted to resign the service. No man, however, was to leave for England unless he previously declared upon oath that his fortune did not exceed the undermentioned sums:—

Senior Merchant	Rs. 28,000
Junior Merchant	„ 24,000
Factor	„ 19,200

For those servants who are thrown out of employ through the abolition of their offices, the following allowances were to be granted:—

Senior Merchant, not married	Rs. 800 per mensem.
Ditto, married	„ 1,000 „
Junior Merchant, not married	„ 600 „
Ditto, married	„ 800 „
Factor, not married, and quarters	„ 300 „
Ditto, married, and quarters	„ 500 „

These allowances were subsequently disallowed by the Court of Directors as being too liberal. No senior merchant was to be allowed more than £400 per annum, no junior merchant more than £300, and no factor or writer more than £200, and, moreover, the interest of their private fortune was appropriated towards making up these small amounts of pension.

Shortly afterwards the following rates of passage and accommodation were laid down for the voyage out and home, and these rates were not to be exceeded, or any further gratuity given, directly or indirectly.

For every Cadet entertained at the Commander's table, by the Commander's consent or the Company's order	£ 60
For Writers, Lieutenants, and Ensigns, each,,	80
For Factors and Captains	100
For Senior and Junior Merchants and Majors, &c.	100
For a Lieutenant-Colonel	120
For a Member of Council, or Colonel...	150
For a General Officer	200

Any Commander taking a further sum than here laid down, was to forfeit treble the amount, and the fine was to be paid over to the Poplar Hospital.

In February 1785 a suttee took place near Chandernagore. The horrible story is recorded at length in the *Gazette*, but we need not notice the particulars, which are all of the usual character; a poor girl terrified into submitting to her fate in that agonizing moment when she has just lost her husband, then intoxicated with *bhung* and adorned with flowers, and finally bound to stakes and burnt alive.

Meantime the reduction of salaries seems to have created much uneasiness, but for some months masquerades and entertainments seem to have been as numerous as before. There was, however, an outcry against the increased rates of wages granted to domestic servants, and the rates of 1754 were compared with those of 1785 as follows:—

‘Copy of rates of wages recommended by the zemindars of Calcutta to the President and Council, for their approbation and concurrence, in the year 1754—

‘Messrs. Bechar, Frankland, and Holwell, zemindars.

	Rs.	As.
‘ Consumah	5	0
‘ Chobdar	5	0
‘ Head cook	5	0
‘ Coachman	5	0
‘ Head female servant	5	0
‘ Jemadar	4	0
‘ Khidmutgar	3	0
‘ Cook's first mate	3	0
‘ Head bearer	3	0
‘ Second female servant	3	0
‘ Peons	2	8
‘ Bearers	2	8
‘ Washerman to a family...	3	0

		Rs.	As.
' Washerman to a single gentleman	...	1	8
' Syce	...	2	0
' Mushalchee	...	2	0
' Shaving barber	...	1	8
' Hair-dresser	...	1	8
' Khurtchburdar	...	2	0
' House mally	...	2	0
' Grass-cutter	...	1	4
' Harry-woman to a family	...	2	0
' Ditto to a single gentleman	...	1	0
' Wet-nurse	...	4	0
' Dry-nurse	...	4	0'

Present monthly wages in Calcutta (1785.)

		Sicca Rs.
' Consumah	...	10 to 20
' Chobdar	...	6 to 8
' Head cook	...	15 to 30
' Cook's mate	...	6 to 12
' Coachman	...	10 to 20
' Jemadar	...	8 to 15
' Khidmutgar	...	6 to 8
' Head bearer	...	6 to 10
' Bearer	...	4 0
' Peon	...	4 to 6
' Washerman to a family	...	15 to 20
' Ditto to a single gentleman	...	6 to 8
' Syce	...	5 to 6
' Grass-cutter	...	2 to 4
' Mushalchee	...	4 0
' Barber	...	2 to 4
' Hair-dresser	...	6 to 16
' Khurtchburdar	...	4 0
' Metrany	...	4 to 6
' Wet-nurse, besides cloths, &c.	...	12 to 16
' Aya, ditto ditto	...	12 to 16'

In September 1786 the Earl Cornwallis arrived at Calcutta and took up the office of Governor-General. The *Gazette* this year is by no means of a cheerful character. The impeachment of Warren Hastings had commenced at home, and created great excitement in Bengal. The Nawab of Bengal visited the Governor-General at Calcutta, and was shewn over the Fort, on which occasion a shell burst to the temporary disquiet of the illustrious

party, but seems to have caused no particular damage. The Nawab subsequently gave an entertainment in return at his house in Chitpore. Dramatic performances and assemblies appear to have continued; but the advertisements are more than ever taken up with houses to let, at sums varying from Rs. 300 and 400 per mensem to Rs. 800 and 900, as though people in general were becoming more economical, and left off residing in such large dwellings.

In 1787 we have an address delivered at the opening of the Sessions by Sir William Jones, which would be just as applicable to the state of affairs now as it was to the state of things then. We give the notification in full:—

‘The Sessions opened at the Supreme Court on Saturday last, when Sir William Jones delivered the charges to the Grand Jury in a very eloquent speech, replete with humanity and sound sense. He pointed out the extremely deficient state of the Police in Calcutta, and adverted to the instance of a Greek merchant, who not long ago was desperately assaulted by four ruffians in masks, none of whom had yet been apprehended. The number of arrack shops and the houses of the thannadars (which, he had been told, were the receptacle of gamblers and drunkards,) he considered as amongst the principal causes of the number of thefts and murders which swelled the calendar.

‘He mentioned how little the evidence of the lower natives could be depended on, and recommended the most solemn form possible for administering oaths, and wished that offenders, upon conviction of perjury, might be most severely punished, as an example to others.

‘He concluded by recommending to the Jury to enquire into any complaints against the Jailor for cruelty or oppression in loading them with irons, or extorting money, that no reproach might lie against Government or the Nation, and to render the loss of liberty as light as possible.’

The same year a new pukka bazaar was completed in Fort William. The old bazaar must have been a nice place if one may judge from the following description:—

‘The plan of a new pukka bazaar in Fort William, as intended by Sir John Macpherson, and laid out by the Chief Engineer, is now completed, with many extensive improvements under the eye of the Commandant, whose cares seem to extend to the repair of every defect, and the correction of every abuse within the Garrison. The new shops in this bazaar are all registered,

'and the tariff of rates so precisely fixed, and under such 'nice checks, as to prevent every imposition of the native ; 'none are retained in it without a special license of the Com- 'mandant, and previously subscribing to all the rules and 'restrictions within which he has thought proper to confine 'their conduct.

'The old bazar, composed of an irregular and confused heap 'of straw huts, not only collected filth and threatened contagion, 'but proved in fact an asylum for every thief that escaped the 'hands of justice in Calcutta : robberies were of course daily 'committed, without the possibility of detection, and the ser- 'vants of Officers corrupted and seduced either by example, or 'the easy opportunities offered them of disposing of the property 'of their masters ; while a dark arcanum of roguery was to be 'met with in every corner of the bazaar, and an alchymist 'ready, who could, without any decomposition of its parts, con- 'vert, by a few strokes of the hammer, a silver spoon into a pair 'of bracelets in a trice.

'All the straw *choppers** in Garrison have been levelled, and, 'it is said, the demolition of several other posts and temporary 'places erected for the use of the Engineers is in contempla- 'tion, as being of no real benefit to the Service.'

This year there was a tremendous storm, which is described at full length, but for which we must refer the reader to the *Sele- c- tions*. Indeed it is scarcely necessary for us to indicate more than the character of the subject matter, whilst it would be impossible to exhaust the numerous and varied topics which are started on every page. There are, however, some points deserving of notice. Thus, amidst the polish which characterised society, and the evident taste which prevailed for books, pictures, and the drama, the general ignorance and credulity are truly surprising. Fancy a paragraph like the following appearing in a modern Calcutta newspaper :—

'Whether a want of curiosity, or a neglect to communicate 'what is deemed generally known, has occasioned the silence of 'travellers, we know not ; our readers, however, may be many 'of them ignorant, that at Oudh, near Fyzabad, is a tomb of 'Seth, (Adam's third son,) twelve feet long.

'Sujah Dowlah's father repaired the tomb, and one of Job's, 'adjoining it. Not more than a mile from these tombs, is a 'fragment of Noah's Ark ; perhaps by examining the wood, 'whether of Oak or Teak, we can ascertain whereabouts it was

‘built, or discover a timber for ship-building more durable than either of these.

‘The man who preserved these antiquities enjoys a jaghire, which has devolved to him from a thousand generations.’

Again, how our predecessors in this malarious City of Palaces managed to go through such a round of night dissipation seems a marvel. True, we may gather that the exhausted race of beaux with their ‘threadpaper forms and parchment faces,’ were no favourable specimens of manhood, but how such exhausted characters could manage to attend such balls and masquerades, assemblies, harmonic meetings, and theatres, after a heavy day’s work, seems a marvel to a generation that goes to sleep as soon after nine o’clock in the evening as can be conveniently managed. But it seems that the social habits of that period were altogether different from our own; then people dined at one, or two o’clock in the day, and enjoyed a comfortable siesta afterwards, so as to wake up fresh for a ride or drive, a little dance or supper, and then the customary midnight jollification. Thus the Secretariat Offices opened at nine o’clock in the morning, and were closed at twelve o’clock or half-past one in the middle of the day, according to the season; and then if there remained any further work to be done, it was done in the evening, and on dispatch nights every office in Calcutta was alive. Whether the unfortunate officials of the present generation, wearied with the constant exercise of the brain in a heated temperature, would not be all the better for early dinners and light siestas, is a question which we leave to the faculty to solve. Could we become a Viceroy for a few hours, as Abou Hassan was a Caliph for a day, we, too, would try the effect of opening offices from seven or eight to twelve or one, rather than from ten to four or five; and leave extra work for the evening. Judging from the mortality which still prevails, we are doubtful whether the brain work of the present day be not more injurious to health and happiness, than the undue conviviality of society eighty years ago. At any rate, we trust that the day is not far distant when our social economists may succeed in discovering the happy mean.

One point more we may mention, and then our task is done. In August 1788 the news of the Revolution at Delhi was published in the *Gazette*. This story is half forgotten now, or is only obscurely alluded to in the pages of the historian. The *Gazette* account is also very imperfect, but a detailed and authentic narrative may be found in a journal drawn up in

Persian by an eye-witness, and translated by Jonathan Scott ; and whilst reflecting on the state of European society eighty years ago, it may not be amiss to glance at the horrors which were transpiring under native rule during that fearful interval of anarchy, when the Empire of India was passing away from its former possessors. The unhappy Mogul Emperor, Shah Alum, had for years been a mere puppet in the hands of Scindia, but about this period Scindia had driven the Rajpoot Chiefs into an insurrection, and a savage Rohilla chief, named Gholaum Kadir, marched to Delhi and subjected the unhappy Emperor and his family to the most grievous afflictions. The inner apartments of the harem were ransacked ; the ladies were scourged with whips ; princes were beaten with clubs ; and Gholaum Kadir stabbed out the eyes of Shah Alum with his own dagger ; whilst Princesses and others died of sheer starvation. The subsequent revenge which was exacted for these cruelties was even more horrible than the original outrages. The acts of Gholaum Kadir strengthened the hands of Scindia, who thereupon returned to Delhi, and mutilated the chief in a manner so horrible that we shall not describe it, and then sent the unhappy wretch to Shah Alum, but the latter fortunately died before reaching his destination. But this second revolution afforded but little relief to the unfortunate Shah Alum. He lived for many years afterwards in utter blindness and hopeless misery under the doubtful protection of the Mahrattas, until rescued by Lord Lake in 1803.

Such was India in the olden time, and we can only express the hope that a few more publications similar to that of Mr. Seton-Karr may appear in due course ; so that in time the history of India may cease to be a mere narrative of forgotten campaigns, and become a faithful picture of that Native and European life, which is fast passing away, as well as a just exponent of that generous line of policy which has continued with but few breaks down to our own time.

- ART. V.—1. *Can India be colonized by Europeans? Reports from the Select Committee on Colonization and Settlement (India); with the Minutes of Evidence taken before them: 1858.*
2. *Could the Natives of a Temperate Climate colonize and increase in a Tropical Country, and vice versa?* By Arthur S. Thomson, M. D. *Transactions of the Medical and Physical Society of Bombay for 1843.*
3. *A Brief Review of the means of preserving the Health of European Soldiers in India.* By Norman Chevers, M. D. *Indian Annals of Medical Science: 1859.*
4. *On Ethno-Climatology; or the Acclimatization of Man.* By James Hunt, PH. D., in the *Report of the Thirty-First Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Manchester in September 1861.*
5. *Introduction to Anthropology.* By Dr. Theodore Waitz. Edited by J. Frederick Collingwood, 1863.

THE question—*Is it physically possible to colonize India by Europeans?* comes home, in some way or other, to the feelings or the interests of every man dwelling between Cape Comorin and Peshawur. The enterprising speculator, the world's pioneer, seeks in Assam and Cachar, in the Dhera of the Dhoon, upon the slopes of the Himalayas, of the Neilgherries and the Shevaroy Hills, for lands, which, although now waste and of low value, promise, hereafter, under the skilled labour of the British agriculturist, to become the sites of such tea plantations as China never saw, and of cinchona forests, in comparison with which the ill-regulated and failing bark-supplies of the Peruvian Andes will be but as withered leaves and rotten wood. The English mother, as she gazes—how possibly for the last time in this life—on the sweet little white face and tearful eyes of him who, yesterday, was the tyrant and the darling of a Mofussil bungalow or a Calcutta mansion, now ranged with some fifty other troubled little white faces down at the Outer Floating Light, around the tables of our Toynbees and our Daniells, turns away from the fatherly assurance of the kind seaman's voice, and sobs, 'Has God set apart no place in India, where my child might 'live?' Our Government—deeply conscious of the terrible fact that, in their European Army stationed here, every regiment has

lost, by death, on an average, a company,—one bayonet in every ten,—every twenty months during the last hundred years,—is earnest in seeking out cool and elevated spots, where their troops may be advantageously posted out of the fierce rays of the sun and above the range of the deadly fever-steam.

It is known to this benevolent Government that, in the barracks of the Plains, the mortality among their soldiers' children, of pure European ~~race~~, more than trebles that frightful death-rate which prevails among the infants of the poor at home. They, therefore, at the instigation of Henry Lawrence, maintain schools for soldiers' children at Sanawur, Murree, Mount Aboo, and Ootacamund, and are, we believe, deeply solicitous to save many more of these little brands from the burning, and to rear them in the Hills to become, hereafter, wielders of their fathers' arms.

The same Government, perceiving how greatly the extensive introduction and wide diffusion of an European industrial element in India would tend to develop the vast and still almost uncomputed resources of this country, equally to the benefit of the natives and of ourselves, seek anxiously to ascertain whether there are not extensive tracts of country in the three Presidencies, where the stout agriculturists of Britain may form colonies, and fields, and homes, and rear around them a race at least equal to themselves in vigour and intelligence.

Thus it will, we think, be perceived, even from these few and very scanty illustrations, that there are not many amongst us whom this question, as to the practicability of colonizing India by Europeans, does not practically concern.

Wherever a nation has assumed a forward place among the dominators of the world, it has become a centre of immigration. It has sent forth its armies to conquer new lands; and, in those subjugated territories, it has established, on a more or less extended scale, commerce, its own standard of civilization, its language, its arts, and often its religion.

In eliminating these first elements of colonization, we begin to perceive the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty in placing swords in men's hands. Here the natural development of God's ordinance provides that, at no distant period, the falchion of the invader becomes changed into the reaping-hook of the colonist.

All the nations with whose histories we are fully acquainted have been peopled by a succession of what may be termed immigrant waves. Everywhere, whether by warlike invasion or peaceful immigration, race has followed and supplanted race.

Into Britain flowed successively, during a course of centuries, the armies and the colonists of the Roman, the Dane, the Saxon, and the Norman, dispossessing and supplanting the Celt, (who clearly owed his origin to some race of Aryan strangers from the East,) and driving him into the remote mountainous fastnesses of the land.

In India, the Turanian (doubtless, himself, an interloper from the North and East,) has been, in like manner, displaced by the early Aryan, the Hindu, and the worshipper of Mahomed, among whose descendants the power of England has, for the last century, been paramount.

The text-word of the world's history is PROGRESS. Throughout all time we perceive mankind ever pressed forward by a Divine impetus towards a standard of perfectibility fixed by the All-Wise.

Our Faith and our Science combine to teach us that the life of the world is, like our own lives,—finite.

As it has been ruled that intellectual man shall, in passing from his cradle to his grave, accumulate knowledge, experience, skill, the power of fitting his mind for that immortality which is its sure inheritance, so the spirit of the world, emerging from infant barbarism, steadily advances, by arms, by arts, by civilization, and by the spreading of the True Faith, towards that happy millennium which has been promised as the crown of its green old age.

Like the life of the world, and the life of every man and animal inhabiting it, the life of every nation (with perhaps one exception) is but a finite thing. Excluding the instance of that peculiar people, the Jews, we find all historical experience demonstrating the fact that every nation, be it strong or weak, has its period of infancy and also its term of senility—upon which, sooner or later, its political death ensues.

Carrying on the analogy, without at all overstraining it, we may say that Colonization and Settlement are to the nation what birth, marriage, and death are to the individual. The first shout of the immigrants, when they see stretched before them the plains of that promised land towards which they have travelled from afar, is the same as the first cry of the infant at its birth, the first self-gratulatory murmur of the heir when he enters upon his inheritance. The extensive settlement of foreigners in a nation is that nation's marriage, whereby it extends its alliances, whether for good or evil, and, by an intermingling of races, either improves or deteriorates its population. Again, if any law in the history of mankind can be looked upon as fixed

and certain it is this:—Whenever a country becomes the seat of extensive and successful colonization, its former occupants, with the exception of a scattered remnant, speedily die out. The old man passes away, and the heir reigns in his stead.

Whether this last result be the development of an immutable natural law, or the avoidable issue of certain errors on the part of the conquerors and the conquered is, however, a questionable point, which we are not called upon to discuss here.

What may be termed the instinct of colonization,—that impulse to go forth, discover, and conquer, and then to multiply in and replenish new territory,—has been implanted by the Creator in all animated beings.

As surely as the fledgeling, conscious of possessing the gift of flight, casts himself from the nest and spreads his pinion to the breeze, as certainly do many of the tall sons go forth from the castle and the homestead, never to meet sire and mother again, until fame and fortune have been won, or until, at the sounding of the last trump, the sea shall give up its dead, and the voice of an archangel shall call over the muster-roll of those who have died in battle for their countries' cause. That same power, which sends the dragon-fly from the alders to hover above the mill-stream, and to spend the few bright hours of its existence among the wild flowers on the other bank, mans our navy and recruits our army. The same God-implanted instinct which, yearly, leads hundreds of delicately nurtured children to tear themselves from their mothers' arms and to dare the sufferings and the perils of a seaman's life, urged Humphrey Gilbert—ever intent upon the discovery of a North-West passage to India—forth upon his last voyage, and prompted his dying cry in that dreadful tempest which swallowed up his ship—'Courage, my lads, we are as near heaven at sea as on the land.' This noble instinct, we may be assured, sustained Franklin and the learned, brave and devoted men who accompanied him upon his quest straight into the unknown region of eternal snow, right onward even unto death.

A practical-minded modern writer states the case very much as it stands, being content with the fact without troubling himself about the reasons, when he tells us that 'It is the genius of our restless, discontented English nation to go blundering about the world like buffaloes in search of fresh pasture.'

This migratory spirit has ever been most actively aggressive among the young, the strong, and the ardent of the dominant races. It assumes every form, from the noblest to the basest,—patriotism, ardour for conquest or for the propagation of

religion, scientific zeal, independence, curiosity, daring, love of travel and adventure, ambition, cupidity, the greed of gain. Divested of this instinctive migratory spirit, this stirring of the Viking blood, no country could ever assume the position of a military, naval, or mercantile power.

We need not occupy much time in explaining the broad, practical difference which exists between *Settlement* and *Colonization*. The settler enters a foreign country as a guest, sometimes as an intruder, or, at least, distinctively as an alien. The colonist goes in and occupies as an invader or an heir.

Settlement is, of course, colonization on a small scale, and the less frequently runs into the greater.

In these remarks, we shall understand that the *Colonist* is one who, adopting a new home in a foreign country, determines that he and his children's children shall continue to inhabit that land as their own proper and permanent abiding-place. We shall consider that the *Settler* is one who merely holds himself to be a bird of passage, a foreigner, and temporary sojourner, still belonging to his native country. The Pilgrim Fathers, who, in 1619, landed from the Ship *Mayflower* on Plymouth Rock, in Massachusetts Bay, were colonists. We Britons, who pass a certain number of our years in India with an energy proportioned to our expectation of being allowed to die at Home, are settlers.

No race can be regarded as colonists in a land, the climate of which is such as to preclude them from fully engaging in field labour.

It is a very remarkable and certain fact that the Creator has laid down a system of purely physiological laws, (into which we, as ethnologists, are only now beginning to obtain an insight); which laws most potentially limit and control man's power of settling in and colonizing foreign lands.

For the sake of practical illustration, these laws, or rather their manifestations, may be divided into three leading classes.

1. Those which freely permit and encourage Settlement and Colonization.
2. Those which utterly prohibit either Settlement or Colonization.
3. Those which, permitting Settlement, absolutely forbid Colonization.

Let us briefly consider these laws in detail. *First*, those which freely permit and encourage Settlement and Colonization. The strongest type of these laws may be found in those passages of Scripture which lay down the conditions under which the people of Israel, emigrating from Egypt, colonized the Holy Land.

Behold I have set the land before you, go in and possess the land.—*Deut. i. 8.*

The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land.—*Deut. viii. 7.*

I will give you the rain of your land in due season, the first rain and the latter rain, that thou mayest gather in thy corn and thy wine and thy oil.—*Deut. xi. 14.*

Then will the Lord drive out all those nations from before you and ye shall possess greater nations and mightier than yourselves.—*Deut. xi. 23.*

Every place whereon the soles of your feet shall tread shall be yours.—*Deut. xi. 24.*

There shall no man be able to stand before you, for the Lord your God shall lay the fear of you and the dread of you upon all the land that ye shall tread upon.—*Deut. xi. 25.*

By little and little I will drive them out before thee, until thou be increased and inherit the land.—*Exod. xxiii. 30.*

The Lord God of your Fathers make you a thousand times as many more as ye are, and bless you, as he hath promised you !—*Deut. i. 11.*

There shall not be a male or female barren among you, or among your cattle.—*Deut. vii. 14.*

Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the field.—*Deut. xxviii. 3.*

Blessed shall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy ground, and the fruit of thy cattle, the increase of thy kine and the flocks of thy sheep.—*Deut. xxviii. 4.*

In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven and as the sand which is upon the sea-shore.—*Gen. xxii. 17.*

And the Lord will take away from thee all sickness.—*Deut. vii. 15.*

Your threshing shall reach unto the vintage, and the vintage shall reach until the sowing time, and ye shall eat your bread in the full, and dwell in your land safely.—*Levit. xxvi. 5.*

I will rid evil beasts out of the land, neither shall the sword go through your land.—*Levit. xxvi. 6.*

It will here be seen that the Creator, from whose liberal hand flow all the blessings of life, strength, health, and wealth which we enjoy, favoured the physical circumstances of his chosen people, the Jews, in a preternatural manner upon their entrance into the Land of Promise. The extremely rapid increase of the immigrant race is, however, even in the present day, the leading test of success in colonization. Thus we are told that England doubles the number of her people in about one hundred

years, Scotland in about one hundred and fifty ; in America, not many years ago, they were being doubled in about twenty-five years ; and it is reckoned that, in less than ninety years, if the rate of increase which prevailed before the present lamentable war continues, the American population will be more than two hundred millions. We, however, know that, whenever a country becomes adequately peopled, the rate of increase in its population abates. In 1790 the United States contained less than four millions white inhabitants. In 1840 this population had risen to upwards of seventeen millions. The rate of immigration into the United States from Europe was quite inadequate to account for this great and rapid increase.

Some idea of the manner in which the population increases in healthy and prosperous colonies may be obtained from the following obituary notices which appeared in one page of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1791 :—' 1789, at Northampton, ' in Massachusetts, in North America, aged ninety-two, Mr. Josiah ' Clark. He was the youngest of eleven children (six sons and five ' daughters), three of whom lived to be above ninety, four above ' eighty, and three above seventy years of age. From the six ' sons only have descended 1,158 children, grand-children, and ' great grand-children, of whom 925 are now living.

' December :—At Dedham, in Massachusetts, aged ninety-two, ' Captain Ezra Morse. He had 262 descendants, of whom 216 ' survived him, and of these, thirty-five were of the fifth genera- ' tion, several of whom have reached their fifteenth and sixteenth ' years.'

At present this remarkable law of prosperous increase is said to be most remarkably prevalent in California.

We cannot but think that a study of the laws of population in thriving colonies, to which we have now so slightly alluded, would lead Bishop Colenso to qualify much that he has so confidently stated, especially in his 17th Chapter, on ' The number of the ' Israelites at the time of the Exodus.'

In alluding to the fact that, under their admirable system of discipline, the Roman soldiers maintained health and vigour in all climates, including parts of Asia and Africa, Gibbon remarked that ' man is the only animal which can live and multiply in ' every country, from the Equator to the Poles ;' this truth has to be received with many and considerable qualifications.

It is unquestionable that, even under the most successful circumstances of colonization, as for example in the great European colonies of North America, Australia, and the Cape of Good Hope, the later colonial offspring display a very general and

manifest tendency to degenerate physically from the robust and vigorous type of the original parent stock. This falling off is principally displayed in deficiency of muscle and remarkable slenderness of figure, and in that tendency to the early decay of the teeth, which renders the profession of dentistry so flourishing an undertaking in most of the Colonies.

It is, indeed, held by some very high authorities that the races of men can thrive and permanently maintain themselves only in those localities to which they appear originally to belong. There is a foundation of truth in this idea, but we think that the rule can only be rigidly applied to those who colonize regions, the climate of which is very different from that of their native land. A very able writer thus states the extreme view—‘Is the Spaniard thriving in South America, the Celt or the Saxon in the Northern half? Is there true Colonization in India? Does the English-man flourish in the islands of the Gulf of Mexico? Could the Negro inhabit Lapland, or could the Northman long flourish on the Senegal or Gambia? Is the Red Man fitted for a large portion of the Western Hemisphere, and does the White Man wax strong amidst the forests of the Far West? Is the standard of health as high among the inhabitants of the Union as it is among their progenitors’ [brethren?] ‘in the British Isles? To point to quarters of the globe at present peopled by races foreign to the land, and apparently flourishing commercially, as facts opposed to such doctrine, is to be open to the reply that annually into these countries have been and still are imported thousands upon thousands of immigrants representing some of the best blood of the colonizing stock. To be able to form a satisfactory conclusion, this constant replenishment must be arrested, and a sufficient length of time allowed to elapse to enable us to see how the foreign race could then propagate and maintain itself in its adopted clime. We believe it would fail and generally die out, and that the period would come, however distant, when the Saxon would no longer be found in Australia, in Kentucky, in Tennessee. Again, we all know that, in the usual places of resort of Europeans within the tropics, the aliens can continue to reside with comparative impunity if moderate caution be adopted. But this is all, whether it be the Rio Formosa or the Rio Colorado, Ashantee, or Madras, whether it be Bengal or Jamaica, Cape Town or Canada, Hispaniola, Chili, Cuba, or Peru, no true European stock can *permanently* colonize the place. We have held India for more than two hundred years, yet we cannot colonize an inch of it. We have planted the white man in America, and there he degenerates!’

It is strikingly remarkable to how very short a distance, whether north or south of his own proper habitat or ethnic circle, man can remove without sustaining considerable detriment. In the paper on *Ethno-Climatology*, the title of which stands at the head of this article, Dr. James Hunt shewed that the English, when sent to any part of the Mediterranean, suffer far more than in England. It has been proposed to locate British troops at the Mediterranean stations for a time before they proceed to India. This authority suggests that, under such an arrangement, the soldier might gain some advantage in acquiring those habits of caution which a hot climate demands, but he, with great show of justice, apprehends that, if the troops were located in the Mediterranean for a few years before coming to India, the mortality would be far higher when they arrived here, as a large proportion of the men would land with deteriorated constitutions.

Having thus given a mere glimpse of the laws which govern Colonization and Settlement in their more successful aspects, we shall now allude to those which utterly prohibit either Settlement or Colonization.

All countries in which there is much of that deadly poison or miasm, generated in marshes, which gives rise, in its mildest and simplest form, to ague, and in its more concentrated and pernicious developments to dysentery, remittent fever, and cholera, are peculiarly unfavourable to strangers. Thus it very rarely indeed happens that any stranger, whether Native or European, fails to suffer, more or less, from illness during the first month of his sojourn in Calcutta. There are tracts in the Himalayan Terai country where, although the aboriginal inhabitants contrive to exist, all settlers from outside either die or are driven out by disease. Other parts of the Terai are absolutely uninhabitable, and can only be entered at certain seasons. Most of our readers must retain stamped upon their memories Lord Macaulay's last great word-picture,—his narrative of the Darien calamity in 1699. Lured on by the brilliant speculations of an honest but over-ardent financier, and by very narrow historical research chiefly into the accounts of missionaries and pirates, who appear to have visited Darien only during the healthy season, and to have described it as a paradise, unaware or regardless of the warnings contained in the works of Hakluyt and Purchas, which shewed that Darien was noted, even among tropical climates, for its insalubrity,—twelve hundred seamen and colonists embarked from Leith in the summer of 1698, determined to form a settlement upon that narrow isthmus which unites the North and

South American continents, their design being to construct roads along which a string of mules or a wheeled carriage might, in the course of a single day, pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, concentrating in that point the whole traffic between India and Europe, thus securing what Sir John Dalrymple called 'the Gate of the Oceans,' and wholly obviating the necessity for the tedious and dangerous voyage to India and China round the Cape of Good Hope. They reached their destination in November, and established their settlement of New Edinburgh on a small peninsula. The accounts of the first settlers were so encouraging that, in the following August, thirteen hundred more adventurers embarked to join them. Two months later, it was known in London that the Colony of New Caledonia was no more, and that only a few men, broken alike in spirit, fortune, and constitution, had found their way to New York, muttering the tale of a destruction only surpassed by that which the waters of the Red Sea concealed from light. During the cool months which immediately followed their landing, but few deaths occurred; but, before the equinox, pestilential marsh fevers became prevalent, and the deaths gradually increased to ten or twelve a day. Those who were not laid on their beds were so broken by disease as scarcely to be able to move the sick and bury the dead. The shattered remnant embarked on three ships. Upwards of three hundred and ninety persons died on the voyage to New York. Meanwhile, the second expedition reached Darien about four months after the first settlers had fled. 'They had,' in the words of the great historian, 'expected to find a flourishing young town, secure fortifications, cultivated fields, and a cordial welcome. They found a wilderness. The castle of New Edinburgh was in ruins. The huts had been burned. The site marked out for the great capital, which was to have been the Tyre, the Venice, the Amsterdam of the eighteenth century, was overgrown with jungle and inhabited only by the sloth and the baboon.' They, however, re-occupied the ruins and commenced repairs. 'The months which immediately followed their arrival were,' we are told, 'the coolest and most salubrious of the year.' But, even in those months, the pestilential influence of a tropical sun shining on swamps rank with impenetrable thickets of black mangroves, began to be felt, and the mortality was great. Before the end of March they were compelled by the Spaniards to evacuate their settlement. They departed early in April, having lost by disease, in the four healthiest months of the year, three hundred men out of thirteen hundred.

We have evidences of the fact that, where a sufficient number of human lives have been expended in the destructive labour of improvement, spots quite as pestilential as New Caledonia have been made inhabitable; but this has no special bearing upon the point in question, as, practically, it is impossible to form settlements, much less colonies, in such localities.

We shall now, in considering the developments of those laws, which, permitting settlement, absolutely forbid colonization, begin to deal with the question immediately before us;—the Settlement and Colonization of India by Europeans.

It has been truly remarked by Dr. William Aitkin, that the white races reach their highest physical and intellectual development, as well as most perfect health and greatest average duration of life above 40' in the Western and 45' in the Eastern Hemispheres; and that, whenever they emigrate many degrees below these lines, they begin to deteriorate from increased temperature, either alone or combined with other morbid influences incident not less to change of climate than to habits of life. In a tropical climate, like that of India, the European is literally, ethnologically, and physically, an 'Outsider' and 'Interloper.' He is, in no sense of the term, a colonist. He is scarcely even a settler; because he can never permanently settle down in a climate, the nature of which is so absolutely inimical to himself and his progeny. He must ever be an 'adventurer' in the land, adventuring his life with the absolute certainty of having a greater or less portion of it curtailed by the slow or rapid destructive influence of a climate to which his constitution can never thoroughly adapt itself. It was long believed that this adaptation of the constitution to climate, or acclimatization, was a law of nature constantly operative among settlers in tropical climates. But no European ever becomes truly acclimatized in India; the shock of the first change from a cool to a hot climate has to be got over, and many, by learning the proper mode of living in the country, enjoy better health after a few years' residence than they did on first landing; but, as a general rule, the rate of mortality increases in proportion to the length of residence in India.

In like manner, Dr. Armstrong and others (as cited by Mr. James Hunt) have observed that Europeans resist the cold of the polar regions better the first year than they do the second, and that every subsequent year they feel the effects of the climate more. Further, Dr. James Hunt has amply proved, by statistical evidence, that, as age increases, so does the mortality in any place out of the native land of a people.

The injurious influence of tropical climates is not at all confined to the human race; the lower animals share it equally. English dogs, horses, and kine are generally unhealthy and short-lived in the East and West Indies, and their breeds cannot be maintained.

We shall consider as proved and granted the facts that the mortality among Europeans in India largely exceeds the Home rate, and that the annual death-rates from the most prevalent diseases, such as dysentery, inflammation of the liver, cholera, and pulmonary consumption, are, by a very large amount, higher among our European troops in this country than they are among the Sepoys.

We have already hinted that no body of men deserve to be regarded as colonists in a country where, feeling themselves incapable of enduring the necessary toil and exposure, they are compelled to engage the services of the natives of the soil in that field labour, without which the existence of a community can nowhere be maintained.

Few men can regard themselves as absolutely independent of the assistance of their fellow-men, but if there is any human being in the world who ought to feel that, to live, he must, under Providence, be absolutely self-reliant, it is the colonist—the opener out of new lands. Recently a local journal, in commenting upon some judicious but by no means novel views lately propounded by Dr. Lewis upon the restorative influence of the sun's rays in certain diseases, remarks:—‘We have always thought that soldiers in India, and indeed Europeans in general, are too much afraid of the sun, and would be far more robust if they exposed themselves to its rays more than they do. It is not the sun that kills our men in India, but the seclusion to which they are restricted to avoid its effects, and the course of diet they pursue.’ Here the remark on diet is not without justice, but the writer falls into the great mistake of confounding the sun's light with the sun's heat. The unwise experiments here recommended have been tried in India only too frequently. In their results they have resembled those of the man who attempted to keep his horse without food, and of the Czar Peter, who imagined that children could be inured to drinking sea-water. Just as the experimenters began to grow most sanguine, those experimented upon died. Hear what Dr. James Hunt has lately said on this point:—‘Many writers have observed that, with the natives, those most free from disease are those who toil all day in the burning sun with no covering at all to the head. Ignorance as to the difference of race has induced some commanders to attempt

'thus to *harden* the Europeans, with results something frightful to contemplate. One of the regiments that had been longest in India, the Madras Fusiliers, is stated to have been reduced from eight hundred and fifty to one hundred and twenty fit for duty.' Many similar cases have been produced by needless exposure. Mr. Jeffreys says that 'Her Majesty's 44th Regiment, in 1823, were 900 strong, and a very fine body of men. The Commanding Officer insisted that confinement of the men during the day was *effeminate*, and continued drilling them after the hot season had begun. But the men suffered the penalty of the officer's ignorance.' 'For some months,' says Mr. Jeffreys, 'not less than one-third, and for some weeks, one-half of the men were in hospital at once, chiefly with fever, dysentery, and cholera. I remember to have seen, for some time, from four to ten bodies in the dead-room of a morning, many of them specimens of athletes.'

Every medical man who has seen much practice in India knows that natives are frequently killed by sun-stroke, and we may take it for granted, that nowhere in India, whether in the Shevaroy Hills, at Ootacamund, or in the Dhera of the Dhoon, will any circumstances of season, temperature or altitude justify us in employing Europeans continuously in field labour.

One of the chief impediments to the colonization of India by Europeans is the almost absolute impossibility of raising healthy children in the plains. Nearly every one understands this, practically and painfully, and the following illustrations of the fact are, doubtless, familiar to many of our readers.

According to Major-General Bagnold, the oldest English Regiment, the Bombay 'Toughs,' notwithstanding that marriages with British females are encouraged, have never been able, from the time of Charles II. to this time, to raise boys enough to supply the drummers and fifers.

In giving evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the affairs of the East India Company in 1832, Colonel Charles Hopkinson remarked that, when he was a subaltern in his Corps, it was his custom and duty to go round the places where the Europeans lived, to see that they were comfortable, and had got their houses and streets clean. In going there so frequently, he had an opportunity of seeing children in great numbers of pure European blood, yet, as long as he had been in the service, *he could not recollect above one instance where one of those children attained maturity.* The circumstance made a deep impression on him, and, for many years, he made enquiries on this subject, but he never could

ascertain that, in any Corps, the children ever lived; if they did, many would then have borne arms or been serving in the public offices. This struck him the more forcibly from the circumstance of many young men who have come out as recruits in the artillery, wanting to get their discharge, to obtain which it was necessary a substitute should be provided. Now, if any, even a very small, proportion of those children born had lived to attain the age of maturity, there would have been no difficulty whatever in getting substitutes; but he never knew or even heard of one single instance, in the Madras establishment, where one was so procured, or where a man born in India, of pure European blood, ever attained an age sufficiently mature to be taken as a substitute.

So long ago as the year 1835, Dr. Twining, of Calcutta, published the question, 'Does the third generation of the European race exist in India, all the individuals being of pure European descent, and having been born and reared in this country?' This plain question has been known, probably, to every medical man throughout India for nine and twenty years. Many medical officers long engaged with European troops and attached to invalid depôts, have, to our knowledge, been greatly interested in its investigation, but, in no single instance has it ever been answered in the affirmative.

Of late years, much has been done to improve the condition of the European barrack children in the Military Stations of the plains of India, and the facts above stated and many others of equal significance led to the institution of those noble charities, the Lawrence Hill Asylums. We have, however, already shewn that, in the plains, the mortality rate among the barrack children is enormously high. (Here we must bear in mind Mr. Simon's remark,* that 'it cannot be too distinctly recognized that a high local mortality of children must always necessarily denote a high local prevalence of those causes which determine a degeneration of race'), and it is much to be doubted whether, in its politico-economic point of view, the experiment of bringing up soldiers' children in very remote hill stations, at a cost for which gentlemen's children could be boarded and educated for professions in Europe, can fairly be regarded as any part of a working system of true colonization.

Many of the details contained in the periodical reports of the Lawrence Asylum are very interesting and encouraging. Thus,

* Preface to Greenhow's Papers on the 'Sanitary Condition of England,' cited by Dr. Moore, of Bombay.

in that of the Mount Aboo School, for the year before last, it is mentioned that only three children have died there in nearly eight years, during which the strength of pupils ranged from twenty in 1855, to from fifty to sixty in 1860-61. The general appearance and development of the little ones are said to display the beneficial results of their sojourn in so favourable a climate. During the year under report two of the eldest boys, aged fifteen and a half and sixteen years, were provided for, and two girls were married at the respective ages of sixteen and seventeen years.

On the other hand, the cost of this experiment must again be adverted to. It cannot be anticipated that the average of European colonists in India could afford to pay, say £20 to 25 annually, for the maintenance of each of their children in the Hills. Those who could do so would much prefer to send their children home. Two years ago, Mr. Walker, of Bombay,* shewed that the revenue of the Byculla, Poonah, and other Bombay Schools would afford £22 11s. 7d. per head annually, and argued that, with such a revenue as this, the soldiers' children could be well fed, clothed, and educated in a fine healthy part of Yorkshire, where food, fuel, and clothing are cheaper than in any other part of the world. The experiment of the Lawrence Schools is so new that we are still not in a position to judge how far the children brought up in these isolated spots, within or not many degrees above the tropic line, will equal their English cousins in mental and bodily vigour. In writing on the climate of the Neilgherry Hills, Dr. Mackay remarks—'Children brought up here, apparently strong and healthy in their youth, in after years shew constitutional weaknesses, and this I have observed to be the case particularly with females.'

Further, it is greatly to be feared that the best of our Hill Sanitaria will, the longer they are occupied, and the more the various insanitary influences almost inseparable from residence within very limited spaces accumulate about them, lose much of that reputation for great salubrity, which, in every one of them, with the exception of Darjeeling, Nynce Tal, and Murree, is already on the wane. The extra-tropical hill Sanitaria of the Bengal and Bombay Presidencies generally afford but little dwelling space for large bodies of men, and we have strong medical grounds for believing that, should these localities ever become overcrowded, maladies partaking of the most malignant characters of the diseases of both cold and tropical climates will attack the settlers.

* The *Times of India* for November 25th, 1861, as cited by Dr. W. G. Moore, of Bombay.

In the mountain Sanitaria of Madras, the pernicious influence of a fierce tropical sun, which no elevation or atmospheric rarefaction can wholly counteract, will always prove an insuperable obstacle to Europeans seeking to maintain themselves by labour in the open air.

It is by no means certain that the climate of these great altitudes would, in the long run, prove favourable to any race, whether European or Native, immigrant from plain countries. It is known that, although the native Peruvian thrives and remains free from pulmonary complaints at an altitude from 7,000 to 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, such altitudes, as in Quito, are frequently destructive to the white.* D'Orbigny goes so far as to assert that in Peru, at the altitude above mentioned, the form of the trunk is changed by the influence of respiration, the body is short but compact, whilst the inhabitants of the damp lowlands are more slender in form. Recognising the fact that the anatomical construction and physical constitution of every animal is distinctly adapted to that habitat in which Providence has located it, we have the strongest doubts whether any people, coming from the plains of Europe, could successfully colonize the mountains of India.

The world has never yet seen a truly successful attempt to colonize, in anything like an adequate sense of the term, a tropical district by Europeans, and here it must be borne in mind that all the extra-tropical country of our three Presidencies is visited by an almost more than tropical heat and by the worst tropical diseases. The only instance of the apparent success of such an undertaking is that of the Spaniards, who have been, for many generations, settled in tropical America. The evidences of this success, however, are neither strong nor encouraging. Upon this question Dr. Hunt has the following very striking remarks:—"Some authors think that the question of the European propagating himself in the tropics has been settled by the fact that, for three centuries, the Spanish race has lived and thrived in tropical America." Mr. Crawford says:—"The question, whether the European race is capable of living and multiplying in a tropical or other hot region, seems to have been settled in the affirmative on a large scale in America. Of the pure Spanish race there are, at present, probably not fewer than six millions mostly within the tropics. But it is a wholly gratuitous assumption, unsupported by facts, to suppose that anything like this number of the Spanish race exist in America. If

* Waitz.

“ ‘we were to read for Mr. Crawford’s ‘millions’ the word
“ ‘thousands,’ we should, perhaps, be nearer the truth. In
“ ‘Mexico, it is estimated that there are not more than ten
“ ‘thousand of the pure race, reckoning both Creoles and immi-
“ ‘grants.* What a small proportion is this to those who left
“ ‘their native land and have never returned again! For three
“ ‘hundred years Spain has poured out her richest blood on her
“ ‘American Colonies, almost at the price of her own extinction,
“ ‘without the slightest prospect of being able to establish a
“ ‘Spanish race in Central America. Never was there a greater
“ ‘failure than the attempt of the Spaniards to colonize tropical
“ ‘America. Those who have watched the gradual change of
“ ‘the Spanish Colonies must be convinced of the fallacy of
“ ‘quoting this as a case of successful colonization of tropical
“ ‘countries by Europeans. When the continual influx of new
“ ‘blood from Spain was taking place, the change was not so much
“ ‘observed; but now immigration has ceased, the pure Spanish
“ ‘race is diminishing rapidly. All recent observations show
“ ‘that the Indian blood is again shewing out in a most remark-
“ ‘able manner. Instead of the Spaniards flourishing, there
“ ‘seems every prospect of their entire extinction, unless fresh
“ ‘blood is sent from Europe. The extinction of the Spanish race
“ ‘in America was likewise predicted, more than twenty years ago,
“ ‘by Dr. Knox. There is no doubt that this result has been
“ ‘greatly owing to the mixture of Spanish and Indian blood.’ ”

The evidences of the fact that the European race degenerates miserably in South America are overwhelmingly strong.

Many years ago, M. Pauw stated that the Creoles, descending from Europeans and born in America, though educated in the Universities of Mexico and Lima, and of *Collegio de Santa Fé*, have never produced a single book. The Creoles, both of North and South America, he adds, come to a maturity of intellect, such as theirs is, more early than the children in Europe; but this anticipation of ripeness is short-lived in proportion to the unseasonableness of its appearance; for the Creole falls off as he approaches to puberty; his vivacity deserts him, his powers grow dull, he ceases to think at the very time that he might think to some purpose; hence it is commonly said of them that they are already blind at the time that other men begin to see.

* It has since been asserted, in the Cortes, by Don Pachero, that the pure Spanish race in Mexico does not amount to more than eight thousand. In 1793, Humboldt estimated the pure Spanish race, in New Spain, to consist of 1,200,000.

Dr. Waitz has accumulated a vast mass of proofs to the same effect. We shall quote some of his facts, omitting the references for the sake of brevity :—

‘ In the plains of Cordova and San Luis (Argentine Republic) the pure Spanish race predominates ; the young females are frequently of a white rose colour and delicate structure. Yet living in a state of isolation, the Spaniards have not exhibited greater activity and a stronger tendency to civilisation than the Aborigines of that country. The German and Scottish Colonies south of Buenos Ayres, with their flourishing and neat villages, form a decided contrast to the former. The white settlers south of Buenos Ayres are scarcely less rude and barbarous than the Indians. Criminals and the scum of all nations who take refuge among them instruct them in all that is wicked. Many cruelties and devastations are committed by these lawless men, over whom the Indian Chiefs have no authority. The Creoles of the La Plata States are almost as godless and dirty as the Indians. To construct windmills is beyond their mechanical talent, and, notwithstanding the great fertility of the soil, there is no garden to be seen on the high road from Buenos Ayres to Barraquitos. Except in the villages there is no cultivation of the soil. To catch lice is the chief amusement of the women, who offer them to strangers as dainties. They are dirty beyond measure ; they are even deficient in curiosity. A similar description is given of the inhabitants of Tucuman. The Indians of Rioja are simple-minded, sober men, whose disputes never lead to bloodshed ; they are more industrious and persevering than the Spanish Creoles, and their festivals never exhibit the same coarseness which distinguishes those of the Creoles. Many of the common utensils and tools of the Chilians, carts, looms, ploughs, are extremely clumsy, scarcely better than those of the Indians ; the axe is chiefly used, the saw but little. They are outdone by the superior agriculture of the Araucarians—they are very cleanly in their persons, they bathe several times daily, and by their cleanliness in the villages the Indians of the Tropics in America contrast with the immigrant South Europeans. In the vicinity of Talcahuano (Chili) D’Urville found such miserable dirty huts, that they could scarcely stand comparison with the habitations of the Polynesians. Helus, after describing the indolent habits of the Creoles of South America, adds, ‘ The Indians are the only industrious class in the country.’ The colonists in the Llanos of Curacas are too lazy to dig a well, though they know that they could find the finest springs at the depth of

ten feet. Even at this day there may be found in New Spain flourishing Indian villages and a well cultivated soil, near miserable villages of white Creoles. Ploughs are there in use made of wood without any iron, and are always drawn by oxen, never by horses; and the Spanish Californians, whom Simpson has described as lazy and degraded, still avail themselves of a miserable plough and the canoe of the Indians. In Brazil the structure of bridges is neglected even on the high road from Rio Janeiro to Villa Rica, and agriculture is carried on according to the model of the Indians. The forest is burnt down: they sow, reap, and abandon the land after a few harvests. The Brazilian peasant, especially in the central and northern provinces of the Empire, is both lazy and proud; he despises labour as dishonourable, he cares little for habitation and dress, suffering rather from heat and cold. His religious ideas, his belief in wood-spirits and other spectres, is as absurd as that of the Botocudes. The children of the Portuguese settled in the Sertajo grow up indolent and become prodigal; their farms fall into decay. Ignorance and superstitious belief in witchcraft, spectres, and amulets are universal; they have lost all the dignity of human nature, and only pass from their apathy to the grossest sensuality. Though pacific and hospitable, they are devoid of any intellectual or moral activity. Women and gambling form the sole objects of interest, and there are here some few Portuguese refugees who have forgotten religion, the knowledge of the use of money, and even of salt.

In Goyaz it is not much better; the colonists are enervated by early excesses; concubinage is so common amongst them that a married man is an object of mockery. Poverty is prevalent; their indolence is remarkable; fraud, especially falsification of the gold, is general. Something similar may be found in other mining and gold districts. The thirst for gold and labour is succeeded by wealth and prodigality; then succeed enervation, misery, poverty, and all vices. There has, for a long time, existed in the islands Fernando Noronha a Portuguese criminal colony. No trace of agriculture is visible there, nor is any amelioration of their miserable condition thought of. The people smoke, gamble, or lie in their hammocks; they have but a miserable ferry-boat, so that Webster exclaims in astonishment:—'Is it possible that these people are the progeny of the seafaring Portuguese, who were so eminent as navigators?' In Africa the condition of the Portuguese is equally miserable. On the West Coast, where they settled in the sixteenth century, they have intermixed with the Negroes,

'and are pretty numerous ; they live in forests ; and it is their influence which obstructs the progress of the Siberia Republic among the Negroes. The indolence of the Portuguese on the east coast of Africa nearly equals that of the Negroes ; their chief object is an existence which may be attained with the least possible effort. The horrors of their dominion and of their own degeneration are described by Omboni. In Angola, they have introduced no other agricultural implement but the hoe ; and manioc, which affords but small nutriment, is still the chief vegetable aliment. The condition of the Europeans in the Banda Islands is but little better. Nearly all the Spanish and Portuguese Colonies rival each other in proving how little these nations are able to spread civilization in other regions ; since, separated from their native country, they are not even capable of preserving the culture they have brought with them. The English and the French have, in this respect, proved more successful ; but this superiority can only partly be ascribed to the superiority of the original stock, and to the care of the Government of their mother-countries to keep up the intercourse of the Colonies with the civilized world. Nevertheless we learn that, in the Mauritius for instance, the population of which is chiefly French, the condition of agriculture before the advent of the English (1810) was as bad as in the Spanish Colonies ; ploughs were scarce, and the fields were not manured.'

Dr. Waitz adds :—'It may be objected that several of the instances cited referred to mixed populations and not to pure Europeans. Still it must be admitted that, even in these cases, the European blood, despite the improvement of the race which is usually ascribed to its infusion, has not proved its efficiency in raising the breed one step above the condition of the aborigines ; and that even in such cases there was no intermixture, or a very slight one, the degeneracy of the population was nearly the same. The assertion that the European alone is capable of taking the initiative in civilization, and that the impulse thereunto is a peculiarity of the race, must, after the quoted facts, be considerably modified, for they prove, at least, that the white man is not much less dependent on external circumstances in his progress towards civilization than the black man. This is plainly shewn when we consider man in his individual capacity.'

In discussing this Spanish American Colonization question, it has always been considered that, in all probability owing to the strong interfusion of Moorish blood in Spain, the Spaniards,

like all the other dark Europeans, endure the heat of the tropics better than the white Europeans do. Colonel Flinter, long ago, observed that the Spanish soldier suffers less, and the British soldier more from the effects of the West India climate than those of any other nation. This, he considers, may be partly attributed to the climate of Spain being warmer than that of England. Judging by latitude, which, however, is not always a valid criterion, residence in Mexico ought not to be more trying to a native of Madeira than removal to Kamptee would be to a Sikh of Lahore.

In the present day, it is needless to devote much time to the argument that the increase of a mixed race in India would prove a failure both ethnologically and politically. Such races are never vigorous. Dr. Waitz shews that the half-breeds of Negroes, Indians, and Whites in Panama, are very prolific between each other, but cannot easily rear their children, whilst families of pure blood are less prolific, but bring their children up. The progeny of Chinese by Malay women in the East Indian Archipelago are said to die early. According to Dr. Yvan, the children of the Dutch and Malay women in Java are said to be only productive to the third generation. They are well developed up to the fifteenth year, when they remain stationary. In the third generation chiefly daughters are born, and these remain barren. It is also asserted that the children of Europeans in Batavia become frequently sterile in the second generation.

It was shewn in the *Calcutta Review* for September 1858, that,—while the respectable and provident portion of the East Indian community of Bengal are, at certain ages, subject to a less rate of mortality than that which prevails among any other class of Christians in India,—the mortality rate among members of the Uncovenanted Service Fund between the ages of twenty-six and fifty years was by no means favourable as compared with English rates, being 20·78 in the thousand. The mortality rate among East Indian ladies between the ages of fifteen and sixty-eight is higher, being 22·55 per mille.

The above facts and comparisons lead us to the conclusion that India comes fully within the category of those regions, which, permitting settlement, absolutely forbid colonization by Europeans. If it be considered a fact, proved on ethnological data, that it is physically impossible that our race should colonize India in the strict sense of the term, it, of course, becomes needless to waste time and argument in enquiring whether it would be either wise, humane, or profitable to attempt such a measure upon a national scale.

There can, however, be no doubt whatever that the extension of European *settlement* in India is one of the most interesting and important questions of the day. There is, undoubtedly, a great call for European settlers in India. And, with the assistance of native labour, abundance of profitable work lies before them in directing the clearance of jungle in Oudh and the Dhoon, in rearing cinchona trees on the slopes of the Himalayas and the Neilgherries, and in coffee and tea planting in Assam, Cachar, Darjeeling, and Kumaon. This measure, while it will tend vastly to confirm our power in India, will, strictly conducted, prove a large source of good to the natives of the soil, by the employment and agricultural teaching of multitudes of labourers, and by increasing the value of vast tracts of land which, at present, lie waste in the occupation of Zemindars. It is also to be borne in mind that the influence which is most inimical to the health of Europeans in India is the ill-distribution of trees and water throughout the country. Jungles and swamps are the main sources of Indian pestilences ; the want of trees in the plains of Upper India, as barriers against the hot blasts from Sahara, was fully recognised and profitably remedied, for a time, by the ancient native rulers. By judicious clearing, planting, drainage, and irrigation, India may still be made what similar measures had rendered the lands of Babylon when Herodotus viewed them, the garden of the World, possessing a not disagreeable and tolerably healthy climate, in which European settlers may expect to lead industrious, pleasant, and happy lives in their plantations, sending their children home for education and re-invigoration, and calling them hither again, at full age, to become their successors in the land.

The men of England have been called to India by Divine mandate for many works, among which the systematic colonization of the country is not one. Industrially our mission here is to develop Indian enterprise, and to lay open the rich resources of the country. Morally, we are called upon to teach and civilize the people. To succeed as settlers in any land, we must first decipher from historic evidence those laws which the Father of All has legibly recorded for the governance of the dominant races when settling among rude and heathen people. The buccaneering settlers of ancient times neglected the true aims of colonization, and they reaped the fruit of their evil labours in disappointment and curses. We see Hernando Cortez in his progress towards Mexico, El Dorado acting like a magnet upon every sword-blade in his Company, coveting whatever he saw, grasping whatever he coveted,

exchanging collars of glass for armour and carkanets of beaten gold, burning the villages which refused to victual him, empowered only with the falsehood that to his master 'the monarchie of the universall did appertain,' and with the jibe that 'hee and his fellowes had a disease of the heart, whereunto gold was 'the best remedie.'*

About a hundred years later, we see Walter Raleigh going forth upon the same search for Mexican gold, professing, and probably with sterling truth, a desire to deliver the Indians from the tyranny of Spain, but ever intent upon 'the Star that directed him 'thither,—the great Guiana mine,' with utter disregard to the prior rights of the Spaniards, retorting upon those who accused him of piracy, 'Did you ever know of any who were pirates 'for millions? They only that wish for small things are 'pirates,' and, at the very last, encouraging his men with the cry, 'Come, my lads, do not despair. If the worst comes to the 'worst, there is the Plate Fleet to fall back upon!' Cortes sinks a heart-broken and disappointed man at the feet of the Monarch whom he served better than he served his God. Raleigh, beyond all comparison the noblest spirit of his time, ends that most brilliant and most disastrous career on a scaffold in Old Palace Yard, vainly attempting to prove to the gaping crowd that he had striven to live an honest man.

Certain lands have been, providentially, baited with gold, palm oil, diamonds, pearl-oysters, not that greedy men should flock thither, and, having filled their hands, their pockets, their chests, and their ships, return home to enjoy the profit or the plunder, but rather that, with the tide of trade, the wise, the pious, the educated, the largely humane should be attracted thither to spread among the people of the soil, whom their Father loves well, commerce, religion, civilization, agriculture, arts.

Thus England reads her duty in the present day, her religion and her policy alike teach her that the first principle of colonization and settlement is to render those subject nations for whom she legislates more virtuous, wiser, healthier, more prosperous, happier than they ever were before our standard was planted on their shores.

All revelation and all history combine in teaching us that the power of conquest and its inseparable attribute, the duty of civilization, are the Almighty's chief instruments in working out the moral and social advancement of mankind.

* Purchas, his *Pilgrimage*.

From age to age these have, manifestly, wrought together. Wherever the angel with the drawn sword has sped forth, the angel with the open book has followed—at an appointed time. Our rulers know and act upon these principles, let us who throng hitherward with our swords, our learning, and our arts, be careful that we do not forget them.

ART. VI.—*Sir Charles Trevelyan and his Budget.*

THE Budget system is now fairly established throughout the length and breadth of our Indian empire, and it must be admitted that few administrative changes have proved so productive of good. Five years ago the finances of India were hopeless, only because they were unintelligible. Like the accounts of a household after severe domestic affliction, little was known beyond the fact that there existed a heavy amount of liabilities and an entire absence of ready money, whilst it was apparent to every Native and European mind that the excess of expenditure over income was daily aggravating the evil. The sheet anchor of the old Indian Financiers in those days lay in that mysterious treasure known as the cash balances, which nobody rightly understood, but which were expected to form a very handsome set off to the Indian debt, had any machinery existed for rendering them available for the purpose. Certain accountants too of large imaginations indulged in vague dreams of the vast savings which would be effected by the non-payment of pensions to the mutinied sepoys. But even these assets proved to be singularly small when brought under critical review, and accordingly a reduction of the public expenditure was sagely determined upon. It is difficult to estimate the patriotic efforts which were made in this direction. A band of severe and inflexible economists commenced the task of discharging office peons, stopping punkahs, and compelling office clerks to write on half sheets of foolscap instead of whole sheets. At last it became evident that new taxes were desirable, but then arose the difficult questions who and what were to be taxed? To tax the Natives seemed a difficult operation, as there was little, if any thing, to tax but their clothes, and a tax upon these would have reduced whole classes to a Paradisean simplicity and uniformity. So the European and East Indian communities were selected as the victims, and a prohibitory tax was laid upon some of their pleasantest little vanities, such as jam and pickles, beer and ladies' bonnets. The results were extremely mortifying; every body was dissatisfied, the imports rapidly declined, and the amount raised was a trifle.

Yet did these feeble and tentative efforts arise from no want of ability in our Indian administrators, but simply from pressure exercised at home. In olden times, when India was six months from England, we should have tided on by means of loans, until

some vigorous Governor-General began to apply the shears to the military expenditure. Such was the precedent established at the end of the last Mahratta war; and old warriors still remember how the deficit created in the days of Lord Hastings was endured till the administration of Lord William Bentinck. But in 1859 the aspect of Indian affairs had undergone a complete change. Victories had been achieved, but no fresh territories had been conquered. The Home Government, which had ever regarded India with eager eye, suddenly wrested the empire from the Company, and in the true commercial spirit sought to raise the public credit by the announcement that the Crown would take up the direct administration of the country, but declined to be responsible for the Indian debt. The ablest men in this country and at home, amongst whom Lord Stanley was pre-eminent, still expressed the most hopeful views of Indian resources, views which we need scarcely say have been more than realised. But the Whig opposition held that India was in a state of hopeless insolvency, and exercised such a pressure, that the Government of India was literally forced into premature action; and under these circumstances, and while their eyes were not quite clear from the mists with which the great mutiny had overcast them, it is not surprising that errors should have been made, that measures of reduction and taxation which were to prove utterly futile should have been proposed, that erroneous balance sheets should have been sent home, and that Government should have borrowed five millions more than were required.

But if mistakes were made in India, those made in England were infinitely greater. Philanthropists clamoured for the repeal of the salt tax, moralists wished to give up the opium duty, political economists urged the repeal of the land tax, whilst reckless irrigationists pressed upon the Government to borrow a hundred millions or thereabouts for the purpose, as far as the lay mind could judge, of damming up all the rivers and flooding the country. Then arose the outcry for a home-made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir Charles Trevelyan, then Governor of Madras, had pointed out as early as 1859, that the introduction of the Budget system, and the reduction of the overgrown military expenditure, would suffice to place the Indian finances on a sound footing. But public opinion must be respected, and in 1860 the late Mr. James Wilson landed at Calcutta as Indian Chancellor. Mr. Wilson's merits were his own, and require no acknowledgment here; his errors were such as any English-bred statesman would naturally commit. His

grand panacea for the depressed state of the Indian finances—an income tax and a license tax—was an error of this class. True, he took the opinion of certain native Zemindars upon the subject, but few of these have minds capable of grappling with a foreign idea such as that of an income tax, while a sense of politeness, and a desire to avoid offence, would lead a native gentleman to acquiesce in the opinions of an English statesman of such reputation as Mr. Wilson, especially upon a point which he could not understand. It was thus by means of his personal reputation, by the prestige which accompanied his appointment, by his declaration that there was no other course to pursue, and that the native aristocracy were prepared for the measure, combined with the financial pressure, which enabled Mr. Wilson to carry his Income tax into effect. At the same time the Budget system which had been recommended by Sir Charles Trevelyan a year previously, was fairly initiated.

It was at this epoch that the direful collision took place between Sir Charles Trevelyan and Mr. Wilson. The character of Sir Charles Trevelyan is less easy of apprehension than that of the purely English Financier, inasmuch as it has been formed in many and widely different schools. Sir Charles was for many years a Bengal Civilian in civil and political employ; he was afterwards for twenty years a Secretary in the Treasury at home; and since then he has been Governor of Madras and Financial Minister at Calcutta. Few men have been more misunderstood, and few have received more undeserved blame or unintelligent eulogy; and perhaps a brief statement of facts may not be without its use in arriving at a clear conception of the measures and policy, as well as the personal idiosyncracies, of a statesman who is destined to fill so prominent a place in the history of the period through which we are now passing. His early career as a Bengal Civilian was passed within that interval of profound peace, which is still one of the most remarkable periods in the annals of British Indian administration. In 1826 the last smouldering embers of the Mahratta war were trampled out at the capture of Bhurtpore, and twelve years passed away before the public tranquillity was disturbed, the national progress was arrested, and the British prestige seriously damaged by our senseless interference in the affairs of Cabul. In truth, those were halcyon days; the British Government was generous and just, and the British name was honoured and revered throughout the length and breadth of the land. Perhaps there was a superabundance of sentiment, and a gushing Pecksniffian tone which has not altogether passed away, but the tran-

quillity was undoubted, and the reconciliation of the subject races was real and progressive. This was the school in which Mr. Trevelyan passed his first years of public life, and those who can remember him thirty years ago, when the young Deputy Secretary in the Foreign Office was equally enthusiastic in the cause of education, Roman alphabets, and abolition of transit duties, speak of him as being even then apparently destined to hold a high position in the public service of India. This prophecy has been fulfilled—but not in the way expected, nor to the fullest extent. Mr. Trevelyan became overshadowed and over-influenced by Mr. Macaulay, and began to weary of Indian life, and to turn an eager eye to English politics. This to some extent was unfortunate for himself. Sir Charles is a master of the pen, but no public speaker; and in England oratory is essential to success, whilst a reputation is chiefly gained in India by a clear and ready pen. But then Sir Charles possessed a power which his bitterest opponents cannot deny him, and which invariably wins in the long run, namely, a power of work, a power of getting up and exhausting any subject, no matter how foreign to his previous training, and of retaining the results in his memory for ever. Thus, there is scarcely an official question which can arise in any department either in India or in England, that Sir Charles cannot say he has studied for the last thirty years or thereabouts; and, however overpowering and unpleasant to a political adversary such a statement might prove in controversy, there would be no doubt of its truth. After leaving Bengal, Sir Charles enjoyed twenty years' experience as Secretary of the Treasury in Downing Street, for in his case the term Assistant Secretary was a misnomer. The work he performed there can only be known to home officials, but it is known to every home official. Before his time the Public Offices at home were singularly corrupt. At every change of Government, whether the new Ministers were Tories or Whigs, they were called upon to reward not merely their Parliamentary supporters, and the dependents of those supporters, but even those who had voted for those supporters in borough or county elections; and thus patriotic publicans, butchers, and others, would refuse the vulgar bribe of a "flimsy" or a bag of sovereigns, and demand a clerk's place in the War Office, the Admiralty, or the Customs for the most hopeful scion of the family. This evil was conquered by Sir Charles Trevelyan after a struggle which lasted for years. The system of examinations was introduced; every one of the thousand and one public establishments in the British Empire was reorganized; whilst the system of promotions was rendered so intelligible,

that a public servant at last discovered that the best way of attaining success was not to dun his Parliamentary friends into bringing their influence to bear upon his official superiors, but simply to deserve it by doing his work zealously and well. All this is due to Sir Charles Trevelyan, and we mention it not as one great measure accomplished, so much as a type of the class of measures which he carried out. In like manner he reorganized the whole system of keeping the public accounts; and he drew up a plan for abolishing the purchase system in the army, which we yet expect to see adopted, or made the basis of future measures. What he did in the matter of public works, or how much and how often he has aided different Cabinets by exhaustive minutes on many other questions, whether Indian, Home, or Colonial, Civil, Military, Judicial, or Financial, is beyond all calculation. Some of these measures were open to criticism, some may have been, as they have often been called, the crotchets of a doctrinaire; yet we may safely say that the labours of Sir Charles Trevelyan have done more towards the purification, the organization, and the efficiency of the public service than the labours of any single public servant since the memory of man.

In 1857 and 1858, amidst the convulsion of the great mutiny the letters of Indophilus largely attracted the attention of the Government and the public; and thus it was that early in 1859, Sir Charles Trevelyan was appointed Governor of Madras. Here his public character was for the first time justly estimated. We may sum it up by saying that he is an admirable administrator, with a weak point which may be rather indicated than described, as the absence of that Parliamentary tact which conciliates opposition by compromise, and knows when to surrender a detail in order to conserve a principle. It is precisely this facility which training such as that of Sir Charles Trevelyan cannot confer; and all that is regrettable in his public career is due to the want of it. That inflexibility and pertinacity are valuable qualities no true Briton will deny; and they must lead to victory in the long-run; but there are times in which to avoid a battle is worth twice as much as a victory; and at such times qualities which never prevent, and often necessitate, fighting are not to be indiscriminately applauded. But Sir Charles Trevelyan's training furnished him with elements of strength as well as of weakness; especially with the experience which has been of such service to him. He was the first statesman who landed in India with an exhaustive knowledge of English administration, combined with a practical experience of

Indian affairs; whilst he had already achieved enough to gain for him the prestige and public confidence which are so important in strengthening the hands of a statesman eager for reorganization and reform. He was known as having laboured earnestly and successfully as a Bengal Civilian in bringing about the abolition of the transit duties; and as having carried out as Chief in the Treasury that reorganization of public establishments, and purification of the public service, which we have already noticed.

The history of Madras prior to 1859 was almost as well known to the external world as the history of Timbuctoo. The country is poor, the people are poor, and the commerce is insignificant. The Madras army proved loyal during the mutiny, and there had been no war within the Presidency since the days of Tippoo. Throughout the whole period of English rule, a period of more than a century, there are only two Governors who have earned for themselves an enduring place in the history of India; these are Sir Thomas Munro and Sir Charles Trevelyan. Munro was a hardworking, old-fashioned, deaf gentleman, and who had originally landed at Madras in 1780 as a cadet in the Madras Army, and served against Hyder under Coote and Hector Munro. In later years he was employed to settle the provinces wrested from Tippoo, and this work he accomplished with all the exhaustive knowledge of a native revenue official, and with all the straightforward honesty and purity of a thorough English gentleman. Throughout his long career, closing with his Governorship of Madras from 1820 to 1827, he conciliated the Natives by his popular manners and kind-heartedness, and gained a high reputation amongst his countrymen by his zeal, knowledge, and literary ability. His appearance had always been primitive, especially in the matter of costume; and it is said that, whilst out in camp, he would tie up his pig-tail with the official red tape; but that bit of red tape was more significant, and more revered, than many a ribbon and garter. To Governor Munro Madras owes that little understood and greatly vilified system known as the Ryotwary, which is only now by a reduction of assessment getting fair play, and which though still encumbered by a multiplicity of useless rules and pedantic distinctions of soils, is in itself so well adapted to an agricultural population in a poor country, that the poverty-stricken ryots of the Carnatic after generations of depression are fast rising in prosperity, whilst the extension of cultivation is proceeding at a rate elsewhere unparalleled. To Munro also are owing many judicial and revenue reforms which are still preserved in the

memory of Madrasees, and some admirable Minutes which will be a guide to the student and administrator of Southern India for generations to come. One more title to fame links him with the immediate subject of our sketch; he was the first Governor in this country, who appears to have given any attention to the education of the Natives. From his sudden death in 1827 to the arrival of Sir Charles Trevelyan in 1859, the memory of Sir Thomas Munro was held in grateful remembrance throughout Southern India; but since that period Sir Charles seems to have succeeded to his place in the popular affections. But upon this point we need not comment. It will be sufficient to say that during the fifteen months Sir Charles Trevelyan ruled at Madras, he carried out more reforms and devised more plans for reform than any other Indian statesman within an equal period of time. Education, Public Works, a revision of the Judicial and Revenue establishments, the reorganization of the Police, a People's Park, a new and delightful promenade open to the sea breeze, and a thousand other measures were either carried out or planned out; whilst public officers were kept in a state of wholesome activity, not unmingled with dread, by his unceasing vigilance and his perennial craving for information and reports. But the great measure and the one by which Sir Charles Trevelyan has really earned for himself a lasting reputation, was the settlement of Madras Enams; and the successful issue of this measure is the more startling, as every attempt made in Bengal and Bombay to settle these provoking and intricate tenures, had proved a failure. In Madras, however, where the difficulties were increased twenty-fold by the multiplicity of small holdings, the settlement has been carried out in a manner highly satisfactory to the Enamdars themselves, whilst adding more than ten lakhs per annum to the public revenue. Much of this success may be attributed to the ability and good sense of Mr. Taylor, the Enam Commissioner; but the chief credit of the measure must be given to the Governor. One significant fact connected with this Enam settlement is worthy of general notice. Both in England and in this country, endless rubbish has been talked and written upon the redemption of the land tax; as if it were not well known that few landholders have any capital except jewels, and that native capitalists generally can find infinitely better modes of investment than land at twenty years' purchase. However, during the progress of the Madras Enam settlement, every Enamdar was offered the redemption on easy terms of such revenue as he might be called upon to pay; and we understand that out

of the whole ten lakhs per annum, not a thousand rupees have been redeemed.

But amidst all these useful measures and energetic schemes, it was tolerably well known that the Members of the Madras Council were not on the best of terms with their President; and more than one of the 'honourable colleagues' complained that they were silenced by the expression that His Excellency had made this or that subject his special study for upwards of thirty years. In a word Sir Charles Trevelyan shewed far more skill as an administrator than tact in replying to objections, or comprehensiveness in the consideration of views opposed to his own. At last came the Income-tax crisis of 1860, which resulted in his recall, and respecting which we need only say, that while all admit and regret the error of judgment into which he was led by his uncompromising zeal, all who are qualified to judge are now agreed that his opposition was founded on sound principles—in a word, that as regards the proposed taxes he was right, and Mr. Wilson wrong.

Sir Charles Trevelyan left Madras in the middle of 1860, and within three months afterwards Mr. Wilson was no more. Though Mr. Wilson's administration was not free from a wrong bias, it was such as time and experience would soon have corrected, while there can be no doubt of his energy and ability. With rare financial genius he solved the problem connected with the cash balances, and pointed out the true way of rendering them available to the public service by making them the basis of a paper currency. This important scheme has never been utilized, as our home financiers have so committed themselves to the banking monopoly system, as to be impatient of any other. With an inexhaustible credit based upon a yearly income of seventy millions, Great Britain still prefers paying largely in the shape of interest on Exchequer bills which she could discount herself with a paper currency of her own, at no cost whatever, and without the trouble or possibility of the loss which even the Bank of England must encounter in times of pressure. Mr. Laing fell into a similar error, by carrying out the modern principles of banking to an extreme which in fact exposed the fallacy of the whole system by a reduction *ad absurdum*; and to this day Government hugs a delusion which it perceives when applied to this country, but will not give up at home. To Mr. Laing, however, assisted as he was by the long experience and exhaustive knowledge of Colonel Balfour, is due the credit of having cut down the military expenditure to its necessary level; and both to Mr. Wilson and to Mr. Laing is due the credit of having, to

use the words of Sir Charles Trevelyan himself, laid broad and deep the foundation of a sound financial system on an English model, leaving to their successor the work of extending 'the application of these principles through the whole field of Income and Expenditure, so as to remould the entire system into 'one consistent whole.'

Sir Charles Trevelyan arrived in Calcutta as Financial Minister at the commencement of 1863, and his first Financial Statement was delivered in the following April. Since then another financial year has passed away, and a second Statement has been delivered. From a broad comparison of Sir Charles's Budgets with those of his predecessors, it will be patent, as he himself intimates, that a new era has opened upon India. Within the last five years the annual revenue has increased by the sum of nine millions; in other words the income, which in 1858-59, had only reached thirty-six millions, had in 1862-63, exceeded forty-five millions. The surplus on 1862-63 was nearly two millions; that in the year 1863-64 is said to be a little under a million, owing to the Sittana war and the fall in opium. This yearly surplus however demands some notice. If the surplus is carried on, and entered under the next year's income, it is not a surplus on the single year, but an accumulation of the surpluses of previous years. In other words if the surplus income for 1862-63 has been entered in the receipts for 1863-64, then the surplus on the year 1863-64, which is stated to be £800,000, shrinks into a deficit of one million. This is the Budget's vulnerable point. A surplus, well ascertained to be a surplus, should not be carried over to meet the exigencies of a coming year; it should be treated as savings, and applied to the extinction of debt. But Sir Charles tells us (page 21) that the whole of the estimated surplus in 1863-64 will be held to meet the exigencies of 1864-65 and 1865-66. Then we ask what has become of the surplus on 1862-63?

The Land Tax has risen to twenty and a quarter millions, shewing an increase of three-fourths of a million, or four per cent. on the previous year; and this increase on Land corresponds in amount to the estimated surplus on the year. It has been brought about, not by an increase in the assessment, but solely by the extension of the breadth of land under cultivation. Four per cent. more of the culturable area of India in the very least has been utilised since last year; a circumstance which may be attributed partly to the rise in the prices of grain, partly to the demand for Cotton and Jute, and perhaps in the Madras Presidency to the lowering of the assessment. This extension of cultivation in a country like India,

where vast tracts of culturable area are literally lying waste is of enormous importance, especially as tending to solve the problem of rise of price. Sir Charles Trevelyan is of opinion, that prices cannot recede to their former level; but how can he be confident of this, when cultivation is increasing at the rate of four per cent.? Moreover if we are to compare the present condition of the Bombay Presidency with Ireland in 1846, we ought to satisfy ourselves not only that the results are similar, but that like results have been produced by like causes. Ireland in 1846 was only just recovering from the potato famine. Land was abandoned in Ireland, because in the place of food it brought forth poison. But famine arising from a decrease in the supply, implies a widely different state of things from famine arising from an increase of demand. We admit that both in Ireland and in Bombay, the rise in prices was in a great measure attributable to the public works; but in Bombay there is an increased cultivation and a demand for Cotton, for which we have no corresponding data in Ireland in 1846, nor in England in 1847.

But if we glance for a while at the changes in the condition of the masses which have taken place during the last few years, we shall see that this rise of prices, which may complicate future budgets, will be balanced by increased income, and undergo further modifications of no small importance to the future welfare of the people. Rise of price was in the first instance attributed to the Railways; and secondly to the Mutiny. One thing is certain that the disbandments of sepoys which followed the mutiny would have been accompanied by a fall of price and very much distress, but for Railways and public works. These high prices of grain and cotton, notwithstanding the absorption of labour by the public works and Railways, have led to a large increase in the cultivation; but there has also been an increased cultivation in some quarters consequent on the lowering of the assessment, and this increase is obviously but to a very small extent indicated by the increase in the land revenue. If land at two Rupees per acre, be reduced to one Rupee, and a ryot cultivates four acres in the place of one acre, then the land revenue is doubled, but the cultivation is quadrupled. But further, increased cultivation may be expected not only from the lowering of assessment and increased demand, but also from an increase of capital. During the last two years an unprecedented amount of money has been absorbed in the rural parts of India. It may have been hoarded somewhere; for one thing at least is certain,—that it has not been invested in Manchester goods. But a portion has probably been made capital, and is now devoted to the

payment of additional agricultural labourers, *i. e.*, to the increase of cultivation either in breadth or depth. The rise in the labour market leads at the same time to an increased demand for machinery, or as regards agricultural labour, for improved agricultural implements. These forces are now at work, and are as certain to produce the results indicated, as increase of wealth is certain to produce an increased demand for luxuries. Whether the prices of grain will ever recede to their former level, we may reasonably doubt, though it is not unlikely in the event of a sudden fall in Cotton inducing an extraordinary cultivation of grain in its place; but with increased cultivation and improved means of communication artificial rates created by monopolists or mere local demand must cease, and natural rates such as represent the fair profits of the ryot will alone prevail. The efforts of our legislators should be directed towards giving these fair profits to the ryots, and taking effectual means to prevent an undue share being seized by landholders who are not cultivators.

Then again the rise in the price of labour has been too indiscriminate to be lasting. It has affected all classes from the coolie upwards; and affected them not so much in grades as in masses. But day by day the difference between the cost of skilled and unskilled labour is widening, and the carpenters and bricklayers are receiving far higher rates of pay than the mere coolie or field labourer. No doubt the price of skilled labour will yet rise higher. The progress of public works and the example set by Europeans will lead the natives to improve their dwellings, and add to their furniture. At the same time the introduction of machinery will reduce the artificial rates of pay which have recently ruled for unskilled labour to more natural rates. These varied operations will give such a stimulus to the labour market, that professions will cease to be hereditary; the sons of weavers will become carpenters, and the sons of jewellers will become workers in iron. But we must repeat the warning uttered by Sir Charles Trevelyan. If the social phenomena now taking place, are disturbed by such artificial causes as an undue outlay on public works, the healthy progression will become a fever, which nothing but starvation will cure. A certain outlay upon public works is necessary to promote the future prosperity of India; and a certain amount of surplus income may well be so invested; but Government has need to be cautious lest it should fall into the error of the sapient nobleman, who borrowed at five per cent. to purchase land which could only repay him three. Then again the system of guarantees must be carefully watched. There are no such reckless speculators or contractors in the world as those who act under a Government guarantee; checks may

be established, the most stringent rules may be laid down, the heaviest punishments may be inflicted, but corruption, under such circumstances, like smuggling under a system of high duties, must and will prevail. The system is rotten to the core.

The only other question in connection with the Budget which appears to demand a hurried notice is that of the currency. Sir Charles Trevelyan was thoroughly correct when he said that the increase of copper coin was more urgent, more a necessity than the introduction of gold or issue of paper. The question of copper is simple enough; the demand is pressing, and the supply should be forthcoming. The only difficulty is whether it would be possible to introduce bronze annas and pice corresponding to the bronze halfpence at home. The question of a gold currency can be best settled by the gradual introduction of the English sovereign, and in process of time,—it may be a quarter of a century or half a century hence,—an imperial coinage will follow, to be succeeded in time by one universal coinage for the whole world. The question of a paper currency is less difficult. The Utopian idea of the time when some international understanding will give to every nation a supply of paper money corresponding to its income, we leave to visionary enthusiasts; but in India we have still the cash balances, and it is due to Mr. Wilson to say that he has solved the problem. Sir Charles Trevelyan remarks:—‘The Government note currency has stood the trial in a very satisfactory manner. So completely is its identity in value with silver established in people’s minds, that even at the time of the greatest scarcity of coin at Bombay, Rupees continued to be sent to the Currency Department to be exchanged for Notes.’ Again he tells us that the home expenditure is worked by a cash balance of six millions, whilst the cash balances in India amount at this moment to more than sixteen millions. Why then is the hesitation as regards the extension of the paper currency in India?

Here our hasty survey must close. Much remains to be said which our space does not at present permit. Sir Charles Trevelyan has left the income tax to run to its legitimate close, and in so doing has sacrificed his personal inclination to the wants of Government. The tax will now die out, and we trust that after the present year we shall hear of it no more. The revision of establishments is still an all-important measure, and one for which Sir Charles Trevelyan is specially qualified. We should wish to see him invested with plenary powers, subject to the fine sanction of Government, to carry out this great work, white perhaps no living man is so capable to fulfil, and which is a lot wanting to place the coping stone upon his Indian reputation.

ART. VII.—*Books of the Quarter.*

Diary of a Pedestrian in Cashmere and Thibet. By Captain Knight, 48th Regiment. Bentley's. 1863.

THIS book is a mystery. Why did it ever come into the world? What is its final cause? What purpose is it intended to serve? It does not amuse; it does not instruct; it can never put money into the author's purse; and yet there it lies, an expensively got-up production of some 350 pages on thick paper, embellished with learned and mysterious devices on the cover, with some really pretty tinted lithographs and woodcuts within, which bear, however, too small a proportion to the mass of letterpress to suggest the notion that they are the real book, and the description but padding;—a book that would never have existed but for the author's crave to be an author, for the sake of the agreeable titillation which seems to accompany the sight of one's name on the title-page of a 'work,' however frothy and feeble. All is fish that comes to our net, and it is our duty to bring before the Indian reader all that the press of the quarter has produced on Indian topics; else no power on earth would have dragged us beyond the first ten pages.

The King of France, we are told, marched up the hill, and then—marched down again. Captain Knight, in humble imitation, may be, proceeds from the plains to Srinugger and Ladak, and returns to the plains, without having seen anything new, learnt anything interesting, or shot anything ferocious. The eye only sees what it takes with it the power of seeing, or those stainless heavens, those everlasting snows, those solemn pines, those rose-crowned peaks that looked down on the forefathers of our race, might have told the Captain something worth telling us again,—might have taught him how to put into words, halting it may be, but impressive from their very feebleness, something of the awe and the mystery which we should have thought must thrill through the soul of every child of Adam, when the glorious scene first spreads itself before him. But no—our Captain's thoughts are mainly of his dinner, and whether Rajoo, his bearer (whom the Captain, funny dog! speaks of throughout as the Q. M. G.) will bring the coolies up

in time. Mr. Kinglake and Lord Dufferin have much to answer for:—and this book counts among their sins, for the author fondly deems himself a master in the facetious style of travel-writing, and, empty as is his sense, his nonsense is emptier yet. Not that he has made no discoveries. He discovered on August 7th, 1860, at Khurboo, in Little Thibet, (it is as well to be particular in the date and locality of so momentous an occurrence) a stone bearing an inscription, explained by a philological sepy of the party as ‘*Om muni padmi om,*’ and we are treated to many learned disquisitions as to the probable meaning of those mystic syllables, which he finally explains to signify ‘the Supreme Being,’—possibly on the principles on which the Oscan inscription, ‘*Hi diddle diddle,*’ &c., was interpreted to mean ‘God the protector of highways; God to whom eggs are broken at cross-roads,’ &c. ‘*Avec ton Etre Suprême tu commences m’embêter,*’ it was said to Robespierre; and we can hardly conceive it possible that any educated man, much more that any person travelling of deliberate and preconceived purpose into a Buddhist country, should not be familiar with, should never have heard of, the mystic formula till he stumbled across it that day among the wilds of Thibet. We are thankful to perceive that the Captain took the trouble, after he returned from his journey, and before he ventured into print, to read up all he could upon this and kindred subjects, and we have an appendix bristling with Klapproth and Iluc and Sakya Muni and other Buddhistic lore, which if the gallant Captain had only read a little earlier, we should have been spared not a few incoherent queries and irrelevant conjectures.

The Captain is not only a man of speculation; he is a man of action; and shoots, as a Captain should, but not always more successfully than he speculates. The beasts are as new to him as the inscriptions. He comes upon ‘a kustura, a sort of ‘half-goat, half-sheep, with long teeth like a wolf.’ He is unable to get a shot. On page 58 he sees ‘four little animals’ called ‘markore,’ and fires—with ‘indifferent results,’ *i. e.*, they all scampered off. On page 60 we come across some more markore which, ‘after an arduous and protracted stalk, finally gave us ‘the slip.’ On page 61 we are close to a party of five, but they give us ‘no opportunity of getting a shot.’ Then we meet ‘a solitary gentleman,’ but ‘the pace we had come, and the ground we had crossed, so unsteadied our aim’—that we did not hit him. After this we went to tiffin. On page 65 another failure, and on page 66 another; indeed, there is no trace of the death of a single markore throughout, though the patience of the traveller is at length happily rewarded by a bear.

Of incidents there are very few. The author lost his cook at one time, whereat the reader rejoices. At another time the Captain being in want of milk 'proceeded to make signs of bringing a house down,' and so called out an old gentleman whom he forced 'at the point of the stick' to introduce him to a friend who had some milk. As this latter gentleman would not get up on the Captain's arrival, our impatient hero gave him a thrashing, and afterwards discovered that he had lost the use of his limbs through rheumatism. All honour to the Saxon *lattee*, 'in a stout Saxon hand'! Afterwards the Captain, wanting a pony, carries off one belonging to a family of Punjabeë mountebanks, and is obdurate in retaining it at his own valuation, although the family go down on their knees *en masse*, and a poor blind girl cries at his feet. Tall doings these; yet told as if they were in some way creditable.

Our readers have, we trust, heard enough of Captain Knight and his doings. The halfpenny-worth of bread is in the illustrations, which are all good, and the views of Ladak and Lami-croo very striking.

A Brief Review of Ten Years' Missionary Labour in India between 1852 and 1861. By Joseph Mullens, D. D., Missionary of the London Missionary Society in Calcutta. London: 1863.

There is much striking truth in that essay of John Foster's, (like all his essays, a little too heavy for the taste of the present day,) in which he argues that much of the dislike felt by the educated classes for Evangelical Religion, or in other words, for aggressive Christianity, arises from the adoption, for religious purposes, of phraseology needlessly offensive to men of taste and refinement. We do not (nor did Foster) believe this to be a solution of the whole question; were it so, it would be highly dishonouring to the judgment of the men of taste. We cannot and need not conceal that there is, on important and fundamental questions, much difference of opinion between the ordinary scientific or literary man of the day,—we may say the average cultivated gentleman, on the one hand, and the Missionary or evangelical preacher on the other. But this difference of opinion need cover no aversion; there is no reason in the nature of things why the cultivated layman should not recognize the goodness and usefulness of the work in which the preacher is engaged, except that the latter speaks a language which is to the former unintelligible, strange, and unseemly, disfigured by affectations, Hebrew idioms, and technical terms, and proceeding throughout on the assumption that the phraseology which is good enough for the world, which he himself employs in

secular matters, is not good enough when religion is the subject. The term "unction" used in all good faith by many good people as the expression of an admirable quality, describes exactly what we mean. The *world*, rightly or wrongly, objects to unction; it will never look twice at anything written in the dialect of unction; and the more a man is educated and cultivated, the greater his aversion to unction. There is a weekly publication at home which is conducted with much taste and talent, and which is looked upon by persons professing evangelical religion with much fervour of hatred. The opinions of the *Saturday Review* are not our opinions; nor is its spirit our spirit; but we really think that in this matter of aversion to religion, it will be found in most instances that the *Saturday Review's* real guilt is a dislike of the tone and language in which religious men express themselves.

It matters but little in ordinary cases. Exeter Hall is strong enough to do its own work as if there were no *Saturday Reviewers* or other scoffers in existence; and the scoffers also have for the most part their work to do, and do it. But in some cases, and more especially in the case we have now in mind, that of Indian Missions, it is most important that all classes should have correct notions, that the periodical press, that the Officers of Government, that the limited European society of India, (which operates far more than proportionally to its extent upon the views and action of Government) should be enlightened upon the proceedings of Missionaries, upon their plans and their progress, upon the nature of their relations with Native society, upon their prospects of success. What are these Native Christian Churches really worth as viewed from within, by those who are most competent to judge what is the character of the converts? Are they in morality, in straightforwardness, in integrity, in mental energy, in peaceableness, distinctly superior to the ordinary Native population around them? Are they growing in numbers and in influence; and is there any vitality, any reproductive power in the new principles as assimilated by them? It is impossible to obtain satisfactory answers to these questions out of ordinary Missionary reports; they are all written in a rose-water tone of triumph; with a fair amount, sometimes an excess of the *unction* we have before referred to, and with an absolute ignoring of all the points of general interest that would enable candid men to judge of the progress Christianity is making. The consequence is that almost anything interests the general public more than the records of Missions, and that Missionaries themselves have to contend against, and to complain of, an apathy that is almost wholly their own fault.

With these feelings we are naturally pleased to see a temperate, well-written, liberal, and apparently honest review by Dr. Mulens of Missionary work during ten eventful years of Indian history. We have got what we want;—a report in a calm, judicial style, keeping to the point in hand, and steering fairly clear of unctio generally, and especially of its most offensive species, that continual recurrence of unmeaning panegyrics on the Almighty, as if He were not better praised by silent work than by the Babel of second-rate and second-hand psalmody which we find in the inferior class of Missionary writing. There is a vein of subdued gratification throughout, amply warranted by the progress reported, and not beyond what we see in ordinary administration reports, and there is a real appreciation of the questions of deepest interest.

Many will turn first to the section headed "Influence of the Mutiny," and will find, what we can readily believe, that, although it inflicted vast material damages, and suspended Missionary operations through a vast tract of country, its influence has been most beneficial: "if it has left its marks on the Church towers at Futtehgarh and Ranchi, it has written deeper lines upon the character of the native converts, and instead of injury has done a vast amount of good." The behaviour of the converts seems to have been on the whole excellent. The Christian churches lost many members by massacre, none by apostacy; and the native Christians rendered active help to the English wherever they could. "This is more than we should have expected;—it was more than the Missionaries themselves expected; but beyond this the mutiny has imparted to the converts a permanent vigour and decision which has produced most useful results. Before the mutiny the Secundra press and the tent factory at Futtehgarh were managed for the native Christians; since that epoch they have been managed by the native Christians, and the Missionaries have been set free for more legitimate work. Persecution naturally deepens conviction; it impels you to take up a side; it gives you something to live for and to fight for; and has a beneficial influence over the whole man. Great virtues as well as, or even more than, great errors, always shew themselves in the midst of a really violent contact of opinions. As a rule there is hardly enough persecution in India, there is no blood to sow the seed of the future Church; Hindoo and Mahomedan do not care enough for their own faith, or live in too constant a fear of the civil Government, to raise a violent hand against any man, because he has adopted Christianity; and the Christian accepts his position as one among thousands, belonging to one out of the fifty castes, environed by persons of

a different faith to his own, without longing either to convert or punish them, any more than they care either to punish or convert him. This nonchalance of the natives in matters of religion may be a good thing in itself; it is not likely to further the cause which the Missionary has at heart. The civil Governor naturally rejoices at it. What he wants is peace. In the Roman times he regarded all religions as equally useful; for the religious man was more *bound* to the order of things, more prone to regularity of life than the irreligious man. Since an aggressive religion arose, and the others, at least in that one respect, moulded themselves after its type, the magistrate has been perturbed and confounded by this new element of disturbance. Not peace, but a sword. Where, as now in India, a nation has been frozen into apathy about its religious concerns, one of the greatest and most pressing anxieties of the civil power is removed; and the solitude that ensues, though it be a dearth of all noble and productive and generous sentiments, is welcomed by the magistrate as peace. We are very doubtful whether the philosophical observer from his point of view would be right in regarding the present state of Hindooism, either among cultivated or uncultivated classes, as a hopeful sign; we are sure the Christian Missionary would not be right. The hold of Brahminism on the lower classes is becoming feeble and feeble. The book before us gives proof of this, and any person acquainted with the social state of the natives can supply further evidence of it from his own experience. But there is no tendency to any other form of faith. A strong attachment to old customs, because they are old customs, prevails and will prevail, till some external shaking of the nations introduces a new element,—the element of general and of religious activity. Juggonath may fall in time by the pure operation of the physical laws of gravitation, aided by the growth of the *peepul* tree in its chinks and crannies. It will not be pulled down by a sudden access of religious zeal:—not at least if things go on according to the ordinary operation of historical laws. Nor have we any ground to expect a miracle. Providence works by agencies susceptible of scientific analysis, in the growth and decline of religions as in other matters. Some mighty social convulsion may shake India and induce men to take a side. Till then the decay of Hindooism will be gradual and barely perceptible, and will not favour, though it will not retard, the operation of the principles of a purer faith.

If we look to the educated classes of Bengal, we see a sight unmatched perhaps in the history of the world, but not affording any definite anchorage for hope. Nurtured by Christian

teachings and Christian feeling, a religion is springing up, which is not a religion, which has no faith, no creed, no hold upon any but a few enlightened minds, fed upon English literature, devoutly attached to English morality, but not more prone than their ancestors were to embrace Christianity. They have got the spirit, they say, and perhaps with some truth, but care not for any forms. Their views and those of a large class of Englishmen of the day are much the same. But such views will always be confined to a highly educated class, and in this country, to those who hover on the border of European Society. The tiller of the soil, the worker for his daily bread, is shut out from them. One entire sex is shut out from them. While we look with the deepest interest on the progress of these enlightened, if not definite, views among Calcutta Baboos, we cannot but feel that no new life for the nation can grow out of such a source.

" See, thou that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin
And even for want of such a type,"

as is given to the weak and ignorant and busy by what we call "historical Christianity."

What the upshot may be, time will show: meanwhile the very last conclusion that ought to be drawn from a state of things such as we have described, is that Missionaries and other educators should relax their efforts. A great deal is paid by the public at home for the support of Missions; the result, if they could see it clearly, might not be in their eyes quite worth the cost; but it is worth the cost nevertheless; the moral protest which these men raise, which England through these men raises, against vice and evil and ignorance, is of more value than any other work done by Englishmen in India.

It is very interesting to learn, as we do from Dr. Mullens's pamphlet, what the Native Churches are doing themselves in the way of conducting and supporting Missionary operations. The native pastorate is increasing; many of its members are said to be very useful; it is calculated that one male convert in every seven is engaged in one of the forms of Mission work. This is how the Church must grow. England will never afford to send out Europeans enough to preach to, and to teach, every one; it is hardly likely that the number of Missionaries will be very extensively increased; and it is to native agency that the societies must mainly trust for the extension of their operations. There is a feeling in many places, as was strongly exhibited in the late Punjab Conference, that the European Mis-

sionaries take too much upon themselves of the care of the Churches, that they are apt to overrule the Native Christians, and to treat their Churches somewhat too despotically. It is but natural that this feeling should rise. Christianity, in its Protestant forms, so distinctly and so constantly teaches religious equality, declares so emphatically that there is neither Jew nor Scythian, bond nor free,—all are one in Christ, that it is not to be wondered at if the Native members and especially office-bearers of the Churches chafe at tutelage, even while tutelage is yet good for them, and repudiate altogether the notion that the European as such has any right to special authority in the Church. At Tinnevely it seems that a schism arising from a personal dispute between a Missionary and his flock has assumed unusual proportions, and has complicated itself with caste feelings and national feelings in such a way as to produce some extraordinary results. They have abandoned infant baptism, and ordained ministry, and Sunday observance, as European additions to pure Christianity. Of course they have cut themselves off from European help; yet, says Dr. Caldwell, “they have sustained their own religious ordinances with considerable public spirit and zeal, for more than five years, and “I have not heard it said that any one of their number has returned to heathenism.” Heresy of this sort is a hopeful sign;—wherever there is intellectual life and growth, there is variety, there will generally be extravagance; uniformity is dulness, mediocrity; the sap that feeds the acorn, feeds the gall; and the more vitality the tree has, the more of these eccentric excrescences will you find. Heresies sprang up when the Church was young; heresies abounded at the Reformation; anything that wakes up the individual belief in a personal influence of the Spirit, leads also to the belief in personal inspiration and esoteric teachings; leads to wild wanderings far from the simple and straightforward path. The extension of Christianity in India will bring with it many results at which Exeter Hall will look askance, some at which it will stand aghast. The Puritan spirit of these Tinnevely schismatics, determined to retain nothing in Christianity which savours of the West, would, if spread over half India, produce consequences in Church and State that few yet dream of. Seldom or never can we shape the future, even that to which we ourselves contribute, as we would have it; we must leave it to itself, knowing that all is well.

Stray Leaves; or Essays, Poems, and Tales. By Shoshee Chunder Dutt. Calcutta: 1864.

Several of the essays contained in the volume before us ap-

peared first in this Review. *Ergo*, we cannot expect fair criticism of them, says a carping public. But in all good faith, viewing the book simply as the book of an outsider, we cannot but congratulate Shoshee Chunder Dutt on having brought together a quantity of interesting information, which will not be easily found elsewhere, and on having said his say in a simple and unpretentious manner. With Mr. Maine's remarks at the University Commencement, (we were about to write Commemoration, but the catalogue of founders and benefactors is yet a blank) still ringing in our ears, with the recent memory of hundreds of examination papers, abounding in tawdry ornament and inflated diction, we were relieved to find in the author of this book a Bengalee writer who looks more to matter than language, who feels that the object of writing is not to darken counsel by words without wisdom, to hide the meaning like the cuttlefish in a cloud of ink, but to state in the simplest and briefest language what the writer has to say. We have read the Essays, which occupy about half of this work, with the greatest pleasure; those on Vedantism and Puranism are full of interesting facts. The latter, taking it with the essay on the popular superstitions of the Hindoos, gives perhaps the best account extant of the domestic and popular religion—the religion of the masses;—for Ward's book, though full of erudition, is disfigured by prejudices. Of the article in Vedantism we should give some account, but that we hope to take up the subject more fully in a future Number. 'The social essays 'Women in India,' 'Hindoo Female Education,' 'Home Life in Bengal,' are marked by good taste and good sense, with a leaning towards a favourable view of the native character, combined with a sense of the social and moral advantages of female education, and to the word *education*, the author gives as wide a sense as we could wish. Much in these writings will necessarily not please those who take their stand on a high pinnacle of Anglo-Saxon excellence, and who deny the right of native authors to criticise us, as we criticise them. Some of our ways of life and modes of thought are noticed rather sharply by our friend, and his judgments have rather more truth in them than we generally find in the judgments of men of one nation upon another nation. Nothing in the whole range of criticism is more lamentably and ridiculously wrong than the estimates we daily see and hear made of native character. Genius itself can catch but a few surface peculiarities, a few salient points. Lord Macaulay probably never intended his well-known sketch of the Bengalees to illustrate more than a single feature of their character, but he labours it out

with his wonted *intensification* till we take it to be an exhaustive view, and as an exhaustive view, it is a wrong one. The 'Competition-wallah' who now publishes in *Macmillan*, is a writer of undoubted genius; his good feeling towards the natives is patent, and the expression of it does honour to his courage; yet if his deliberate view of the native character were the true one, it would justify the most 'rabid' Anglo-Saxon in the contempt with which he regards the race. We can only support the 'Competition-wallah's' conclusions by denying his premises, and it needs no longer experience than that of older 'Competition-wallahs' to enable us in many cases to do so. But years of labour in the country, though they may give a man a right to be heard, by no means save him from the possibility, nay, the certainty of error in judgment on so vast and difficult a subject. Yet never will the free-born Briton surrender his right of freely criticising men and things; and as he seldom does it with the modesty and discretion which are shewn by Shoshee Chunder Dutt, he should check the temptation to use strong language which will probably occur to him while reading some of Shoshee's incidental remarks on points of European life and manners.

There is a certain amount of poetry in this volume. We confess that we think the poetry a mistake. The prose style is pleasing and without affectation:—the style of a man whose thoughts are more of his matter than of his manner. But the verse, though occasionally clever as a *tour de force*, though often a passable school-boy imitation of Moore or Byron, never rises above the school-boy standard, and there are faults in prosody, which are ordinarily corrected by another instrument than the pen. Would however that English aspirants would never publish worse! Mediocre poetry was the curse of literature, as far back as the Augustan age, and we doubt whether gods, men, or columns have since seen reason to change their views. The third portion of the work consists of tales of a patriotic character, which also have little in them to justify publication. They display some knowledge of the best models. When we read 'what ho! Bessus! harness Bucephalus early at dawn, and bid 'a large party of our personal guards be ready for immediate service' and 'by Libyan Jove, this is a bragging bully, not a chief;' we think instinctively of the great G. P. R. James, and look back for the two cavaliers.

The author appears to have been about thirteen years before the public, and he is not therefore a very young man; but if, as we hope, he looks to future literary usefulness, we would earnestly counsel him to shun the seductive though unfruitful paths whither his imagination would lead him, and to keep to

plain history, plain English, and plain sense. Nothing could be better than the first half of his book, and we should be glad to see another half-volume like it, or, better still, an elaborate work on one of the subjects which he has here sketched out for us. A treatise on the Hindoo Mythology of the day, drawn not from the study of Puranas, but from the knowledge of what people actually do believe in and worship, and a popular account of the ordinary ceremonies enjoined by religion and custom, would be a work of great service, and Baboo Shoshee Chunder Dutt has shown that he could perform it.

History of India. By John Clark Marshman. Part I. From the earliest period to the close of the Eighteenth Century. Serampore: 1863.

THIS is a good and useful book. It is intended as an Epitome of Indian History for the Native Youth of Bengal; and for that and other educational purposes, it is incomparably better than anything which has preceded it. The English is correct; the style is simple and forcible; and the subjects are treated with that due sense of proportion which we should expect from a practised political writer. In Murray's History, if we remember right, while every petty expedition is duly commemorated, even to the number of field-guns and howitzers, the author forgot to mention the Perpetual Settlement. Here it is discussed fairly and favourably, (though the remarks upon its effects on the ryot appear to have been written before the passing of Act X.) and we have no doubt that in the coming portion of the book, the victories of peace will occupy still more space in comparison with those of war than we can expect them to do in the earlier history. The author is naturally more *au fait* in dealing with modern times and the germs of the present state of things than in treating of the antiquities of Indian history. The European reader will thank him for that; but we can fancy the Native Youth chafing at the hurried way in which the ancient glories of his country are disposed of, and we really think that the work might have been rendered more popular, though not perhaps more intrinsically valuable, if greater space had been devoted to the purely Hindoo period, and if the conclusions of modern scholarship about the commencements of the Hindoo history had been more freely incorporated into the text. Two faults we would venture to note: *firstly*, that there is little or no reference to authorities; and *secondly*, that there betrays itself here and there a disposition to defend eminent Englishmen, even when their actions seem to merit, and have generally re-

ceived, emphatic condemnation. We could wish that there had been a free statement of the sources whence the author derived his materials. It is well to encourage the Bengalee student to carry his historical studies further than any one text book can bring him. Schoolboys will at first regard Mr. Marshman, as schoolgirls at home regard Mrs. Markham, as an original and independent authority, and when they come to find that much of his history of the Mahomedan period is, as it naturally and unavoidably must be, a transcript from Elphinstone, their respect for him will go down many degrees. No man can write the history of that period, and not be indebted to Elphinstone; but it would have been as well to note the fact of his obligations. Niebuhr never made a reference to an ancient author, to which he had been guided by an intermediate historian, without acknowledging such guidance, which was perhaps further than any man need go in the direction of historical probity; but his example is worth following to some extent. As to our second objection, it is probable that Mr. Marshman really does believe that palliation, if not excuse, may be found for Clive's treachery to Omichund, for the execution of Nundkoomar, the Rohilla war, the spoliation of the Begums. But, if he does, we must think it a pity that his admiration for the great men who founded our Eastern empire has deprived him in their case of the distinct perception of right and wrong; while, if he does not, he has given in his sanction to the French Imperial School of historical teaching, which looks not to the actual truth of history so much as to the impression which it is desirable to make on the pupil's mind. The French professors teach that Louis Quatorze was a demi-god, that liberty is a name, that the nation never was so great, so prosperous, as when tied to the chariot-wheels of an enlightened and glorious despot. We are to teach our Bengalee schoolboys that their English rulers never do or did wrong, and that what is contemptible trickery or selfish violence in a native must be called by very different names when we are dealing with an English pro-consul. We cannot fancy that a healthy-minded and clear-sighted Bengalee schoolboy would grow in reverence for Hastings, for Mr. Marshman, or for ourselves generally, through the study of these excuses and arguments. It is not the really great nation or the really great man that requires 'cracking-up,' it is the intrinsically *small* nation (or man) aiming to be great, or to be thought great. Lord Macaulay, always sound, always touching the heart of a moral question, is much more likely to please the plain common sense of Englishmen, and we may add, of Bengalees too; and Lord Macaulay, admiring Clive and Hastings as much as

any man, never spares his indignation when he has to narrate their breaches of faith and moral law. Clive's deception of Omichund is palliated by a singular argument. 'It is due to his memory to state that he'—gloried in the transaction, and vowed 'that he would do it a hundred times over.' So may Jack Sheppard have said; so, we know, does Townley say to this day. A common rogue who should say this would be styled a 'hardened criminal,' yet it is to increase our esteem for Clive! Truly, hero-worship and the Carlylean reverence for force, lead good men strange ways. But these are very minor blemishes in a most useful work, and we shall look with great interest for the second volume, for the account of events which happened in Mr. Marshman's own time, *et quorum pars magna fuit*, and of characters which a man may safely love and admire,—Bentinck and Metcalfe and Dalhousie.

A Personal Narrative of thirteen years' service among the wild Tribes of Khondistan. By Major-General John Campbell, c. B., Hurst and Blackett. 1864.

WE thought so. *Sic vos non robis*. No man ever did what the world are agreed to admire him for doing. Everything was done by some one else. Bacon wrote Shakespeare, and Samuel wrote Moses, and Columbus did not discover America, and Harvey did not discover the Circulation, and Powke did not build the 'International' Exhibition, and Macpherson did not quell the savage spirit, and abolish the barbarous rites, of the Khonds. We always thought that he had at least something to do with this. We (of this 'Review') took great pains to spread our belief on the subject. We published more facts regarding the Khonds than are to be found in any other quarter. We recurred again and again to the subject, and the public appeared to be thankful to us. But we and the public were all wrong; though we have been forced to wait till the year of Grace 1864, to find out that it was so. Major-General John Campbell, c. B., says 'alone I did it,' and rings the changes on his own exploits through many wearisome pages. His judgment was never at fault. His labours were unwearied, and were rewarded by unbroken success. Heaven itself was signally on his side, (page 130) not to speak of the Governor-General. On the other hand, Colonel Macpherson committed deplorable mistakes of judgment; his assistants oppressed the Khonds and drove them to revolt; he lost prestige; he dismissed Sam Bisoi (who was Captain Campbell's pet savage*;) he did not, so far as we can

* It has been proved that Sam Bisoi was one of the mainstays of the Conservative, or sacrificing party, among the Khonds.

learn, accept a light for his cigar from the villagers, which appears to have been one of Captain Campbell's principal means of conciliation; and he committed many similar atrocities. Moreover, he was imposed upon by his butler, whom he made a Moonshee, and who invented for his benefit a singular system of Khond mythology, demonology, and psychology.* Captain Macpherson himself knew neither Khond nor Ooriah. (We can judge by Colonel Campbell's spelling of the extent of *his* knowledge of the latter language.)

It is painful to see these forgotten calumnies reiterated against one no longer able to defend himself from them; one who has passed away, loved by his friends, and honoured by his Government, out of the reach of human censure. Colonel Macpherson needs no vindication at our hands. He was vindicated by the Supreme Government, after a long and arduous investigation; and able pens were employed in his defence in this 'Review'† and elsewhere. But we pause to consider what motive—of jealousy stronger than death, and wounded self-esteem,—can have dictated this servile attack, unsupported by evidence or authority, and yet clearly the prominent feature and the final cause of General Campbell's book. In other respects, this is the sheerest book-making; there is not a new fact throughout. England has long been familiar with the Meriah sacrifice, and the success of the efforts to suppress it. No one ever doubted that General Campbell was a brave officer, and that his work deserved and obtained praise. He had far better, for his reputation's sake, not have written this book. It concludes with a curious specimen of the book-maker's art. Finding the work too thin, he was prevailed upon to add a chapter on the geology and botany of Orissa. The geology is correctly taken from Mr. W. T. Blanford's report, but unfortunately the part of Orissa occupied by the Khonds has never been geologically examined; and the concluding chapter bears the same relation to the rest of the work which an account of the geology of Sussex might do to a history of the tenure of Gavelkind, in Kent. The botany is stranger still. We looked with some interest to this part of the book, as we are convinced that many botanical treasures exist among the unexplored recesses of the Orissa jungles, but all we find is a short extract from Hooker and Thomson's Introductory Essay. Then follows a description of

* General Campbell argues that this mythology must be an invention, because Mr. Long, in his 'Notes and Queries' on Orissa, does not refer to it. Naturally enough, as Mr. Long never went near the Khond country, or conversed with a single Khond. He found more than enough in the plains to occupy him during his short visit to Cuttack and Pooree.

† See especially Nos. 12, 15, and 20.

the *Manis*, and lastly General Campbell exhibits his 'chits;' and thus ends this weak and ill-judged production, which can serve no purpose except to gratify an old man's harmless garrulity and less innocent spite.

Tura, a Mahratta Tale. By Captain Meadows Taylor, M. R. I.A. In three volumes. Blackwood and Sons. 1863.

WE have read this book with great interest. It is the most successful novel of native life that has ever been published. The local colouring is good in the extreme; and in this country the book will undoubtedly command success. At home, we should say, it will be thought wearisome; partly because it is rather long, and here and there undoubtedly tedious; but more because it is extremely hard to interest English people in characters and modes of life so different from our own. We are insular in our feelings. We cannot throw ourselves into other ages and other climes. An historical novel to please us must give us not history but masquerade, must shew us ourselves in costumes and modes of speech drawn from some distant era or country. So much of *vraisemblance* we insist upon. Cato in top boots, and Brutus in a bag wig, will not go down. If we are reading of the ages of chivalry, there must be a certain sprinkling of 'I prythees' and 'gramercys,' but that condition satisfied, we look to other merits than that of historical fidelity. Scott interests us rather for his singular fertility of incident, and for the liveliness of his description, than for any special historical verisimilitude. The most popular historical novel of the present day—Charles Kingsley's *Hypatia*—is just what its title-page expresses, 'new foes with an old face.' We delight in seeing Henry of Exeter under the mask of Cyril, and Lancelot Smith, *alias* Charles Kingsley, promenading as Raphael-aben-Ezra. We smile to recognize Newmianism, Eclecticisim, Scepticism, Pantheism, Pot-theism, and Muscular Christianity in the quaint habiliments of the fourth century after Christ. *Hypatia's* lecture on Homer is a parody on Strauss, and just so far as it is so it interests us. An incomparably greater work which has since appeared has been all but ignored by the public. Few care to read *Romola*; it is too Florentine, too sixteenth century, in a word, too true. We cannot take the trouble to throw ourselves so far out of our ordinary surroundings. Now this book of Captain Meadows Taylor's, so far as it is a good description of life and manners in Maharastra two hundred years ago, will by many be found wearisome. Where the author has yielded to the temptation of dressing up his story to suit the English market, he has made it untrue to life. Two contending tenden-

cies,—the struggle to be faithful, and the struggle to interest, are visible throughout, and mar the artistic effect of the work. Take Sivajee. Sivajee's is a character in itself inconceivable to the ordinary novel reader. He was simply a type of the Mahratta,—crafty, cruel, and calculating, with that unshaken belief in himself which is the characteristic of all uneducated conquerors. His steady and life-long pursuit of a single object (and that an object which will always command sympathy) has alone redeemed his character from common-place, given it a handle, so to speak, for the imaginative and poetic English mind of Captain Taylor to seize. What the simple boy-like Easterns admired in Sivajee, and admire in men like him, is the consummate coolness and craft, the legerdemain tricks and hair-breadth scapes; we ourselves have something of that feeling, as witness the popularity of broad caricature, such as that of Dugald Dalgetty. And had Captain Taylor taken that view, he might have made Sivajee an attractive character. But Captain Taylor never condescends to be humorous; his story is not such as those which must have circulated round a thousand Mahratta watch-fires in honour of their great hero; he has two endeavours: one to be strictly and gravely truthful; the other to enlist our imagination, our patriotism, our higher emotional feelings in favour of Sivajee. If the two were consistent, he would have succeeded; but they are not consistent. The noble and fearless hero, the patriot whose every breath breathes love for his race and country, the divinely inspired one, the worshipped of a myriad homes; for whom grey-haired warriors die, for whom maiden hearts sigh in secret, as for a star; this man is by no means of the chivalric order. He entraps the noblest of his foes, old Afzul Khan, into a series of wooded ravines, where the troops can be slaughtered in detail;—invites the chieftain to a friendly conference, goes forth armed with 'tiger's claws,' a deadly weapon concealed within the hand, and as the old man unsuspectingly grasps his hand in the friendly conference to which he has been invited, drives the murderous steel into his bowels. 'Art thou in health, my brother? And he smote him under the fifth rib.' So it has always been in Asia; and we fear that in stern truth, the annals of our own middle ages would shew that the spirit of chivalry, as we have been taught to regard it, never flourished except in rare and isolated minds. We find it in a Joinville here and there; but far more in Scott and Fouqué; for one Bayard there are ten Outrams, and indeed, as it has been reserved to our modern poet to describe the highest ideal of chivalry, so chivalry in its actual development has probably never approached the ideal so nearly as among the great soldiers of the present

day. But we choose to believe otherwise,—we expect high-minded heroes in our fiction, and this episode of the tiger's claws, with many another truthful little trait scattered through these three volumes, will widely shock the child-like faith with which we are apt to repose on the unshakeable perfection of our favourite characters. Not that Fazil, *the* hero, (at least he marries the heroine) shows any of these uncomely traits. He is a high-souled, generous, pure-minded, guileless youth, incapable of a plot, and honouring braveness and goodness wherever he finds it, a much better Christian than Guy Livingstone or any of his brood; in short, as the enthusiastic chambermaid expressed it 'he is not a man; he is a Thaddeus of Warsaw.' Now it is not for us to say that such a young Mussulman never existed, but we can hardly conceive him; and we suspect that he owes his creation rather to the exigencies of the novelist than to the experiences of the 'Political.' Again, a young and gallant lover has been provided,—there must be love, both pure and romantic; and hence we have Tara, and a wonderful train of events devised to call forth the passion; which, so qualified, is in itself an anomaly in the East. But Tara differs from Fazil; the latter is made untrue in order to be interesting, the former is too true to interest us. Like the German for his notion of a camel, we draw upon our moral consciousness for our notion of a Hindoo lady; but we confess that the result of the process is something very like Tara, something all gentleness and grace and trembling timidity; something that would follow and watch you like a dog or pet fawn, and with very little more power of expression; not the intelligent, appreciative, hearty, perhaps wilful, but none the less affectionate, being which an Englishman likes to call 'wife.'

We have said enough to shew that Captain Taylor's novel has no claim to be called a novel of 'character'; it pleases us in a totally different way from the way Jane Austen pleases us. It is a landscape in which are painted carefully and with a conscientious elaborateness of touch, a country, a race, an era. The pictures of life scattered through these volumes are admirable, and form a complete panorama, in which the manners, feelings, and environments of every class, from king to peasant, from the Mussulman noble to the Mahratta freebooter are described. We have pictures of Tooljapoor hanging on its mountain edge, with its temple in the ravine beneath, and the sacred fountain of Pâp-nâs crowded by adoring and bathing pilgrims;—of the Brahmin's house with its floor plastered with liquid clay by the women-servants, and decorated by the wife and daughter with

designs in white and red chalk powder dropped between the finger and the thumb, and the walls covered with paintings in distemper of favourite deities; and the quiet court beyond, with its *toolsee* tree and marigolds;—of Tara's procession in the sacred litter when she has devoted herself to the goddess, while the temple-trumpets and couches blow a quivering blast, and the chant rises and falls, and men and women join the pomp from street and alley round with shouts of Jay Kallee! Jay Bhowani! Bome! Bome! till as the first beams of the sun fall upon the procession, the hymn is changed, and the noble old-world strain goes up:—

Risen in majestic blaze,
Lo, the universe's eye,
Vast and wondrous host of rays,
Shineth brightly in the sky.

See he followeth the Dawn,
Brilliant in the path above,
As a youth by beauty drawn
Seeks the maiden of his love.

Hear us, O ye Gods, this day!
Hear us graciously, we pray;
As the sun his state begins,
Free us from all heinous sins.

Mitra, Varun, Aditi—
Hear, O hear us graciously!
Powers of Ocean, Earth, and Air,
Listen, listen, to our prayer.

The scene changes, and we are watching with the Rappoot Jemadar, Gopal Sing, and his companions, the Mahratta twin hunchbacks, Rama and Lukshmunu, waiting through the rain storm beside a stony pile where grows a large *bar* tree, with its gnarled boughs stretching their white gaunt arms into the sky, against the leaden grey of the clouds; some of them detached from the parent trunk, and upheld by stems which had once been pendant roots; haunted by black lizards with scarlet throats, and wide-eyed horned owls;—a wild weird spot, where dacoits met to distribute their spoils, where clay crucibles and the ashes of charcoal fires often told the shepherd lads in the morning that gold and silver had been melted there at night, where murder had more than once been done, and may be done to-night, for our three friend's matchlocks lean against the wall of the little temple, and the matches are lit, and they are looking with an evil and eager gaze toward the villages of Great and Little Kinny, surrounded by their crops of grain in ear, and pulse, waist-high.

But at this rate, we shall despoil the book of all that makes it most interesting; and we will only venture to sketch one other scene, perhaps the most impressive in all the three volumes. Ali Adil Shah, the young King of Beejapoor, has discovered through some letters which have fallen into his hands the treachery of his vizier, who, as well as the Kotwal of the city, has been corresponding with the Emperor's court and with the fearful Sivajee Bhonslay. He calls a durbar to consult what is to be done, and to conciliate wavering allegiances. Afzul Khan, the principal noble of Beejapoor (next to the Wuzeer) and his son Fazil, are absent; the king doubts their fidelity; but in fact they have been entrapped by the Kotwal, have overcome him in turn, and have possessed themselves of the proofs of his treason. The hall of audience is an immense room, unbroken to the roof, and fronted by a lofty Gothic arch, flanked by lancet-shaped side arches. As the nobles and their retinue arrive, they are conducted into the presence by chamberlains with gold sticks and plaited petticoats. The King is seated on a dais,—undecorated, and dressed in plain white muslin, as are most of the assembly, except the servants who stand in files against the wall, in many-coloured satin, cloth of gold, and brocade. From beyond the great entrance arch you could see in the tremulous heat the serried masses of troops, elephants, and litters,—glowing colours, and flashing armour. News of Afzul Khan's detention arrives. His *paigah* or guard are sent with the royal guard to bring him from the Kotwalli, and the greatest excitement prevails in the assembly. The King addresses his subjects:—

‘Did ye hear, friends?’ he continued, after a pause. ‘Do ye desire to serve under the infidel? I am young. I have no experience. I am a humble worm before God; but I am the son of one who led ye to victory. I am one who has been nursed in war, and will lead ye again! Choose, then, between them and the King of your ancient dynasty. If I have a place in your hearts, bid me stay: if not, a Durwaysh's robe and staff are mine, and at the blessed shrine of the Prophet I will adjure the world and die. I will trouble ye no more. No, no more—me, or mine.’

For an instant the same sweet trembling murmur of the king's voice arose to the roof—but for an instant only. As if with one accord, a shout of ‘Deen! Deen! for the faith! for the faith! we will die for you!’—rang through the building, as men, no longer able to control their emotions, started to their feet and shouted the war-cry of Islam. Those who were without had observed the emotion in the hall, but had not been aware

'of its cause. Now, however, the familiar battle-shout fell on 'willing ears, and was returned, from the thousands gathered 'there, with an enthusiasm which knew no bounds. 'Deen ! 'Deen !' accompanied by the battle-cries of the various nobles 'and chiefs whose escorts were drawn up together.

'Just then, and as the excitement within and without had 'somewhat subsided, a strong body of horse, known to all as 'belonging to Afzul Khan, swept round the corner of the building 'with its standard unfurled, and its kettle drums beating loudly.'

He brings a palki containing the old Khorassani Kotwal, Jehándar Beg, who, convicted as a traitor, is ordered off for execution under the Goruk Imlee, a group of majestic Adansonias near the citadel of Beejapoor. But meanwhile news is brought that the Wuzeer has been set upon and murdered, and the informant says that a Fakeer was present crying 'Ulla dilâyâ to 'léonga !' 'Hark !' he continued, 'there he is.'

'Ulla dilaya to leonga ! Ulla dilaya to leonga !' the cry came 'nearer and nearer, never changing or faltering in its cadence or 'time—heard above all other noises and confusion within and 'without—'Ulla dilaya to leonga !'—up the steps, along the 'great corridor, into the hall, where every one made way before 'the brawny form and excited looks of the crier—who paused not, 'nor yet looked right or left, till he reached the dais. Afzul 'Khan and Fazil would have stopped him, but he strode on.

'Ulla dilaya to leonga !' he cried, looking at the king with- 'out saluting him. 'Khan Mahomed is dead, from a hundred 'wounds. As I closed his eyes I saw this on the ground ; it had 'fallen from him, so I have brought it ;' and flinging a case 'containing papers to the king, he turned away without saluta- 'tion ; shouting the old cry with his right arm bare, and stretch- 'ed high above his head, he strode out of the hall, continuing it 'as he passed out of the building through the attendants and 'troops, and so away.'

Who the Fakeer is, we shall not here say. But the result of the meeting is that the king lays down a gage for him who would punish Sivajee Bhonslay to take up, that old Afzul accepts it, and, all being over, the Burkhast is proclaimed, and that there will be preaching in the Jumma Mosque daily at noon till the army advances.

So much by way of intimation of the nature of this book— 'meanwhile there are escapes, disguises, abductions, and the 'sacking of a town, for those that like strong reading ; but the 'quiet beauty and truthfulness of some of the descriptions will 'linger longest in our memory.

